AN BODACH

Mogh Ruith

'YOU EXPOSED THE EVIL SIDE OF HUMANITY'S WAYS
BY ALLOWING THE LIGHT OF THE RESURRECTION
TO SHINE FORTH FROM YOU'
HYMN CELEBRATING SAINT MARIA SKOBTSOVA
WHO DIED IN RAVENSBRUCK NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP
For Saving French Children.
Pray for us, Ste. Maria du Paris
Le Roy Le Veult
天命 Eóin 3:16 Óir ghráigh Dia an domhan 皇帝
King Philip was the name the English called Metacom,
the Algonquin sachem/chief of the Tribe.
Érin go brágh.
Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther.
Pendragon.

From the creators of:

The Jimoze
[lost Post-apocalyptic Science Folklore Sci-fo novel]

The Woman of the Piercing Wail
[Banshee Court Case]

Dóchas agus Dúchas: When Hope and History Rhyme
[research compilation]

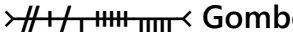
Animal Encounters
[poetry]

Fios Coll Chlíodhna
[research compilation]

Gaelach Theology
[research compilation]

Draíocht: A Phenomenology of The Gaelic Language
[research compilation]

Our Lady of the Lake: The Violent Death of Dara Quigley
[play]

 **Gombeen Shenanigans**
[research compilation]

Luimneach
[play]

Droleens Rampage
[play]

Guanyin and Huandi
[play]

Everybody Knows
[play]

Dracon Chlíodhna: The Victory of Callaghan of Caiseal
[play]

Éire Nearly Drowned Herself
[play]

Turnaround is Fair Play: A Three-Body Problem
[play]

Gaisce contra Genocide
[Illustrations]

Brave and Faithful podcast
[deleted by YouTube]

The Irish Right-wing Thug Element podcast
[deleted by YouTube]

Unvanishing Éire podcast
[deleted by YouTube]

Zombie: Healing Gaelic Historical Trauma podcast
[recovered]

32 Counties podcast [1-9]
[recovered]

Mion-aire agus Nasc-Aire
[presentation]

Cumha ┐ Cuimhne ┐ Coimgne

bPobal Uí Chaoimh

Mogh Ruith

Óg-mhac Seachtú Iníon nic

Alex Joseph Brown ┐ Mary Rita Kieff Brown

nic Mary Magdalene McGill ┐ Legouri Michael Kieff

mac Mary McAuliffe ┐ Michael O'Kieff

mac Dennis Kiff ┐ Mary Dunn

nic John Dunn and Bridgid Hassett

Caiseal na Rí, Sí Dhruimm, Tír Duinn, Cúige Mumhan, Meitheal Fhírinne.

The flag of the Nation of Ireland. 'Who shall raise the burning flag? Who but our James Connolly....' 'I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag of green, and that's another reason I remember Skibbereen.' Tri-colour introduced for [Occupied] Ireland, 1848 when Great Grampa Brown was one year old in Antroim during An Gorta Mór.

On 27 May 1810 , MMMM Máthair Mhór
“Mary [Dunn was baptized]
for John Dunn and Bridgid Hassett [with sponsors]
[Tom] Ryan and Cat [Catherine] Dunn”

Uí aiseadha Surname History: Descendant of aisidh' (strife, discord); the name of an old thomond family of the same stock as the macnamaras, being a branch of clann chuileain. the name is still well known in the neighbourhood of the city of limerick and in other parts of munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Uí Dhuinn Surname History: Descendant of donn' (brown). there are two distinct families of this name: (1) Ó duinn of ui riagain, a branch of the ui failghe, and one of the chief families of leinster. the head of this family was lord of ui riagain, now anglicised regan, which was co-extensive with the present barony of tinnahinch, in leix. (2) Ó duinn of tara. this family was dispossessed soon after the anglo-norman invasion. the name is now very common in leinster and munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

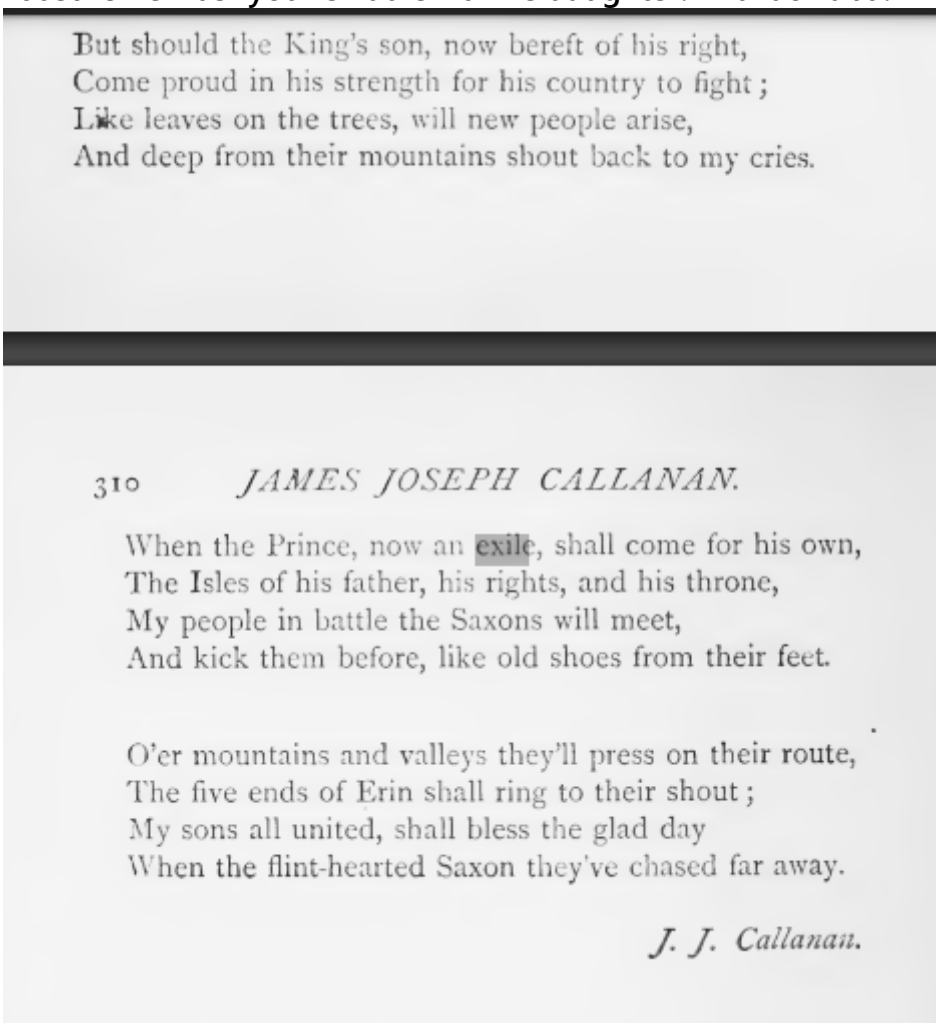
“He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld.” — James Joyce

Because you've the same voice as James Joyce a great grandson of Dan Dunne's... That getting to your dreams thing, that isn't just a theme the definition of it means make all your dreams a reality until there's no distinguishing between.”

Lethal Dialect [Paul Alwright], New Dublin Saunter

for paternal gramma **, Kathryn Don't-Call-me-Cathern Marie Ní Dhuinn and the Daughters of Erin.**

'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter.' Mullach abú.



But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his country to fight;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

310 *JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.*

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their route,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

J. J. Callanan.

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son,
Shall be the glittering glaive of Ó Duinn,
The gift from Aenghus' powerful hands,
The hewer-downer of the Fenian bands
With edge so fine !
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine !
from A LULLABY
Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin trans. James Clarence Mangan

“Secrets, silent, stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts:
secrets weary of their tyranny: tyrants willing to be dethroned.” — James Joyce, Ulysses

Star Trek: The Next Generation The Inner Light First aired: 1 Meitheamh 1992

Bátaí: ...We hoped our probe would encounter someone in the future. Someone who could be a teacher. Someone who could tell the others about us.

Caomhín: Oh, it's me, isn't it? I'm the someone. I'm the one it finds. That's what this launching is. A probe that finds me in the future.

Eibhlín: Yes, my love.

Caomhín: Eibhlín.

Eibhlín: The rest of us have been gone for a thousand years. If you remember what we were, and how we lived, then we'll have found life again.

Caomhín: Eibhlín.

Eibhlín: Now we live in you. Tell them of us, my darling.

rind Bodaigh claideabh- thaircetaigh
tucus Éblend soluscnis `I wedded Éblenn of the radiant skin'

Our national epic has yet to be written. — James Joyce, Ulysses

“There are those that look at things the way they are, and ask why?
I dream of things that never were, and ask why not?” — Robert FitzGerald Kennedy

History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake. — James Joyce, Ulysses

“Some people see things that are and ask, Why?
Some people dream of things that never were and ask, Why not?
Some people have to go to work and don't have time for all that.” — George Carlin

St. Ephrem the Syrian, 306-373 CE
The tree that is called the Tree of Knowledge symbolizes the gate of Eden:
it is through the gate of knowledge that one is able to enter in;
it is the likeness of its glorious Creator,
in whose hidden abode through the gate of knowledge
all who are perceptive may approach [the Creator's] hiddenness.

Consider this knowledge which is the gateway to all things:
by it the mind can enter everywhere,
though where it meets error in front of it it comes up against a wall and is blocked.
Through this gate of knowledge the intellect enters in,
explores every kind of treasure, brings out every kind of riches

The O'Keefes sitcom [created by Mark O'Keefe], WB, episode 5 Jobs

Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe [dad]: I hate to say "I told you so."

Ellie O'Keefe [mom]: Then why have you said it three times?

Lauren O'Keefe: We know, Dad. You were right.

Danny O'Keefe: We won't go back there.

Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe: Actually, we will [defiantly].

Lauren O'Keefe: Excuse me?!

Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe: I know I didn't want you kids out there in the first place, but now that this has happened... We have to do something.

Lauren O'Keefe: What will we do? Harrison Fitzpatrick

"Harry" O'Keefe: We will fight back.

Lauren O'Keefe: Oh, but, we can't beat "them"!

Danny O'Keefe: Yeah, Dad, nobody beats The King, that's his slogan!

Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe:The only thing that beats a king ... is an O'Keefe.

[The Invaders]While as a rule adopting the Brehon Laws, so far as their personal interests were served by doing so—adopting the advantages without the correlative restraints and responsibilities—those settlers introduced to the districts grabbed by them a few of the rules of feudalism and some of the feudal spirit.

Emboldened by the force of this example, and by avarice, some of the flaiths who were the Gaelic neighbours of those settlers, and who had long been treating as their own property that which was originally official, at times of disorder and consequent relaxation of the Gaelic discipline, extended their pretensions, began to assert their personal individuality over that of the community, to regard themselves as lords in the feudal sense....
The Elizabethan Atrocities in their Relation to Land From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894

Here's Shem's bowel movement, on page 185 of Finnegans Wake:
Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans, flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit (highly prosy, crap in

his hand, sorry!), postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans, stercus proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim honorabile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum gemino-rum Medardi et Godardi laete ac melliflue minxit, psalmum qui incipit: Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis: magna voce cantitans (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated), demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixto, cocto, frigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile (faked O'Ryan's, the indelible ink).

Here's a translaton (combined from those given in Roland McHugh's Annotations, by Robert S Boyle in The James Joyce Quarterly, and on reddit by an anonymous Latin scholar):
First, the Artist, the High First-Sower,
pulled himself towards the life-giving ... earth
without any shame...
and pulling up his raincoat and unbuttoning his trousers,
his buttocks naked as they were born, crying and moaning,
evacuated his bowels ..., then, relieved ...,
he sounded the trumpet and placed his own dung,
which he called "his dejections," into an urn
once used as an honoured mark of sadness,
and ... [urinated] cheerfully... therein,
whilst singing with a great voice the psalm which begin,
"My tongue is the pen of a scribe writing swiftly."
Finally, from that foul dung
mixed with the cheerfulness of the [Bodach],
baked and then exposed to the cold,
he made for himself an indelible ink.

Tuesday, 5 September 2017 'Mr Joyce has a Cloacal Obsession'.
http://peterchrisp.blogspot.com

In wasting woe I've been long a griever For One — the heir of victorious Conn,
The knightly scion of royal Eibhir, My darling ever — my Buachaill Bán !"
“Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho' long thy slav'ry,
At last, Bright One ! he arrives — thy Chief !
He arrives — thy Champion — with hosts of brav'ry,
Whose hearts are burning for thy relief.
With armies bearing the [harp] flag of Erinn,
On tall barques steering thy seas upon,
Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious
Thy lover glorious — thy Buachaill Ban !”
"https://archive.org/stream/poetspoetryofmun00sigerich#page/n35/mode/2up/search/and+my+angui sh" Air : — " Cailín Donn.

Tairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach, sí-bhean Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoithe sí na slua seo Scaitheamh do scaoileadh daoirse i dTuamhumhain. Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo Falsacht dlí do chloí go cumhachtach Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag Is caithfidh an teann bheith ceansa tláith libh, Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite;
There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean, Momonian’s friend and Craglea's queen To the assembled council to bid farewell And in the land of Thomond to bide a spell. This gentle upright lady swore To rip out bad laws by their core To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak So the mighty will have to cherish the meek. The powerful desist from inflicting wrongs And justice enthroned where it belongs:

Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir, in 1825
Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,
The weak one's dauntless defending power;
Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,
And shelters and helps The Poor evermore !

. There follows a traditional court case under the Brehon law form of a three-part debate.

“I have come home at last! This is my real country!
I belong here.
This is the land I have been looking for all my life, though I never knew it till now...
Come further up, come further in!”
— C.S. Lewis, The Last Battle

The Secret of Kells (2009) Aisling
I have lived through many ages,
through the eyes of salmon, deer, and wolf.
I have seen the Northmen invading Ireland,
destroying all in search of gold.
I've seen suffering in the darkness.
Yet I have seen beauty thrive in the most fragile of places.
I have seen the book. The book that turned darkness into light.

Fiachra, generous man, who holds the lordly land together by strength, a bright scion with sunny cheek, of whom illustrious Erin is full;

Brilliant champion with splendor, divine ruler of a distinguished host, so that he is the diadem of every plain, the strong shelter of the bards'.

As the highest rank in the ancient Irish Church was that of the abbot (not of the bishop), the word ap is commonly applied to [Chiefs] and all other high dignitaries, the Pope is called ap Roma 'abbot of Rome' and God ap nime 'abbot of Heaven', or ap archaingel 'the abbot of archangels'...

dligthir brethim la rig rodbo brithim cadesin
'it is obligatory that a Rí should have a Brehon, or that he be a Brehon himself... '
Meyer, Miscellanea Hibernica

“There's good in all of us
and I think I simply love people too much,
so much that it makes me feel too sad.”
Kurt Ó Cobain

from One Root

Hush, I will hedge you round with mightiness
Of my wild broke-up passions and desires—
Fold you in magic garment of my prayer—
So pain shall never touch your heart, nor fires
Of Time obscure for you God's upper air.
I put on sea-shells for you,
so you'd know I had the secret of your origin…

Blánaid Salkeld

cur bat saerclanna mu clanna oa maitribh,	sa tslí chéanna is mian liom mo leanaí a bheith den tsaorchlann chomh maith ó thaobh a máithreacha de,	so I desire that my children be noble also by reason of their mothers,
gu rup rem clainn shamhailter cech ogthigernd soer ar soerclannacht;	i dtreo go measfaí uaisleacht gach ógthiarna *saor* ó mo chlannsa;	so that it may be by comparison with my family that the nobility of every free *ógthiarna* be judged;
taisigheacht marcshluagh [*leg*. marcshluaigh] rig Muman,	an chéad áit i marcshlua rí na Mumhan	the first place among the cavalry of the king of Munster
ar daigh cu rab alladh righ coicidh ar fhear mh' inuidh do gres	i dtreo go mbeadh gradam rí chúige ag m'ionadaí de shíor.	so that my representative will always have the status of a provincial king
ocus ni gebhtar ris tria bhithu, act gu ra comalltar frium-sa gach ní gealltar dham;	Chaithfí na coinníollacha seo go léir a chomhlíonadh gan teip go brách.	and that these conditions shall never be infringed but that everything promised to me will be fulfilled.

Forbuis, translation Ó Duinn. Forte et Fidelis, Ní hAnsa.

Mullach abú. Mea Gloria Fides. Lámh Fhoisteanach abú.

1586 "Articles for the Munster Undertakers drawn up and confirmed by the Queen, June. Most of the land initially put under the disposition of Sir Walter Raleigh."

and Curse Sir Walter Raleigh he was such a [eejit] [gombeen]

The Beatles

Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland by John Gregorson Campbell, Free Church Minister, 1900

'The curse causeless will not come, but a curse deserved is the foreshadowing of the ultimate issue of events. The curse of the oppressed, who have no man to deliver them, is at times but the presage of the retribution which the operation of the laws of the moral world will some day bring about. Hence we find such expressions as, " She cursed him and obtained her wish." The curse came upon the oppressor, not because of the malediction, but because what was asked for was part of the natural sequence of events in the moral government of the world. '

Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu: "If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor. If an elephant has its foot on the tail of a mouse and you say that you are neutral, the mouse will not appreciate your neutrality."

So [metaphorical Elephants] be be warned! Away! Across the ferry
And in some place else, be cheeky and merry,
by good St. Michael and by virgin Nm. Bride,
[Metaphorical Elephants] be gone by morning tide!
Slán abhaile

A most numerous tribe, the Ó Keeffes have remained remarkably faithful to Munster, particularly to County Cork. Kevin O'Keeffe Copied from Irish Family Histories, Ida Grehan, Roberts Rhinhart Publisher, 1993

Sir Humphrey Gilbert Sir Humphrey Gilbert was Sir Walter Raleigh's half brother... Gilbert was accused of genocide for his role in the English persecution of the Irish in Munster during the Desmond Rebellions. He placed the severed heads of his victims on each side of a path leading to the entrance to his tent, claiming that it brought "great terror to the people when they saw the heads of their dead fathers, brothers, children, kinsfolk, and friends...," walking to meet him. He was knighted for his role in Ireland ...

In 1578, Gilbert received royal approval to start a colony in [Boethuk Land]. After an

abortive first trip he eventually reached Newfoundland in 1583, claiming St John's for England ...

Educated at Eton and at Oxford, Humphrey Gilbert also spent time in the household of Princess Elizabeth, who later became Queen Elizabeth ...

Gilbert also served in Munster, Ireland, where in 1570 he was knighted by the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney... In 1578, at the age of 40, he received Letters Patent authorizing the planting of an English colony in America. He assembled a large fleet which sailed from Dartmouth on September 26, 1578; however, storms forced the ships to seek refuge in Plymouth until November 19. Although this attempt failed, it got his brothers Walter and Carew Raleigh involved in American Exploration. .. http://www.carolana.com/Carolina/Explorers/sirhumphreygilbert.html

from THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

Aongus 0'Daly. Ob : 1570.

The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God,
No wisdom like it is to be found ;
Good the kind of wisdom, this,
The fear of God, on whomsoever it be.

VERSES FOR RISING.

O Chieftain of graces,
Who brought me safe from yester-night,
Holy thanksgiving [be] always to the Chief of the Wounds :
By the power of Thy Passion, O High Son, protect me safe
From the deeds of Satan each day to my life's end.
O Father of powers, save me from the serpent of evil,
In each way that I shall take in the road that I wish to go,
To the Throne [of Thy glory] always First I go,
And in Mercy's Name lead me Thyself to-day.
Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

Acha'n duine 's a throiblóid fhéin" arsa an bodach leis an bhacach.
Más leat an bodach ní leat an chailleach.
Tabhair a rogha do'n bodach is togfadh sé an díoghadh
Leig chum an bhodaigh mé, ach na leig an bodach chugam.
Chá deun an bodach breug a's a mac astuigh.
Lá Fhéile Muire sa bhfóghmhair iteann an bodach a sháith.
Ní dírighe a fhásas druim sa lachain na lá Fhéile Muire í lár an Earraigh.
Is maith is ionann bodach is Dia.

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the Fairies of South Munster. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – "To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following [Túatha Dé Dánann] legend is most respectfully by the Reverend Mathew Horgan, 1839

"To cry out that the emperor had no clothes on was at least to pick on one [person] only to the amusement of everyone else; to declare that almost everyone is dressed in rags is much less likely to be popular." Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

"Unless some insider got all of this down on paper, I figured, no future human would believe that it had happened."
Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine, dag-eolach well-informed

Judgment is at the doors!
So let us rise and fast,
Offering alms with tears of compunction and crying:
"Our sins are more in number than the sands of the sea;
But forgive us, O Master of All,
So that we may receive the incorruptible [torcs]."
Kontakion of St. Gregory Palamas

HISTORY gives us our measuring-point. By it alone can we calculate the progress of the world, and our own particular corner of it.

Some people are apt to think that Ireland has no separate history of her

own worth considering.

Others find her history confused, sad, or difficult, wanting land-marks and out-standing rulers.

Others, again, look at Irish history through their own sympathies or prejudices, and cannot always picture Ireland as compared with contemporary countries, or realize the peculiar way in which Ireland was set apart.
THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

“It is significant that whereas in the West Mary is primarily the Virgin, a being almost totally different from us in her absolute and celestial purity and freedom from all carnal pollution, in the East she is always referred to and glorified as Theotokos, the Mother of God, and virtually all icons depict her with the Child in her arms.”
Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World

24-22-37

A Story.

There was once a man living in Strawberry Hill and he had two goats and the people called him bodach na ngabhair. He lived in a small hut and inside in it there was a big rock.

One night a voice came down the chimney and said to him "go to the bridge of Athlone [Baile Átha Lá an Luain] and you will get your fortune there. In a weeks time it came again and in a fortnights time it came again.

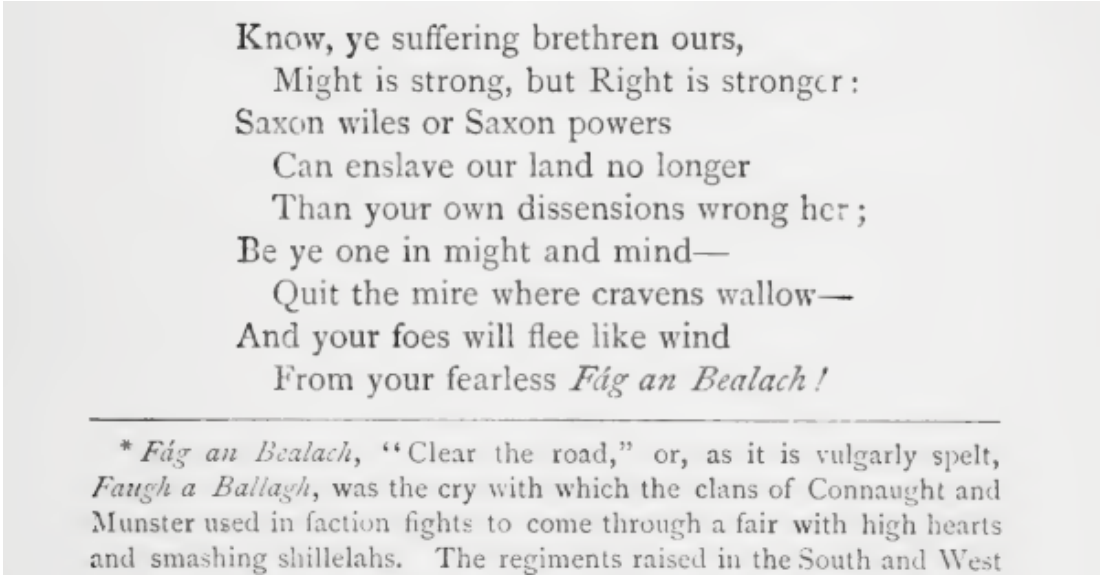
Then he made up his mind to go to the bridge of [Baile Átha Lá an Luain]. Next morning he got up early and milked the goats and ate his breakfast and set off for the bridge. When he reached the bridge he walked up and down the bridge for three days and at last an old man came to him and said."Well my decent man what are you doing here."

He told him that a voice came down the chimney "go to the bridge of [Baile Átha Lá an Luain] and you will get your fortune there." The old man told him that a voice came down his own chimny and told him to go to bodach na ngabhair in Strawberry Hill and he would get his fortune.

Bodach na ngabhair said nothing but he went home. Next morning he got up early milked his goats ate his breakfast and got a space and began to dig under the rock.

After a while he got a pot and it was filled with gold and the words "You will find no worse luck the other side written inside in it. He dug the other side of the rock and he found another pot of gold and you will find no worse luck the other side written on this pot also. He had two pots of gold then and he built a great mansion and the ruins of this mansion are still to be seen in Strawberry Hill...

I got this story from Mrs. Ward, Patch. Age 56 years, Patch, Co. Galway, duchas.ie



Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger:
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her;
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes will flee like wind
From your fearless *Fág an Bealach!*

* *Fág an Bealach*, "Clear the road," or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry with which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West

"The highest function of ecology is understanding consequences." Frank Herbert, Dune
Ní chronaítear an tobar go dtrá sé.
Ní thuigeann an t-iasc tábhacht an uisce.

Queen Victoria's Treasury regarding late 1500s To listen to Irish lays or give alms to an Irish [lawyer poet] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle [Indigenous] men and women, within this province [sic] (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks [neck stocks, tortured], there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation." As if, forsooth, they could !"

"Narrative is an open-ended invitation to ethical and poetical responsiveness. Storytelling invites us to become not just agents of our own lives, but narrators and readers as well. It shows us that the untold life is not worth living. There will always be someone there to say, 'tell me a story', and someone there to respond. Were this not so, we would no longer be fully human."
Richard Kearney, On Stories

Is trom an t-ualach an t-aineaolas!

Our history is the history of our success in making ourselves and our world unreal. What it comes down to is a choice between being unreal in an unreal world or being real in a real world. — John Moriarty, Invoking Ireland

The role of narrative imagination—or the "social imaginary" as Taylor and Ricoeur refer to it— cannot be underestimated in the construction and administration of power politics. But the battle here is not just between narratives and facts, but between unjust narratives and just ones...
Richard Kearney

"...the present is intelligible only as a commentary upon and response to the past in which the past, if necessary and if possible, is corrected and transcended, yet corrected and transcended in a way that leaves the present open to being in turn corrected and transcended by some yet more adequate future point of view."
Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

"I know a profound pattern humans deny with words even while their actions affirm it. They say they seek security and quiet, conditions they call peace. Even as they speak, they create seeds of turmoil and violence." — Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

"I've got one thing to say to you, my boy ... you can't trust the Irish, they are all liars', she said,'liars, and that's what you have to remember, so just don't forget it." Margaret Thatcher

[Now British Trade Czar] Tony Abbott calls OL Bill Shorten the "Irish political philosopher"...always the low road.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6vWSTvkbjh8

What should you expect from a cow but a kick?

Tony Abbott's Indigenous 'lifestyle choices' remark smacks of racism, says UN rapporteur ...Tom McCarthy in New York The Guardian Wed 29 Apr 2015

UK urged to sack Tony Abbott as trade adviser for joining climate sceptic group, Helena Horton Environment reporter The Guardian Wed 8 Feb 2023

But you tell me Over and over and over again, my friend How you don't believe We're on the eve of destruction ..Barry McGuire

Anyone with gumption and a sharp mind will take the measure of two things: what's said and what's done.
Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p273 BOG-TROTTER, subs, (familiar).—
A satirical [dehumanizing, genocidal] name for an Irishman. Camden, however [c. 1605], speaking of the 'debateable land 'on the borders of England and Scotland [the BORDER SCOTS, who were used in ULSTER and in the American South, by English], says, 'both these dales breed notable BOG-TROT TEES.' From this the original sense would appear to have been one accustomed to walk acrossbogs. As a nickname [sic] for an Irishman, it dates at least from 1671. 1671. R.HEAD,English Rogue, pt. I., ch.xxvii. (Repr.1874),p.232. [Irishmen are spoken of as BOG-TROTTERS in this work.] 1859. SALA, Gaslight and Daylight, ch. sxix. Gaunt reapers and BOG-TROTTERS in those traditional blue body- coats, leathern smalls, and bell-crowned hats, that seem to be manufactured nowhere save in Ireland. 1758-65. GOLDSMITH, On Quack Doctors (Essays and Poems, i836), p. 127. Rock advises the world to beware of BOG-TROTTING quacks. 1849. THACEERAY, Pendennis, I., p. 169. The impudent, BOG-TROTTING scamp dare not threaten me! 1876. C. HINDLEY, Adventum of a Cheap Jack, p. 191. 'What do you mean by calling me Irish ? it is you that are Irish, you .' 'Hal ha! ha! ha!' jerked out Fagan. 'There,I tould you so. He can't stand to be

called by 'his true name ; the BOG-TROTTING rascal denies his Ould Ireland for a mother.'

p. 108 BALFOUR'S MAIDEN, subs. (Parliamentary).— A nickname given to a kind of covered battering-ram used by the Royal Irish Constabulary in carrying out evictions in Ireland in the years 1888-9. On many estates the tenants made most desperate resistance to all attempts on the part of the landlords to recover possession, upon which the latter appealed for, and obtained the assistance of the authorities. This but served to intensify the struggle, and the tenants, driven to extremities, in some cases resisted all endeavours, even to throwing boiling water over the soldiers and police employed against them. To protect the evictors, and also to render easier the demolition of the cabins of the wretched people, a kind of covered battering-ram was made, whereupon the Home Rule Party sarcastically gave it, amongst other nick-names, that of BALFOUR'S MAIDEN. The term was first used by Sir Win. Harcourt in a speech at a monster Home Rule meeting, held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. April 10, 1889. An account of the incident runs as follows:- 1889, Daily News, April 15. Resolute government has not been absolutely extinguished. Now at Letterkenny, Mr. Balfour has introduced a new invention, the latest development of resolute government. The Government were questioned on the subject, and they accepted the responsibility for the facts. It stated that in view of the Olpher t estate evictions,therereached there an ironheaded spiked battering-ram to be used in carrying out the evictions.

Why, really, gentlemen, when you read of these things they are like the pictures one sees of the Siege of Jerusalem—(loud laughter) — of the implements, which the Latins called tormenta. We are familiar with them in old mediaeval castles. You find instruments called 'The Scavenger's Daughter,' and 'The Maiden,' and other implements of that character. I think this last pattern of ram of Mr.Balfour's might be called 'The Unionist's Daughter'— (loud laughter)— or it might be christened 'BALFOUR'S MAIDEN.'(Cheers and laughter.) But not to deprive the Liberal Unionists of their share we might call it 'Chamberlain's Tenants' Protector.' (Renewed merriment.)

p223-224 BLAYNEY'S BLOODHOUNDS, subs. (military).— The Eighty-ninth Foot. They obtained this nickname during the Irish Rebellion in 1798. [BLAYNEY,from their Colonel's name + BLOODHOUNDS from their skill in tracking Irish rebels.] They also earned for themselves the sobriquet of THE ROLLICKEERS, in allusion to the 'jolly doggish' bearing of the corps.

p 273 BOG-ORANGES, subs. (popular).— Potatoes. The phrase is an allusion to the vegetable in ques tion forming a very substantial foodstapleoftheIrishpeasantry, with whom, in the popular mind, potatoes are largely associated. Hence probably the nickname. C/.,MURPHY. (ORANGES,from theshape,+ BOG = Irish, Bogland being a humorous [genocidal and dehumanizing] nick name for the Emerald Isle.]

p 272 [GENOCIDALLY DISMISSIVE TERM] BOG LATIN, subs. (Irish).—A spurious mode of speech simulating the Latin in construction.— See DOG LATIN.

p 301 1883. Saturday Review, April 28,p. 515, col. I. It is long since the more respectable inhabitants of America have been divided between the convenience of the Irish as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and as voters easily BOSSED or bribed on the one hand, and the manifold nuisance of them on the other.

James Ó Joyce
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,
“I am proud to be an emotionalist.”

Original Research:
Talking down to:
Huck Finn = A sexually programmed Paddy, see Hucklebuck, Huckleberry, Buckbreaking
Buddy = Paddy
Pal = Pat

Patrolman = Pat-Roll-Man
Patriot = Fake Pat Riot to head off Pat Riot
Billy Club = Tool for subduing Paddies
Paddy Wagon = where you put Paddies
Patsy = Lace Curtain Irish, Cut-Glass Irish
Taking the Mick = Debauching a Paddy
MiQmaq [Algonquin person]
Paddy-Whack
Give a dog a bone.

Stuck a feather in his _____
And called it _____

In 1776, the English traveller Arthur Young, had observed: "A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order, which a servant, labourer or cotter dare refuse to execute. Nothing satisfied him but an unlimited submission.

Disrespect or anything tending towards sauciness he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security; a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence...

Landlords of consequence have assured me, that many of their cotters would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live."
...Between 1728 and 1845 the colonial landlord system in Ireland had produced twenty-eight artificial famines in which millions of Irish men, women and children had suffered death while their landlords sent off rich harvests and herds to the English markets...
from Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Peter Berresford Ellis irishdemocrat.co.uk

the Oxford Companion to Irish History states that there were thirty An Gorta Mór sized genocide events between 1300 and 1900. At least five million in the one An Gorta Mór according to all the evidence...

“From Cork harbor on one day in 1847961 the AJAX steamed for England with 1,514 firkins of butter, 102 casks of pork, 44 hogsheads of whiskey, 844 sacks of oats, 247 sacks of wheat, 106 bales of bacon, 13 casks of hams, 145 casks of porter, 12 sacks of fodder, 28 bales of feathers, 8 sacks of lard, 296 boxes of eggs, 30 head of cattle, 90 pigs, 220 lambs, 34 calves and 69 miscellaneous packages.” Chris Fogarty, http://www.irishholocaust.org/thefoodremoval

I am telling you, right now, there has been 524 years of holistic genocide on Oileán an Turtair. We are the ones that are dying. It’s not you that is dying. ” ... [W]e are asking the UN to help us at charges of genocide, a war against humanity, war crimes and a crime of aggression, be laid... ....None of your governments have clean hands. All of your governments have blood on their hands. None of you are different. You haven’t changed! Because you haven’t started your healing journeys.
Jocelyn Wabano-Iahtail, Attawapiskat First Nation, dag- orcitlid good teacher 29 ḟ Meitheamh 2017, National Press Gallery, Ottawa Ontatio, from CBC

Capitalist patriarchy has shaped economies through war and violence -wars against nature and diverse cultures , and violence against women...
Dr Vandana Shiva European Parliament , 8th March, International Women’s Day Women are Shakti . We are the embodiment of power in creative ,non violent form.

Note Tacked to a Tree , Massachusetts, 1676ish
from Dawnland Voices: An Anthology of Indigenous Writing from New England edited by Síobhán Senier, p 374
"Though English man hath provoked us to anger & wrath & we care not though we have war with you this 21 years for there are many of us 300 of which have fought with you at this town we hauve nothing but our lives to loose but thou hast many fair houses cattell & much good things"
Wowaus, son of Sachem, 1640-1709, Nipmuc Algonquin, Attended Harvard's Indian College

Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama finished the Bushes' project to destroy democracy and installed outright dictatorship back into Haiti. The Haiti struggle is the greatest untold David vs Goliath battle being played out on planet earth. But, we who don't assimilate are Haitians, from the womb to the tomb and Desalin is always rising . Desalin taught us how to stand alone against the greatest evils on planet earth and say no.
Ezili Dantò is executive director of the HLLN/Free Haiti Movement
Ezili Dantò, YouTube, "UN Rape Haiti", children impregnated by UN.

Elie Wiesel, Night (The Night Trilogy, #1) For the survivor who chooses to testify, it is clear: his duty is to bear witness for the dead and for the living. He has no right to deprive future generations of a past that belongs to our collective memory. To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive; to forget the dead would be akin to killing them a second time...

Did [The Algonquin of Oileán an Turtair] War truly end in 1676? According to Nipmuc Tribe member David Tall Pine White, some indigenous people feel the battle persists to this day. "Natives today still believe that war continues on a different kind of level," White said ...regarding the untold histories of 1676 and beyond....
By Rachel Rapkin Greenfield Recorder 1 Márta 2016

[Algonquin Auntie McGowan, Deer Island, Youtube.]

Rita O'Connell once noted, "It's important we don't forget the stories of people such as Patrick J. McCarthy, who lost his mother, father, and six siblings on Deer Island but went on to graduate from Harvard and become mayor of Providence."
https://www.bostonirish.com/history/many-famine-irish-deer-island-proved-their-only-glimpse-america

During Metacomet's Rebellion, the English leadership managed to persuade the Praying Indians to spy and scout for the English, all the while convincing the colonists that all Indians -especially the Praying Indians that

lived close by - were a threat to them. Eventually, the Praying Indians were imprisoned on Deer Island in Boston Harbor. Without food, fresh water or shelter, the majority of the friendly Indians imprisoned died on the island. Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls, Chaubunagungamaug Nipmuck First Nation Historic Preservation Office

• Deer Island was one of several islands used for internment camps for Native Americans
• The significance of the islands during the period of [Metacomet]'s War is not due to battles fought there but because of the forced removal of Native Americans to the islands.
• Prior to the start of the war a number of "praying towns" were established within Massachusetts Bay
where natives were tolerant of, and living amongst, their European neighbors. As colonial settlements expanded, many Native Americans were displaced to the Indian praying villages and towns
• During the winter of 1675-76, the Massachusetts Bay Colony decreed that the inhabitants of the "praying towns," such as Natick, be relocated. On October 30, 1675, a large body of Christian Indians was forced in shackles to the Charles River and transported in three vessels to islands in the harbor. The majority of those relocated were taken to Deer Island where they were incarcerated.
from Living in Two Worlds: Native American Experiences on the Boston Harbor Islands
"The Rest Haven Cemetery at Deer Island contains the graves of several hundred Irish immigrants who died at the quarantine station after fleeing the Irish [Greater Potato Genocide] [sic] in the late 1840s and trying to reach America. Irish ships had to stop here and each passenger was examined by the port physician before coming ashore. Most quarantined Irish suffered from typhus fever or cholera as well as physical ailments induced by hunger and trauma...

..When Deer Island was sold to the MWRA by the City of Boston to build the water treatment plant, they had to excavate certain areas of the Island, which for many years had been used to house the unwanted of the City. It

had been used as an orphanage, a prison, a hospital, a quarantine station, and an internment camp for Native Americans during the [Metacomet] War in the 1600's.

Among those buried on the island were approximately 850 of the more than 1,000 Irish people who died and were buried in unmarked graves during this terrible time."
http://www.friendsofirishresearch.org/deerisland/

"God would not therefore reduce the human race to slavery, since he himself, when we had been enslaved to sin, spontaneously recalled us to freedom. But if God does not enslave what is free,who is he that sets his own power above God's?"
Fourth Homily on Ecclesiastes St, Gregory of Nyssa, Catholic and Apostolic

"Slavery itself, considered as such in its essential nature, is not at all contrary to the natural and divine law, and there can be several just titles of slavery, and these are referred to by approved theologians and commentators of the sacred canons ... It is not contrary to the natural and divine law for a slave to be sold, bought, exchanged or given".
- Pope Pius IX, Heretic
http://www.globalblackhistory.com/2015/11/the-role-of-the-roman-catholic-church-in-slavery.html

There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free-born, neither male nor female... Galatians 3:28 James Murdock's English Peshitta translation

Jihudoya or Aramoya is not; the slave or the free is not; male or female is not; for you are all one.. Galatians 3:28 THE PESCHITO SYRIAC NEW TESTAMENT: TRANSLATED BY J.W. ETHERIDGE

wikipedia Ancient Galatia (/gəˈleɪʃə/; Greek: Γαλατία) was an area in the highlands of central Anatolia (Ankara, Çorum, Yozgat Province) in modern Turkey. Galatia was named for the immigrant Gauls from Thrace (cf. Tylis),

who settled here and became its ruling caste in the 3rd century BC, following the Gallic invasion of the Balkans in 279 BC. It has been called the "Gallia" of the East, Roman writers calling its inhabitants Galli (Gauls or Celts)

The first Irishman to make a major political impact on Mauritius was Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole (1772– 1842). This upper-class Orangeman—the second son of the earl of Enniskillen—helped to suppress the United Irishmen and then fought alongside Wellington in the Peninsular War. Cole's ability as a commander and the fact that he was not in line to inherit the family title made him a natural candidate for colonial government, and appropriately enough the ex-enemy territories of Mauritius (1823–8) and South Africa (1828–33) beckoned.

Cole was the first British governor of Mauritius to combine civil and military powers. Finding themselves 'playing King and Queen', as his wife, Lady Frances, remarked on their arrival, the Coles sought to project themselves and their children as a model family for the benighted islanders to emulate....

...Cole felt that the Mauritian slaves were as yet unfit for liberty ...
http://www.historyireland.com/editors-choice/our-men-in-mauritius-lowry-cole-and-pope-hennessy/

The Pilgrims built their first houses on Leyden Street rising from the side of Cole's Hill to Burial Hill, and the hill was used in 1620–1621 as a burial ground during their first winter in New England...James Cole, who arrived in 1633 and kept a tavern on the hill in the 1640s. It is from him that the hill's name derives: "Cole's Hill" first appears in town records [On Algonquin land] in 1698.
wikipedia

"Lord" Cole still holds Enniskillen in six counties Ireland.
Ní dhéanfach an saol capall rás d'asal.

...first English governor of Jamaica, Col. William O'Brien, 2nd Baron O'Brien of Burren, 7th Baron & 2nd Earl of Inchiquin wikipedia

O'Brien, 1st Earl of Inchiquin and Elisabeth St. Leger, daughter of Sir William St. Leger and his first wife Gertrude de Vries of Dordrecht. He served under his father in various military activities in France and Spain but was captured with his father by the Turks in 1660 and imprisoned in Algiers until the English Parliament had paid a ransom of 7,500 dollars. He was a Privy Councillor
from 1671 to 1685. He was Captain General of the Forces at Tangier from 1674 to 1680 and Colonel of the 2nd Tangier Regiment of Foot from 1675 to 1680. He commanded the Tangier Garrison at the time of the Great Siege of Tangier in 1680. He was attainted in his absence by the Irish Parliament of King James II in 1689. He was the first Governor of Jamaica and Vice-Admiral of the Caribbean Seas from 1690 to 1692. He died in Jamaica in 1692 and his Irish estate and titles were inherited by his son William. His younger son James inherited the Earl's trading interests. e first English governor of Jamaica, Col. William O'Brien, 2nd Baron O'Brien of Burren, 7th Baron & 2nd Earl of Inchiquin

Digicel, Jamaica, Denis O'Brien.

"Last time I was down South I walked into this restaurant, and this white waitress came up to me and said: 'We don't serve colored people here.' "I said: 'that's all right, I don't eat colored people. Bring me a whole fried chicken." — Dick Gregory

Businessman Denis O'Brien has alleged a number of newspaper articles defamed him by portraying him as one of the "developer kings" who "destroyed Ireland and bankrupted its banking system".
https://www.irishtimes.com/news/crime-and-law/courts/high-court/denis-o-brien-claims-articlesdefamed-him-and-injured-his-reputation-1.3783240

From the Gaelic: Who would not mourn the soul of generosity, Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite, Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan Were hanged

from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill] Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

Dressed in a darker skin than their cousins in the old country, the Montserratians are yet Irish. Their names are Irish, they speak with a brogue, they have a solid reputation for hospitality and in times of adversity the rely first on "ourselves alone." It is with good reason that they stamp the sign of a shamrock into a new arrival's passport...
Montserrat Written by James P. Walsh & originally printed in 1989 © Irish Cultural Society of the Garden City Area

Anti-black racism has been the order of the day in South Africa and our 22 years of democratic rule have dismally failed to uproot its causes. Why do white people despise blacks? Why is it that they find it easy to look at us with disgust and undermine our humanity? ...

... We will not uproot the attitude of white supremacy unless we deal with the black condition, because white supremacy is founded on the black condition, which maintains and reproduces it.

...One only needs to look at how cheap a black life truly is to white people by comparing the fact that 34 black mineworkers are massacred in broad daylight...

Although rhinos are poached daily, we do not see poachers poaching them like we did when the police shot and killed the workers. Yet, there is a big campaign and a huge investment in saving the rhino. People have statues of them everywhere, they even organise marathons where they "run to save the rhino".

This tells you, right here in South Africa, a country with a majority of blacks, that black people are worth less than rhinos....

Why do white people despise blacks? Julius Malema 10 Eanáir 2016 Sunday Times, South Africa

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, REPORT OF THE INDIAN ENQUIRY COMMISSION Presented to Parliament by Command of His majesty. April, 1914.
...Sergeants Rorke and Davidson were armed with revolvers, and the constables with rifles. Rorke is a Sergeant in the South African Police, stationed in Johannesburg, of considerable experience, who had seen some

years' service in the Irish Constabulary. His orders were to report himself to Mr. Hawkesworth and find out what the trouble was with the Indians. He was also warned by Major Trew not to use firearms except in case of extreme necessity for the protection of life and property....

“The fact that racism still exists suggests that enough people benefit from it, despite the pain and suffering it causes to blacks and other people of color. White privilege gives incentives to collude in maintaining a system that gives unfair advantages.”
Fannie LeFlore, The Sociopathic Roots of Racism: Why History Repeats Itself, Huffington Post, 16 Oct 2016
http://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/the-sociopathic-roots-of-racism-why-historyrepeats_us_57fe9e5de4b0f42ad3d25996

from Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Peter Berresford Ellis irishdemocrat.co.uk
In 1776, the English traveller Arthur Young, had observed: "A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order, which a servant, labourer or cotter dare refuse to execute. Nothing satisfied him but an unlimited submission.

Landlords of consequence have assured me, that many of their cotters would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live."

“Those of us who hope to be their allies should not be surprised, if and when this day comes, that when those who have been locked up and locked out finally have to chance to speak and truly be heard, what we hear is rage. The rage may frighten us; it may remind us of riots, uprisings and buildings aflame. We may be tempted to control it or douse it with buckets of doubt, dismay or disbelief. But we should do no such thing. Instead, when a young man who was born in the ghetto and who knows little of life beyond the walls of his prison cell and the invisible cage that has become

his life, turns to us in bewilderment and rage, we should do nothing more than look him in the eye and tell him the truth." — Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness

Cá Ngabhann Seón
Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Whither faces John, no more red-coated,
Were's his "Who's there?" as beside the gate
He saught the least excuse to raise a row
And have me fined for quarrelling in the night.

Where faces Ralph and his accursed guard
Those devilish city apprentices
Who everywhere pillaged consecrated chapels
Plundering the priests of God and exiling them

Willie Ó Dunn Algonquin First Nations
from I Pity the Country

I pity the country
I pity the state
And the mind of a man
Who thrives on hate
Small are the lives
Of cheats and of buyers
Of bigoted news press
Fascist town criers

Deception annoys me
Deception destroys me
The Bill of Rights throws me
In jails they all know me
Frustrated our churchmen
our saving of soul men
The tinker, the tailor

The colonial governor

They pull and they paw me
They're seeking to draw me
Away...

Silly civil servants
They thrive off my body
Their trip is with power
Backbacon and welfare
Police, they arrest me
Materialists detest me
Pollution, it chokes me
Movies, they joke me
Politicians exploit me
City life, it jades me...
Government is bumbling
Revolution is rumbling
To be ruled in impunity
Is tradition continuity

Into the very heart of the Pale, into Dublin itself, this Gaelic-speaking Ireland flowed in many streams. The [colonial] [Massas], coming from their big houses in the provinces, spoke Irish to their servants. Those people were not Gaels either in blood or feeling, and many of their descendants have become bitterly anti-Irish, yet it is certain that the Colthursts of Blarney and the Lord Kenmare family in Kerry, were at this time speakers of Irish ; it was necessary for tehm to be so, for otherwise they could not direct their workmen, who often knew no English ; and those two families may be taken as typical of the country class.

... Irish Ireland had, by the eighteenth century, become purely a peasant nation. Indeed not only did it lie beyond the walls of cities and towns, but its strongholds lay far away beyond all the fat lands, beyond the mountaint ranges that hemmed them in. History had seen to that: the rich lands had

been grabbed from the Gaels centuries before by successive swarms of land pirates who, in a phrase written by one of themselves (An Elizabethan Brown of Kerry) "measured law by lust, and conscience by commodity." In the softer valleys those land pirates had built their houses, and Irish Ireland withered in the alien spirit that breathed from them. Even to-day we come on the remains of this Gaelic Ireland only in places where there have been no such alien houses for hundreds of years.... ...The eighteenth century was everywhere a time of violence and hard-drinking for the rich, and for the poor a time of starvation and brutality...
Hidden Ireland of the Gaels Daniel Corkery from Hidden Ireland: A Study of Gaelic Munster in the Eighteenth Century

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal.

Aboriginal Australians were defined as part of the flora and flora until very recently in the Encyclopedia Britannica.
Soil, Society, Economy The circular logic of Law of Return Women's Economic Empowerment : Let's Act Together Dr Vandana Shiva European Parliament , 8th March, International Women's Day

1492- "While I was in the boat I captured a very ... Carib [Arawak, Taina] woman, whom the ... Lord Admiral gave to me, and with whom, having taken her into my cabin... I conceived desire to take pleasure.

I wanted to put my desire into execution but she did not want it and treated me with her finger nails in such a manner that I wished I had never begun.

But seeing that (to tell you the end of it all), I took a rope and thrashed her well, for which she raised ... screams.
— Michele de Cuneo on woman given him by Christopher Columbus
https://indiancountrymedianetwork.com/history/events/8-myths-and-atrocities-about-christopher-columbus-and-columbus-day/

They're the first [Chiefs] of Europe

And their women weren't shut up
Yes their women were leaders
They won battles, gave orders
Oh, the great Gaels of Ireland
And the great Gaels of Scotland
They were kept down for so long
All they wanted was freedom — Damien Dempsey

"The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens." — James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

The following day, when she was away collecting food from the different places, a thief went up the hillside and stole in through the window of the cailleach's house. He wasn't able to locate the money, high or low, until he noticed the box in under the old bed. He dragged it out. It wasn't too big but there was great weight in it. "It's full up with gold, of course," said the thief to himself. He noticed that there was a sizeable hole in the side of the box. "Isn't it a pity, you filthy old cailleach," says he, "that you didn't think to mend that hole — but 'tis an ill wind that doesn't blow for someone's benefit."

With that he thrust his hand into the hole and started to grope around inside in the box looking for the gold. What did the lobster do but seize the hand in between his two claws and squeeze hard on it. No matter how the thief turned and twisted he couldn't break the grip or pull out his hand. When the sun was setting that evening the cailleach arrived home. "You did well, lobster," said she, and she killed the thief with an axe. — Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003.

1583 A Discourse for the Reformation of Ireland
All Ireland to be reduced into manors.
All brehons, carraghes, bards, rhymers, friars, monks, Jesuits, pardoners, nuns, and such like to be executed by martial law.
New privileges to be granted to the ports.
Irish habits for men and women to be abolished, and the English tongue to be extended.
The want in England of timber for the navy may be abundantly supplied in Ireland.

1600 East India Merchant Adventurer Company approved by Royal Charter of Elizabeth I
1608 a licence was granted to Sir Thomas Phillips by King James I to distil whiskey which goes on to become The Bushmills Old Distillery Company in 1784. It was Phillips who took O'Neill's fortress of Toome in 1602. By 1608 Phillips, who was knighted in 1607, was effectively the military commander of the County of Coleraine. He played a significant role in persuading the Livery Companies of the City of London to undertake the Plantation of Derry and the County of Coleraine (renamed County Londonderry on 29 March 1613).

1609 Henry Hudson gets to Turtle Island/America
1612 Bermuda Company Chartered

1619 The first record of enslaved Africans being landed in the British colony of Virginia. Barbados became the first British settlement in the Caribbean in 1625 and the British took control of Jamaica in 1655.

1620 Plimouth colony founded

Nipmuc Nation Elders Council, Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls "To gain allies, the colonists manipulated

tribes to turn against each other by preying on old animosities, breaking apart alliances, and convincing Native Peoples that they needed the English to protect them

1624 Fort Orange founded, now called Albany, New York by Dutch West India Company merchant adventurers.

1626 "In 1626 Ireland exported 440 tons of iron, 557 tons of lumber, 400,000 barrel staves and 25,000 pipe staves."— Hazell's Annual Encyclopaedia, 1887, London

1632 Sir William St. Leger purchases Doneraile from Sir Walter Welmond and John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser.

1634 "All wisdom advises us to keep this [Irish] kingdom as much subordinate and dependent on England as possible; and, holding them from manufacture of wool (which unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage), and then enforcing them to fetch their cloth from England, how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?" — Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in letter to King Charles I

1642 Adventurer's Act: The Act invited English to invest £200 for which they would receive 1000 ac (400 ha) of lands that would be confiscated from rebels in Ireland. 2,500,000 ac (1,000,000 ha) of Irish land were set aside by the English Government for this purpose. The entire country of Ireland is roughly 20,000,000 ac (8,442,009 ha). Ad"venture capital"

1641-1653 Cogadh na hAon Bhliana Déag/11 Years War. Cromwellian Calvinist Genocide kills 15-83% of Irish

"The truth doesn't hurt. Whatever it is, it doesn't hurt. It's better to know the truth." — Ricky Gervais Inside the Actors Studio, 2009

Now he has won our brothers, and our clan can no longer act like one. He has put a knife on the things that held us together and we have fallen

apart.” —Chinua Achebe, Things Fall Apart

Try to see it my way, Only time will tell if I am right or I am wrong While you see it your way There's a chance that we may fall apart before too long We can work it out, We can work it out — Lennon/McCartney

Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the young law student: The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud— for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.
— Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

“Whenever we engage in consumption or production patterns which take more than we need, we are engaging in violence.” — Vandana Shiva

Role of Missionaries in Colonization of Africans globalblackhistory.com THE ROLE OF MISSIONARIES

The legacy of Christian missionaries in Africa lives up to this day. In southern Africa most of the leaders who participated in the fight for independence were educated by missionaries or schools built by missionaries. During colonialism in South Africa they defied the government and educated black students at a time when the colonial governments forbade this practice. Many missionaries built clinics and brought in medicine that improved infant mortality and immunizations which saved countless millions of black lives. This article is not an indictment against the Christian faith or the sacred Christian text but an analysis of some of the missionaries who forsook the teachings of the Holy Bible the sacred text of Christianity in favor of government trinkets. It is a fact that some of these missionaries assisted their governments in the subjugation of Africans.

European missionaries especially from Portugal, France, Britain, and

Germany went to Africa under the premise of going to convert the locals to Christianity. Some of them stuck to their mission others however, aided in the colonization of Africans by Europeans. In many cases Christian conversion looked more like European Capitalist conversion and the plunder of African resources.

Missionaries came with the attitude that all things European were superior to all things African. Most missionaries like David Livingstone and Fabri of the German Missionary Society in Namibia believed that once Africans were colonized by European countries they would be more likely to seek after Western Education and Christianity which the missionaries controlled. It was their mission to do anything necessary to convert Africans who were viewed as uncivilized and barbaric. Missionaries often failed to distinguish between Christian principles and those of the colonialists. They misused biblical passages to further the causes of their colonial friends.

The message preached by Missionaries encouraged Africans to rebel against everything that formed the foundation of African family and society. They even preached that salvation could
only be obtained through formal work which meant one had to earn a paycheck

The only people who paid for labor at the time were Europeans colonialists. Most missionaries new to Africa believed Africans were lazy and were not using their land adequately so it was in their best interest for Europeans to use it. Some missionaries had developed friendships with local clans and used this to further European causes. Often African chiefs sought advice from missionaries on how to deal with other Europeans seeking treaties. However, the missionaries almost always betrayed their trust.

The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Oileán an Turtair] Civil War 28thmass.org In the early 19th century, an organized "Protestant Crusade" of "No-Popery" began to take shape. The antebellum era was punctuated by fierce anti-Catholic riots, the notorious burning of a convent, and the founding of political parties dedicated to stemming the tide of Catholic

immigration. Dread of a Papal conspiracy to undermine America, together with economic fears of wage competition from impoverished workers, stirred powerful emotions against the massive Irish immigration of the [Greater Potato Genocide] years. The 1850s saw the rise of a national political movement that evolved into a "war against the immigrant." The new American Party, whose members became better known as the "Know-Nothings" for their standard answer to questions about the party's secret rituals, very nearly became the dominant force in U.S. politics by their appeals to fear and mistrust.

Know-Nothings attacked the Irish for their poverty, [religion], ... politics, intemperance, "criminality", devotion to Ireland, and attempts to sow discord between the United States and Britain.

With a political tide rising for the abolition of slavery, the Know-Nothings eventually lost their clout, but never stopped distrusting and discriminating against the Irish... the Irish... rejection of the Republicans, who supplanted the Know-Nothings, rested on an even firmer foundation.

The Irish were well aware that most of the nativists and temperance reformers who made up the American Party had found a new political home among the Republicans [Trumpers and Proud Boys]...

TYRANTS. Tyrants are part of the people themselves — the diseased part, and this disease is not local, to be cured with a knife, but constitutional, and only to be reached by the medicine of equity, morality, and self-respect. JB O'Reilly Watchwords

As Métis/TimisCaomhíng Algonquin/Irish artist and academic Sherry Farrell Racette reminds us: "In the Cree and larger Algonquian paradigm, artists are engaged in important intellectual, spiritual, and emotional work. To be creative, kâ-mamâtâwisinâk mamâhtâwi, and to be kâ-mamâhtâwisiwak, "a creative one," is to tap into the power of the universe. Knowledge [Cree thinker Willie] Ermine reminds us, is sought through the heart as much as the mind. To enter ...ethical space is to become vulnerable, and it is not for

the faint of heart. It foregrounds respect—iysi ni kat tuwin, "how we treat each other." These are not romantic, abstract ideas, but lived praxis that moves us beyond egodriven individualism and toward responsibility for each other, the broader world, and ourselves."
https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1037550ar

'Men will be bad: (lawful) chiefs will be few: usurpers will be many'
FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad

"Be sure you choose what you believe and know why you believe it, because if you don't choose your beliefs, you may be certain that some belief, and probably not a very credible one, will choose you." — Robertson Davies

[Orange General Lee Car, Scots Saltire, plantation stars]
No, You Need a History Lesson: The Confederate Flag Is a Symbol of Hate
Benjamin O'Keefe 22 Meitheamh 2016 Huffington Post

Eoin Butler Irish Times: Andrew Jackson Jackson's parents, Andrew Jackson and Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, were poor Protestant farmers who emigrated from Boneybefore, Co Antrim [Orangeman.]

Trail of Tears: White America's 'Indian' Holocaust, Michael Coard May 27, 2017, The Philadelphia [Lenape Land] Tribune

Exactly 187 years ago on May 28, 1830, the "Trail of Tears" began when President Andrew Jackson signed Senate Bill 102, i.e., the Indian Removal Act (IRA). That legislation forced primarily five Southeastern indigenous nations, including the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole, as well as the Fox, Kickapoo, Lenape, Miami, Omaha, Ottawa, Potawatomie, Sauk, Shawnee, and Wyandot (along with a few other smaller ones), to trek up to 2,200 miles- on foot!- from as far as Florida to what's now known as Oklahoma where the government's newly created socalled Indian Territory was established.

These native people were brutally compelled to vacate their homeland ...

Dr. Howard Zinn declared in his seminal A People's History of the United States 1492-Present, President Jackson was "the most aggressive enemy of the (so-called) Indians in

early American history." The learned Oxford Companion to United States History described the president's actions following passage of the IRA as "the most complete genocide in U.S. history."
"They fought the [Turtle Islanders] and then they fought the British, comprising 40 percent of the Revolutionary War army. They were the great [Orange colonisers]— Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, and Davy Crockett among them— [razing] the westward trails into Kentucky , Ohio, Tennessee, and beyond, where other Scots-Irishmen like Kit Carson picked up the slack."

Yoni Appelbaum, The Atlantic, 2016 "characterized by intensely personal leadership, charismatic appeals to his followers, demands for extreme personal loyalty, and a violent antipathy against those who disagreed with him." ...

...Fischer argued that a group he termed "Borderers"—who hailed from northern Ireland, Scotland, and northern England— brought with them a distinctive culture.

The ...borderlands .... inhabitants ... stress sharply differentiated gender roles, to prize aggressiveness, and to disdain weakness. Strong familial loyalty was matched with ...suspicion...

The [Orange] settlers took these attitudes with them to Appalachia, he argued, where they were reinforced, and in some measure altered, by harsh conditions along the frontier.

Jackson was the great exemplar of this political style. The historian Thomas Abernethy summed up Jackson's career ... "He always believed in making the public serve the ends of the politician..."

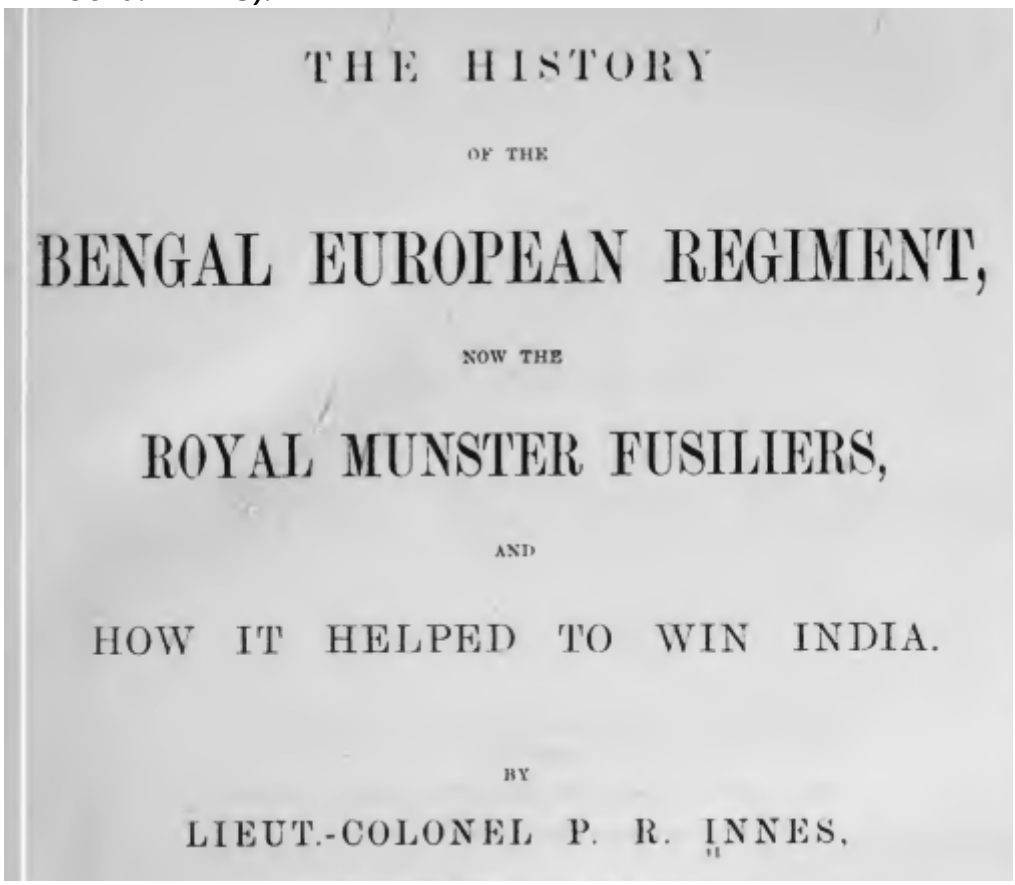
> **"The "modern man" has "come of age" as a deadly serious adult, conscious of his sufferings and alienations but not of joy, of sex but not of love, of science but not of "mystery." — Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy**

> **"...the irrational will have its say, perhaps because 'irrational' is the wrong**

word for it.” — Robertson Davies

'Proud Boys' back in Canada military after crashing indigenous ceremony 31 August 2017 BBC.com

Col. A.D. McInnes Shaw[also Grand Master of the Orange Order]Gallagher 1987a: 144-45).



THE HISTORY

OF THE

BENGAL EUROPEAN REGIMENT,

NOW THE

ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS,

AND

HOW IT HELPED TO WIN INDIA.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. R. INNES.

The Coast, Halifax Chris Parsons, July 4 2017 Self-proclaimed western chauvinists, the Proud Boys were founded by disgraced VICE Magazine co-founder Gavin McInnes

It is when, 'having put aside all earthly care,' we seem to have left this world, that we, in fact, recover it in all its reality.” — Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

In summary, we have shown that the Order's strength within the Protestant majority in Scotland - even in the west-central belt - is and was much

weaker than many believe. The Order's growth was fuelled by Irish-Protestant immigrants and their descendants and is currently strongest in areas of historic Irish-Protestant immigration. The Orange Order in Scotland since 1860: A Social Analysis

SYMPATHY FOR RIEL IN NEW YORK. Resolutions were adopted at the regular meeting of the Irish-American Union held last evening, in which the execution of Louis Riel was condemned as a "judicial murder." The resolution referred to the Canadian Government as a " subservient tool of the bigoted Orange faction," ...—New York World. — The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet efore Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York

My mother once said that this country felt like a home away from home for the Queen of Canada. Ladies and gentlemen, six decades later it still does[...] and it is good to be back. Queen Elizabeth II, Regina, at the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly, 18th May 2005, via The Monarchist League of Canada
"The only people who make any sense in the world are those who know that whatever happens to them has its roots in what they are." — Robertson Davies

Wikipedia: Colonel Sir Archibald Douglas McInnes Shaw, DSO (15 March 1895 – 10 June 1957) [1] was a Scottish soldier, businessman and Unionist Party politician. He served in both World Wars, and sat in the House of Commons from 1924 to 1929... He worked with an iron foundry business in Glasgow becoming its chairman, and was elected to Glasgow City Council in 1921. Shaw was the son of Sir Archibald McInnes Shaw, the Lord Provost of Glasgow from 1908 to 1911 ...

CNN Did Trump tell the Proud Boys to 'stand ready'? Biden said, "You may remember in one of my debates with the former President, I asked him to condemn the Proud Boys. He wouldn't do it. He said, 'Stand by. Stand ready.' Or whatever the phrasing exactly was." ...After debate moderator

Chris Wallace asked Trump if he was willing to condemn white supremacists and militia groups, and Biden interjected to mention the Proud Boys in particular, Trump said: "Proud Boys, stand back and stand by."

“The Church has a duty to be a prophetic voice in society, speaking truth to power and advocating for justice.” Fr. Alexander Schmemann

Bath, Maine, USA anti-Catholic riot of 1854 From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia The anti-Catholic riot that occurred in Bath on July 6, 1854 was one of a number that took place in coastal Maine in the 1850s, including the tarring and feathering of a Catholic priest, Father John Bapst in 1854 in the town of Ellsworth. The first and most violent anti-Catholic riot in Maine took place in Bangor, Maine in 1834. The resurgence of violence in the 1850s was associated with the rise of the Know-Nothing Party... The Bath mob was gathered and inflamed by a traveling street-preacher named John S. Orr, who called himself "The Angel Gabriel", dressed in white robes, and carried a trumpet.

Orr delivered an anti-Catholic sermon on a commercial street, the crowd of spectators eventually swelling to over a thousand and blocking carriage traffic ... In the late afternoon the crowd marched to the church, began smashing up the pews, hoisted an American flag from the belfry, rang the bell, and set it on fire. After the church was burned, a smaller crowd of at least a hundred roamed through the streets all night ...

A year after the riot, on Nov. 18, 1855, the Catholic Bishop of Portland attempted to lay the cornerstone for a new church on the same site, but the congregation was chased away and beaten...

The Orange riots of 1870 and 1871 New York City killed nearly 70 people, and were fought out between [Anglo-]Irish Protestant [colonizers] and [Gaelic] Catholic immigrants[exiles] ...the matter of the Orange riots in New York [1870]...On the 12 of July, the Orangemen of that city ... paraded the streets with insulting flags and music, to which they added, on entering the

Irish quarter, delicate shouts of, 'To hell with the Pope', 'Croppies lie down,' etc.... In the Pilot of July 23, John Boyle Ó Reilly wrote: 'On the 12h of July the 'American Protestant Association',--in other words, the Orange Lodges of New York [New Amsterdam]...paraded to the number of 3000...This resulted in a general banding of the laborers...who set upon the Orangemen with sticks and stones, which were answered by ...pistol bullets..... Life, Poems and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly, by James Jeffrey Roche, Introduction by James Cardinal Gibbon, Archbishop of Baltimore, MD.Cassell, NY, 1891

Nic Meloney, Wolastoqew video journalist raised on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia/Mi'kma'ki CBC.com "Back when Cornwallis made the scalp proclamation, a scalp was worth 35 pounds sterling," she said. "A friend of mine did the math with inflation and it would be worth almost $13,000 Cdn today."

Charles Cornwallis ... served as a civil and military governor in Ireland and India; in both places he brought about significant changes, including the Act of Union in Ireland, and the Cornwallis Code and the Permanent Settlement in India.

Cornwallis retained the confidence of successive British governments and continued to enjoy an active career. Knighted in 1786, he was in that year appointed to be Governor-General and commander-in-chief in India. There he enacted numerous significant reforms within the East India Company and its territories, including the Cornwallis Code, part of which implemented important land taxation reforms known as the Permanent Settlement.

In 1798 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-chief of Ireland, where he oversaw the response to the 1798 Irish Rebellion, including a French invasion of Ireland, and was instrumental in bringing about the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Following his Irish service [interesting word choice], Cornwallis was the chief British signatory to the 1802 Treaty of Amiens and was reappointed to India in 1805. ..

..t. He was the eldest son of Charles Cornwallis, 5th Baron Cornwallis. His mother, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Charles Townshend, 2nd Viscount Townshend, and niece of Sir Robert Walpole. His uncle, Frederick, was Archbishop of Canterbury. Frederick's twin brother, Edward, was a military officer, colonial governor, and founder of Halifax, Nova Scotia on Algonquin Land.

.....In Ireland his legacy also includes the Wicklow Military Road (now the R115) through the Wicklow Mountains....

wikipedia

Society of United Irishmen member Myles Byrne described pitchcapping in his memoirs: ''Flogging, half hanging, picketing, were mild tortures in comparison of the pitch caps that were applied to the heads of those who happened to wear their hair short, called croppies; the head being completely singed, a cap made of strong linen well imbued with boiling pitch was so closely put on that it could not be taken off without bringing off a part of the skin and flesh from the head : in many instances the tortured victim had one of his ears cut off ..." wikipedia

The Indian Rebellion of 1857 was a major, but ultimately unsuccessful, uprising in India in 1857–58 against the rule of the British East India Company, which functioned as a sovereign power on behalf of the British Crown. [Youtube 165 Million British Genocide in India. Uncle said number too low]

...The Indian rebellion was fed by resentments born of diverse perceptions, including invasive British-style social reforms, harsh land taxes, summary treatment of some rich landowners and princes, as well as scepticism about the improvements brought about by British rule

...the rebellion proved to be an important watershed in Indian- and British Empire history. It led to the dissolution of the East India Company, and forced the British to reorganize the army, the financial system, and the administration in India, through passage of the Government of India Act 1858.

India was thereafter administered directly by the British government in the new British Raj. On 1 November 1858, Queen Victoria issued a proclamation to Indians, which while lacking the authority of a constitutional provision, promised rights similar to those of other British subjects. In the following decades, when admission to these rights was not always forthcoming, Indians were to pointedly refer to the

Queen's proclamation in growing avowals of a new nationalism... wikipedia

Ancient Irish musical history found in modern India 13 Bealtaine 2016, Australian National University

An archaeologist studying musical horns from iron-age Ireland has found musical traditions, thought to be long dead, are alive and well in south India.

The realisation that modern Indian horns are almost identical to many iron-age European artefacts reveals a rich cultural link between the two regions 2,000 years ago, said PhD student Billy Ó Foghlú, from ANU College of Asia-Pacific.

The musical style of Kerala explains some of the mysteries surrounding the horns that have been unearthed in European iron-age excavations and suggest a very different musical soundscape to current western music said Mr Ó Foghlú

"Some almost identical instruments have been unearthed together, but they are slightly out of tune with each other to western ears," Mr Ó Foghlú said.

"This was previously assumed to be evidence of shoddy workmanship. But in Indian music this kind of dissonance is deliberate and beautiful.

"Horns are used more as a rhythm instrument, not for melody or harmony in a western sense."

Vandana Shiva, Yes! magazine, Dec 31, 2002
In England, the population explosion started with the enclosures of the commons—when peasants were uprooted from the land and had to depend on selling their labor

In India, 1800 is the watershed for the consolidation of colonial regimes. For centuries before 1800 our population had been stable.

When you depend on the land, you know there are five people who can be supported. You work your society out so you have five. When you are selling your labor power on an uncertain basis, in an unstable wage market, you know that having ten is better than having five. So dispossession from the Earth's natural wealth is at the root of instability and population growth.

In the oral sources the battle between the two groups...is not the result of a dynastic conflict but of a quarrel over the possession of a wondrous cow, very similar to the Kâmadhenu or "Wishing Cow" who comes out of the Churning of the Sea of Milk and is coveted by both Devas and Asuras in Indian mythology.

It is thus an unambiguous reflection of the old Indo-European motif of the

forces of culture and anti-culture (i.e. wilderness) struggling over the disposition of the Land's fertility.

Lúgh is the champion who, because of his links with both sides but his primary allegiance to the forces of culture, wins that fertility for the Tribe (in [some] folk versions he usually kills Balor not with a slingstone, but with his emblematic spear -- the significance of which we will discuss shortly).

In practical terms, the prize of the battle is, of course, the Harvest, the fruit of the agricultural cycle; and the full significance of the myth can only be understood in the ritual context of the harvest festival of Lúghnasadh, Lúgh's own feast.
Alexei Kondratiev, Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord

from British Imperialism in China A legacy of Commerce, Addiction, and Gunboat diplomacy By Tao He Boston University

The primary motive of British imperialism in China in the nineteenth century was economic. There was a high demand for Chinese tea, silk and porcelain in the British market. However, Britain did not possess sufficient silver to trade with the Qing Empire. Thus, a system of barter based on Indian opium was created to bridge this problem of payment. The subsequent exponential increase of opium in China between 1790 and 1832 brought about a generation of addicts and social instability. Clashes between the Qing government and British merchants ultimately escalated into the infamous Opium Wars.

As a result, the British were given the island of Hong Kong and trading rights in the ports of Canton and Shanghai. Although British imperialism never politically took hold in mainland China, as it did in India or Africa, its cultural and political legacy is still evident today. Honk Kong remains a significant center of global finance and its government still functioned in much of the same ways as it did under British colonialism. Furthermore, the language of English and British culture highly impacted the society of Hong Kong and Southern China for over a century...

1600 Founding of The East India Company. The Royal Charter of the Company was approved by Elizabeth I

1644 Manchurian Qing Dynasty established in China

1680 Recreational Opium/Tobacco mix first introduced to China by the Dutch

1720 British Parliament bans Asian textile Imports to increase domestic production

1720-1839 Chinese Tea as one of the primary Commodities in the British market

1729 First government prohibition on the distribution of Opium in China (Not heavily Enforced)

1760 British began to use Opium as a Cash Crop for both Chinese commodities and silver

1773 1000 Chests of Opium imported into China.

1813 Increased Opium addicts in the Chinese bureaucracy causes concern in the Qing Courts

1815 End of the Napoleonic Wars, Britain consolidates imperial power in Asia and Africa

1832 20,000 Chests of Opium Imported into China

1836 Qing Court formally prohibits all imports of Opium and attempts to close the ports of Canton and Shanghai

1839 Commissioner Lin Zexu openly burned 1.2 million kilograms of confiscated opium

1839-1842 First Opium War: Qing Empire Vs. Britain and its allies in France, United States, and Russia

1842 Treaty of Nanjing opened the ports of Canton and Shanghai. Hong Kong became a British colony

1856 Chinese seizure of British Vessel "The Arrow" in suspect of piracy

1858 Tientsin Treaties, negotiations between Chinese, British, French and American diplomats

1859 British and French diplomats were refused entry into Beijing

1860-1862 Second Opium War, Looting of the Qing Imperial palace in Beijing

1898-1901 Chinese anti-Foreign uprising, [Kung Fu] Boxer Rebellion

The Orange riots of 1870 and 1871 killed nearly 70 people [mostly Irish Catholics and reportedly 3 Police officers], and were fought out between [Anglo-]Irish Protestant and [Gaelic] Catholic immigrants[exiles]. After this the activities of the Orange Order were banned for a time, the Order dissolved, and most members joined Masonic lodges. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orange_Order

. According to the ordinances proclaimed at Limerick by Sir John Perrot in 1571, no maid or single woman was allowed " to wear or put on any great roll or kercher of linen cloth upon their heads, neither any great smock with great sleeves, but to put on hats, caps, French hoods, tippets, or some other civil attire upon their heads, upon pain of forfeiting the said Irish garments so worn ; the same forfeiture to be to such person or persons as shall happen to seize the same." Carew Papers, I. 411.

Ancestral Gaelic Clothing from gaelicattire.com 'From the earliest times, the two predominant garments worn in Ireland, were the Léine (pronounced Layna) and the Brat (pronounced Brat/Brot). The Léine was an ankle length linen tunic nearly always of a yellowish colour, hence the term 'saffron shirt', much used by various late medieval English commentators. A most ancient of garment, the Léine is recorded in our earliest texts (8th century, but believed to have been copied from even earlier sources), down to the early 1600's... ...There can be no doubt that the Léine and the Brat have formed the core elements of Gaelic attire, for men, women and children.

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868) “Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found repeated and fruitless enactments for obliterating from the face of Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of Irish characteristics.

Hidetaka Hirota, The stories of Irish deportees from the US in 1800s, The Irish Times 24 Aibreán 2017 Some deportees experienced what might be called "double deportation." In late January 1855, Massachusetts officials deported to Liverpool eight female Irish paupers with mental illness. Upon finding the [traumatized] women among arriving passengers, Liverpool authorities put them on board a ship to Dublin under the British poor law, which allowed for the removal of Irish paupers in Britain to Ireland. Five of the deportees – Anne Arbuthnot, Mary Shiel, Hannah Irvine, Anne Taggart and Mary Sheeby – were found by a Dublin official "wandering about the quay, not knowing what to do or where to go," and taken to the North Union Dublin Workhouse...Mary Williams gave birth to Bridget in Massachusetts, shortly after landing in New York in 1855. Becoming destitute, the mother and the daughter entered a public almshouse in Massachusetts.

In May of the year, discovering Mary's Irishborn status, Massachusetts officials forcibly sent her to Liverpool with Bridget, who was a native-born US citizen. This deportation 180 was doubly illegal. While Massachusetts law limited overseas banishment to noncitizens, it required the officials to obtain a court warrant for removal. Massachusetts officials almost kidnapped Mary and Bridget Williams from the almshouse without such warrant and shipped them away.

Approximately 18,000-19,000 Irish ... arrived under some form of government assistance to Melbourne and Sydney between 1839 and 1842. Of these about half were female. Gender balance was a defining characteristic of Irish migration to Australia throughout the nineteenth century. In 1855-56 over 4000 single Irish women arrived in Adelaide.... Early in 1848 the British Imperial Government in London, drawing on years of past experience, began its meticulously organised [trafficking] of young females from Irish workhouses. Irish Poor Law Commissioners circularised the Boards of Guardians of Irish Poor Law Unions asking if there were any [children] 'between the ages of fourteen and eighteen' in their workhouses willing and eligible for a passage to Australia...
http://www.irishfaminememorial.org/history/earl-grey-scheme/

Richard Stivers, The Hair of the Dog: Irish Drinking and American Stereotype, University Park : Pennsylvania State University Press, 1976 ... as much of the history of England has been brought about in public-houses as in the House of Commons . —Sir William Harcourt

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries witnessed the growth of urban slums in England as an outgrowth of rapid industrialization.

But, contrary to what Engels thought, slum existence did not always drive men to drink. Rather,
it was often their jobs — not because they were alienated from their work (although this undoubtedly was the case), but because the rules of their various occupations required hard drinking. In his 1839 masterpiece of sociological analysis, A Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland, John Dunlop documented over 300 drinking usages in 98 different occupations...
Drinking on the job was not an occasion for dismissal; but refusing to pay one's share of occupational fines (see p. 32), which often went toward drinking at work, was. It is appropriate here to describe English pubs and publicans and the contribution of alcohol to the English economy. Ireland and Scotland were under the political and economic control of England, and many changes — occupational included — flowed outward from England, the hub of commercial activity...

John Dunlop described occupational drinking among [colonial or colonised] Irish carpenters [under forced industrialism]:

There is much drinking on the pay-night. Some masters or foremen keep a public-house, where they excite the men to take drink upon credit (tick), and strike it off the week's wages. .

There is a union in this trade; the men . meet at a public-house rent free, because the drink taken pays the room. . . . Footings are quite general for

apprentices at entry to their business, and for journeymen on shifting from one workshop to another. . .

The apprentice's footing is stated to be what will give the whole workshop a "decent drink. " It may average from l0's to 20's. At expiration of apprenticeship, another drink is claimed. If the apprentice be dilatory in coming forward with the footing, the men will show him nothing of the business; if he ask a question, they will "shy the answer"; they will cease to teach, and the master not being always present, the boy will remain untaught. . . .

A variety of measures of severity are resorted to with a view to ensure the regular payment of the apprentice and journeymen's footings, and drink fines; as the last resort, the master would be applied to for the regulation amount, that it might be stopped out of the wages; and the consequence of his refusal, I was assured, would be a strike and turn out. . . .

When a carpenter does a job, the proprietor frequently gives him a dram to attempt to soften him, and thereby avert a heavy charge. When one workman recommends another to a job or place, a treat of whiskey is expected for this exercise of patronage. Those dealers that supply a workshop with articles necessary in the trade, find it absolutely requisite to treat or "mug" the men, otherwise they will complain of the items supplied; thus in the trade of nails, wood, putty, and other articles, lovers of drink have it in their power in various ways to deprive sobermen of their place or job, by false complaints; and oblique hints...

...A coal porter who failed to pay the ten shillings due when he first used a cart would find the wheels removed. A nonpaying tailor would have the point of his scissors broken off and a triangular hole cut in the rim of his hat. Among printers the offender was identified by filling the sleeves of his coat with printer's ink, so that his shirtsleeves were indelibly stained, and ''preparations of gunpowder with burning matches attached to them" might be hung from his coat buttons. A man might find the pockets into which he had been slow to dip his hand glued together, or discover a pawn

ticket in place of his coat, pawned to buy his workmates the missing drink.

And it could become more physical than that. Paddlings were not uncommon, and a recalcitrant member might even be beaten.

These drinking usages cut across class boundaries. Although the upper classes often thought that the lower classes were not subject to the same compulsory drinking usages, and each of the various trades felt its drinking customs unique, the truth is that such customs were almost universal in the three countries [Ireland, England, and Scotland, and I presume Cymru and most of the rest of the industrial empire as well]...

...It was a most equal system. One was fined if he did and fined if he did not. ...

In short, all occupations required apprentices to pay a "footing," or entry," which was used for drink. At the conclusion of apprenticeship another fine was levied. There were numerous other occasions for the imposition of fines. Any violation of an occupational rule — coming to work unshaven or with a dirty shirt, not cleaning up one's bench or leaving one's tool in the wrong place — brought a fine. Both vertical occupational movement, as in a promotion, and horizontal movement, as in a shift to a different work site, were occasions for a fine to be levied. Entry into a shop or union meeting entailed drink fines.

The completion of an occupational task or job was a drinking situation, and the money for it was to come from the workers or employer or both. Certain occasions for fining a workman implied that the others would contribute to a drink fund to facilitate a drinking spree. Thus at the initiation of an individual into a trade, besides the footing or entry the apprentice paid, other workers were expected to contribute to the celebration that followed.

Drink fines at payday also occurred; however, the role of the publican as paymaster meant that these fines were often assessed indirectly. Because

some public houses and beer houses were owned by a trade (or the foreman or master had an arrangement with the publican), wages were often paid at a public house, usually after the men had been drinking for several hours on credit. The publican allowed men to drink on credit even when they were unemployed, which thus obligated them to drink there in the future. The publican as employer of men for a trade could demand that men drink a certain amount in order to be eligible for work. Payday, then, became the time to give the publican his due, acknowledging one's dependence on him as employer and paymaster. It was a not too subtle form of extortion.
It was worse among some trades...

Mill Conditions taken from "The Case of the Cabot Mill" By David Vermette from primary source: Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, July 30, 1886 The houses are built in close contact; there are no yards; the sheds and privies are near by; the drainage – the sink spouts are running only a few feet or so outside of the houses where all dirty water is poured out – falling on the surface of the ground, some of which drains into the cellar and leaves one of the most prolific sources of disease. The houses have from two to three stories, some of which are divided into eight tenements; the average number of people is about twelve in each tenement (96 to a house); the number of rooms in each is from five to seven; bedrooms are small, many of which have only one window where there are two beds.

This will give you an idea of the amount of dirty water and slops that are poured out on the surface, close by the block – leaving the most offensive odor that can exist. These large blocks are accommodated with only four privies – giving about twenty five people for each privy – and those privies are cleaned only once a year, and this is done during this present hot weather of July.

These places have overflowed since the month of May. Swine, cows, and

hens are kept in the sheds, pig-pens in close connection with wood sheds &c. – giving additional offensive odor. The wells are in the midst of this filth, some of which are not more than twenty feet distant from the sink spout and privies.

Sandy soil as it is in this place there is no doubt that some of these wells receive the slops in a few days after their pouring out of doors. The collection of refuse matter in or around the dwelling houses, such as swill, waste of meat, fish and decaying vegetables, dead carcasses are all present, giving or generating disease germs, affecting the purity of the air; – they should be considered the worst kind of nuisances. Such nuisances one should be compelled to remove or dispose of either by burial, burning or otherwise.

Now then, summing up in a few words the above mention will show the favorable condition for any contagious disease to spring up. Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, August 13, 1886 We only wish that the Boston Cabot gentlemen could listen to the biting denunciations of them as notorious (at least in the case under discussion) for their filthy greed, by gentlemen, we can tell them who, as manufacturers, are their equals in experience, perhaps in wealth, but infinitely their superiors in all that goes to make up the true man, regardful of the lives and health of the men and women whom they employ.

Some of these manufacturers…are downright wrathy over the reflection cast upon all other manufacturers by the abominable neglect of … company Directors, to remedy a state of things which no man here dares to deny exists.
http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com/2012/08/the-case-of-cabot-mill-part-1.html

"One of the key moments in the creation of modernity occurs when production moves outside the household. So long as productive work occurs within the structure of households, it is easy and right to understand that work as part of the sustaining of the community of the

household and of those wider forms of community which the household in turn sustains. As, and to the extent that, work moves outside the household and is put to the service of impersonal capital, the realm of work tends to become separated from everything but the service of biological survival and the reproduction of the labor force, on the one hand, and that of institutionalized acquisitiveness, on the other. Pleonexia, a vice [the Deadly sin of Avarice], is now the driving force of modern productive work." — Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue: A Study in Moral Theory, Third Edition

Gaimbín in Irish is what the ancient Greeks called pleonexia [πλεονεξία], which might be translated as sordid gain or the Deadly Sin of Avarice or Usury.

If in this case, at the making of Peace, men require for themselves, that which they would not have to be granted to others, they do contrary to the precedent law, that commandeth the acknowledgement of naturall equalitie, and therefore also against the law of Nature. The observers of this law, are those we call Modest, and the breakers Arrogant Men. The Greeks call the violation of this law πλεονεξία; that is, a desire of more than their share.
Hobbes, Thomas: Leviathan: Chapter XV. Of Other Lawes of Nature.

John W. Ritenbaugh describes its symptoms in some detail as "ruthless self-seeking and an arrogant assumption that others and things exist for one's own benefit":

These people sold "success" as an end in itself. Frequently lurking within their presentations was the idea of achieving success by taking advantage of human nature. Everyone, they said, desires to conform, to keep up with the Joneses, to be the first to own something, to be thought of as "somebody," to pamper themselves or simply to own attractive things.

People, especially those who stand to make a profit, take advantage of human nature's desires. Using various psychological ploys, they persuade

the public to buy products that seemingly everybody else already has. They want their targets to feel backward and unsophisticated if they do not compete and lust for the same material things and status as their neighbors.
The Tenth Commandment (1998), by John W. Ritenbaugh, Forerunner, "Personal," January 1998.
http://www.cgg.org/index.cfm/fuseaction/Library.sr/CT/PERSONAL/k/301/The-Tenth-Commandment.htm
The thirst and voracity which I feel in consuming my food, so that what I eat gives neither satiety nor substance ; inhospitality and pleonexia, refusal and uncharitableness regarding what is my own, so that I am a burden to myself, and dear to none. Hunger, with its four-and-twenty subdivisions in addition thereto, sadness, pleonexia, anxiety to be welcomed before everybody to all kinds of food, and the injurious effect to me of every food.
Meyer, Aisling meic Conglinne

A clear rule for self-control handed down by the Fathers is this: stop eating while still hungry and do not continue until you are satisfied. When the Apostle said, 'Make no provision to fulfill the desires of the flesh' (Rom. 13:14), he was not forbidding us to provide for the needs of life: he was warning us against self-indulgence.
Moreover, by itself abstinence from food does not contribute to perfect purity of soul unless the other virtues are active as well.

Humility, for example, practiced through obedience in our work and through bodily hardship, is a great help. If we avoid [greed] not only by having no money, but also by not wanting to have any, this leads us towards purity of soul. Freedom from anger, from dejection, self-esteem and pride also contributes to purity of soul in general, while self-control and fasting are especially important for bringing about that specific purity of soul which comes throughrestraint and moderation.

No one whose stomach is full can fight mentally against the demon of unchastity. Our initial struggle therefore must be to gain control of our stomach and to bring our body into subjection not only through fasting

but also through vigils, labors and spiritual, reading, and through concentrating our heart on fear of [Hell] and on longing for the kingdom of heaven. ...

...

[greed] is a passion deriving, not from our nature, but solely from an eviland perverted use of our free will....

...Now completely given over to the thought of gain, he notices none of the evil passions which attack him: his ragingfury when he happens to sustain a loss, his gloom and dejection when he falls short of the gain he hoped for. Just asfor other people the belly is a god, so for him is money. That is why the Apostle, knowing this, calls [greed] not only'the root of all evil' but 'idolatry' as well (Col. 3:5).

...In all this we should remember how uncertain is the hour of our death, so that our Lord does not come unexpectedly and, finding our conscience soiled with [greed], say to us what God says to the rich man in the Gospel: 'You fool, this night your soul will be required of you: who then will be the owner of what you have stored up?' (Luke 12: 20).

St John Cassian On the Eight Vices, Philokalia

There are only two kinds of people in the end: those who say to God, "Thy will be done," and those to whom God says, in the end, "Thy will be done." All that are in Hell, choose it. Without that self-choice there could be no Hell. No soul that seriously and constantly desires joy will ever miss it. Those who seek find. Those who knock it is opened."

— C.S. Lewis, The Great Divorce

St. Seraphim of Sarov [Chernobyl now...]

"True hope seeks the one [Chiefdom] of God and is sure that everything necessary for this mortal life will surely be given. The heart cannot have peace until it acquires this hope.

This hope pacifies it fully and brings joy to it. The most holy lips of the Saviour spoke about this very hope: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Mt. 11:28)."

“God is a fire that warms and kindles the heart and inward parts. Hence, if we feel in our hearts the cold which comes from the devil—for the devil is cold—let us call on the Lord. He will come to warm our hearts with perfect love, not only for Him but also for our neighbor, and the cold of him who hates the good will flee before the heat of His countenance.”

> **[greed], anger and dejection are all offshoots of gluttony. For the glutton needs money first of all, so as to satisfyhis ever-present desire — even though it never can be satisfied. His anger is inevitably aroused against those whoobstruct his acquisition of money, and in turn gives place to dejection when he proves too weak to get his way. He is like the snake which goes 'on its breast and belly' (Gen. 3:14. LXX).**
> **St Neilos The AsceticAscetic Discourse, Philokalia**

> **“The devil is like a lion, hiding in ambush (Ps 10:19, 1Pe 5:8). He secretly sets out nets of unclean and unholy thoughts. So, it is necessary to break them off as soon as we notice them, by means of pious reflection and prayer.” St. Seraphim of Sarov**

> **The monk should wage a truceless war above all on these three things: gluttony, futile self-esteem, and[greed] - which is a form of idolatry (cf Col. 3:5).**
> **St John of Karpathos, Philokalia**

> **The cloud of cares comes from the fumes, soto speak, of the main passions -self-indulgence, [greed], love of praise. Once you are free of these you will also havecast off your cares. Sound moral judgment has the same effect as wisdom, and is**
> **a most powerful factor drawing us upwards. Hence it too has its part to play. For the knowledge of the virtuesinvolves the most scrupulous discrimination between good and evil; and this requires sound moral judgment.Experience and the struggle with the body teach us how to use such judgment in our warfare.**

St Theodoros the Great Ascetic, Philokalia

Something should also be said about the vices or the passions of the soul and the body. The passions of the soul are forgetfulness, laziness and ignorance.

When the soul's eye, the intellect [nous], has been darkened by these three, the soulis dominated by all the other passions. These are impiety, false teaching or every kind of heresy, blasphemy, wrath,anger, bitterness, irritability, inhumanity, rancor, back-biting, censonousness, senseless dejection, fear, cowardice. quarrelsomeness, jealousy, envy, self-esteem, pride, hypocrisy, falsehood, unbelief, greed, love of material things, attachment to worldly concerns, listlessness, faint-heartedness, ingratitude, grumbling, vanity, conceit, pomposity,boastfulness, love of power, love of popularity, deceit, shamelessness, insensibility, flattery, treachery, pretence,indecision, assent to sins arising from the soul's passible aspect and dwelling on them continuously, wandering thoughts, self-love, the mother of vices, [greed], the root of all evil (cf 1 Tim. 6:10) and, finally, malice and guile.

The passions of the body are gluttony, greed, over-indulgence, drunkenness, eating in secret, general softness of living, unchastity, adultery, licentiousness, uncleanness, incest, pederasty, bestiality, impure desires and every passion which is foul and unnatural, theft, sacrilege, robbery, murder, every kind of physical luxury and gratificationof the whims of the flesh (especially when the body is in good health), consulting oracles, casting spells, watching for omens and portents, self-adornment, ostentation, foolish display, use of cosmetics, painting the face, wasting time, day-dreaming, trickery, impassioned misuse of the pleasures of this world and a life of bodily ease, which by coarsening the intellect makes it cloddish and brute-like and never lets it raise itself towards God and the practice of the virtues.

The roots or primary causes of all these passions are love of sensual pleasure, love of praise and love of material wealth. Every evil has its origin

in these. As Mark, wisest of the ascetics, says, a man cannot commit a single sin unless the three powerful giants, forgetfulness, laziness and ignorance, first overpower him and enslave him.
St John of Damaskos On the Virtues and the Vices, Philokalia

"Mathois said, 'The nearer a man comes to God, the more he sees himself to be a sinner. Isaiah the prophet saw the Lord and knew himself to be wretched and unclean (Is. 6:5)." — Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

St. Seraphim of Sarov: "To have the Holy Spirit is to see your own wretchedness peacefully, because you know that God's mercy is greater than your wretchedness."

"If you are willing to bear the trial of your own wretchedness, serenely, then you will surely be the sweetest dwelling place of Jesus."
St. Thérèse of Lisieux

St. Paul said: "Where sin has abounded, grace has superabounded."

B'in an lá ar thuirling ceird a éilíonn ómós... An Muince Dreoilíní Do Mhícheál Ó Ciarmhaic, file

Moral: Quan t'atii la maldat, pensa això que es veritat: Panxa prim hi passaràs, massa fart t'hi quedaràs.
Morale: When evil tempts you, think about the following truth: With a lean belly you will escape Too full, you will be trapped.
La Rata Magra, Catalunya Wikipedia
"Antony said to Poemen, 'Our great work is to lay the blame for our sins upon ourselves before God, and to expect to be tempted to our last breath."

"The hermit said, 'This is the way to be strong: when temptations start to speak in your mind do not answer them but get up, pray, do penance, and say "Son of God, have mercy upon me." " — Benedicta Ward, The Desert

Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

“The recognition of oneself as a part of nature, and reliance on natural things, are disappearing for hundreds of millions of people who do not know that anything is being lost.” — Robertson Davies

I got a sense walking the roads of Connemara ... that the whole Earth is a living planet. It is a living thing. And, like, the rocks are alive, it is *all* alive, and we are damaging it most dreadfully and most terribly. All we have to do is look at the headlines every day... to see how badly we are damaging it. — John Moriarty, Seeking To Walk Beautifully on the Earth

God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with the fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things — James Joyce, Ulysses

When Diarmuid lays his hands on the princess, she is partially healed, but needs three draughts from the cup of the King of Magh an Ionganaidh: Plain of Wonder, filled with water from the Well of Healing along with the moss for full recovery. Diarmuid gets all of these things and she is healed. He returns home to find seven years passed in a day and a half. (101, 133, 201, 249) [Worlds List] Tír fo Thuinn (Land Under the Waves) Tír-Faoi-Thonn (Country Under Wave) Tír-faTonn (Under-Wave Land) Gorre, Alsoth Goirtonn (Far Blue Isle) Christine O’Keeffe's Monster//Faery page © Copyright 1997. Christine O’Keeffe, Created For Educational Use Only.

Celtic Tiger Song by Damien Dempsey Greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy So greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy Now they saw the Celtic Tiger in my home town Brings jewels and crowns, picks you up off the ground But the Celtic Tiger does two things It brings you good luck or it eats you up for its supper It's the tale of the two cities on the shamrock shore Please Sir can I have some more Cos if you are poor you'll be eaten for sure

"That's not law, sir!" Daniel The Liberator Ó Connell

CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray ...after Bres had assumed the sovereignty, three Fomorian [chiefs] (Indech mac De Domnann, Elatha mac Delbaith, and Tethra) imposed their tribute upon Ireland-and there was not a smoke from a house in Ireland which was not under their tribute. In addition, the warriors of Ireland were reduced to serving him: Ogma beneath a bundle of firewood and the Dagda as a rampartbuilder, and he constructed the earthwork around Bres's fort. 26. Now the Dagda was unhappy at the work

Marie Heaney Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the culchies they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame for what has happened.

...the majority of the English grantees were in fact the very soldiers who had been serving in the area, and who had already acquired a reputation for brutality and greed amongst the native population. This brutality and greed was officially sanctioned... Commissions of martial law 'legally' entitled the bearer to a third of the moveable goods and possessions of the dead 'traitors.' According to David Edwards, "this acted as an incentive to slaughter: the more 'suspected traitors' the commissioners killed, the more traitors' goods they and their followers received... '
John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR. David Edwards,'Beyond reform:martial law and the Tudor reconquest of Ireland'in HistoryIreland,v,no.2 (1997),pp16- 22.

“The United States imprisons a larger percentage of its black population than South Africa did at the height of apartheid. — Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow

wikipedia, Eóganachta entry:
The social structure of Gaelic Ireland was extremely complex, hierarchically oriented and aristocratic in concept.

At the summit of society stood the chief of a cúige, variously styled in the law texts as rí ruirech, ollam ríg and "The ultimate chief of every individual" (Irish: rí bunaid cach cinn).

From his justice there was no appeal, nor did the Brehon Law acknowledge the existence of the "High Kingship" of Ireland.
The ri ruirech had no legal superior.

In Munster this legal theory was explicitly adhered to by the annalists who styled the provincial kings as "High Chief" (Irish: ard rí), thereby stressing his absolute sovereignty. As the concept of the High Kingship of Ireland was developed from the 9th century onwards by the Uí Néill clan, the kings of Munster counterbalanced that historically inaccurate doctrine ...

[Ollam ríg Donnchadh Ó Caoimh's] son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful [Rí], who after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O'Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity.

The last part of their inheritance, called Pobal Uí Chaoimh, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now William's Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine irish name, Pobal Uí Chaoimh...
Fr. Matt Horgan, Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster

Gg Grandma Sara Stewart of Antroim, grandma Mary Rita Kieff Browns grandmother-in-law.

The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by

the Hollow Sword Blade Company.
okeefeclan.org

the times of the second James, and his descendants. Although the Irish fought for that monarch, it was more from a principle of allegiance, with, perhaps, a vain hope of regaining their freedom and confiscated estates, than from any particular attachment to him, or his ungrateful race. With characteristic bravery, they resolved to conquer or perish in his cause; but, the pusillanimous king betrayed them on the very verge of victory by his dastardly conduct. This sunk deep in their hearts. For his descendants there was but little sympathy in Ireland.

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These “heart home lays” of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories ; and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings lit tie short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations which afterwards entailed so much misery on the country. The effect the government could punish, but it could not prevent the.cause. Perhaps, if a remedy were sought, the best would have been to give publicity to those proscribed stanzas. The spell of secrecy would thus be broken, and the charm from which they derived their principal influence dis¬ solved. Time, however, has rendered them harmless.

Irish Minstrelsy, Hardiman vol II, 1831.

Wikipedia: The H ollow S word B lades Company was a British joint-stock company founded in 1691 for the manufacture of hollow-ground rapiers by a goldsmith, Sir Stephen Evance. The company ceased manufacturing

swords in 1702 following the suicide of its founder and was purchased by a syndicate of businessmen who used the corporate identity of the company to operate as a bank.

At this time the Bank of England held a monopoly by act of parliament as the only organisation permitted to operate as a bank in England, so anyone wishing to carry out banking operations had to do so by devious means. The company was used as a stepping stone to the foundation of the [fraudulent] South Sea Company which set out to supplant the Bank of England as banker to the government...
...The Sword Blade company now used its charter powers to own property to purchase land to the value of £200,000 with anticipated revenues of £20,000 per year, or 10%. To pay for this, the company used a trick which the Bank of England had employed in its own creation. The Hollow Sword Blades Company issued shares, which it was also entitled to do under its charter. It offered to exchange its own shares at a nominal value of £100 for £100 of government debt issued by the army paymaster. The government was willing to accept its own debt as payment for the land, so no cash money was required for the transactions. The army debt could at that time only be sold on the open market at a rate of £85 per £100 of face value, so this offered a way for holders to realise a better price. The land remained the property of the company, and the company would pay dividends on the shares from its rental income. The deal was negotiated with the treasury by Blunt and their legal advisor, Lake and agreed on 1 June 1704. Once the debt was cancelled, the government no longer had to pay interest upon it, which it had been doing at 7.5%.

...However, it also required a 'sweetener' in the form of receiving a new loan of £20,000 at 5% as part of the deal, secured against Royal shares in Cornish tin. Before announcing the offer, the Sword Blade Syndicate made full advantage of the anticipated rise in value of army debt, by buying as much as it could privately beforehand. This was then sold as the price rose once the general market realised there was an offer available to trade in the debt at its full value[insider trading, gaming the market]. The Sword Blade company also branched out into providing mortgages for other

would be purchasers of Irish land, accepting cash deposits and issuing its own notes. This came to the attention of the Bank of England, who advised the treasury that their own monopoly to act as a bank was being infringed.

The treasury took no action. In part, the government recognised that it had a good deal it did not wish to spoil. There was also a legal complication, that the Bank act protected it against any other company being set up by act of parliament to operate as a bank. In the case of the sword company charter, although the steps to enact its charter had been commenced, they had never actually been completed in parliament.

...The Bank of England charter was due to expire in 1710, and they were concerned to arrange its renewal. Others, however, continued to lobby parliament not to do so, and a new syndicate had formed, offering to take on funding of the latest loan required by government. The Bank responded by dropping its interest rate to underbid the competition, and succeeded in renewing its charter until 1732, with more strictly drawn terms to prevent others operating as banks... ..

Hollow Sword Blades Company was acquired by Wilkinson Sword in 1922 , which is now owned by Edgewell Personal Care, which was a break off from Energizer Holdings, which was Eveready but changed to Energizer and sold Eveready to Ralston Purina, but Energizer Holdings bought Wilkinson Sword from Pfizer...

Alarming tippingpoints being reached' [The Irish Times, Unnerved residents may leave Cobh over ‘cancer risk’ 13 Jul 2016 Ciarán D'Arcy] Home of Pfizer and Johnson & Yohann-son. Boris JohnsonOttoman empire.

Almost 90 percent of Irish exports derive from foreign-owned firms.... Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008

“All wisdom advises us to keep this [Irish] [Ríocht] as much subordinate

and dependent on England as possible; and, holding them from manufacture of wool (which unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage), and then enforcing them to fetch their cloth from England, how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?" — Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in a letter to King Charles I, 1634

"Macarius said also, 'If you are stirred to anger when you want to reprove someone, you are gratifying your own passions. Do not lose yourself in order to save another." Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

But where's the heart as firm and true As hill, or lake, or Avondubh?
JJ Callanan
"Two hermits lived [in close proximity] for many years without a quarrel. One said to the other, 'Let's have a quarrel with each other, as is the way of men.' The other answered, 'I don't know how a quarrel happens.' The first said, 'Look here, I put a brick between us, and I say, That's mine. Then you say, No, it's mine. That is how you begin a quarrel.' So they put a brick between them, and one of them said, 'That's mine.' The other said, 'No; it's mine.' He answered, 'Yes, it's yours. Take it away.' They were unable to argue with each other." — Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

St. Antony of Egypt
I am going the way of my fathers, as the Scripture says, for I see myself called by the Lord. Be you wary and undo not your long service of God, but be earnest to keep your strong purpose, as though you were but now beginning. You know the demons who plot against you, you know how savage they are and how powerless; therefore, fear them not. Let Christ be as the breath you breathe; in Him put your trust. Live as dying daily, heeding yourselves and remembering the counsels you have heard from me. ... So do you also be earnest always to be in union first with the Lord and then with the Saints, that after death, they also may receive you into

everlasting tabernacles as known friends. Ponder these things, and mean them. … And now God save you, children, for Antony departs and is with you no more. From St. Athanasius' Life of St. Antony Book IV, Chapter 20 (his last words), St. Athanasius. Trans. Dom J.B. McLaughlin, O.S.B. St. Antony of the Desert. Rockford: Tan Books and Publishers, Inc, 1995

Wikipedia: The Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland consists of those titles of nobility created by the English monarchs in their capacity as Lord or King of Ireland, or later by monarchs of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The creation of such titles came to an end in the 19th century. The ranks of the Irish peerage are Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount and Baron. As of 2016, there were 135 titles in the Peerage of Ireland extant: two dukedoms, ten marquessates, 43 earldoms, 28 viscountcies, and 52 baronies. The Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Northern Ireland continues to exercise jurisdiction over the Peerage of Ireland, including those peers whose titles derive from places located in what is now the Republic of Ireland.

Wikipedia: Alexander Stephen Rudolph Feilding, 12th Earl of Denbigh, 11th Earl of Desmond (born 4 November 1970), styled Viscount Feilding until 1995, is a member of the British aristocracy and son of William Feilding, 11th Earl of Denbigh and his wife Judy née Cooke. The Earl lives at and manages the family estate, Newnham Paddox House, at Monks Kirby near Rugby in Warwickshire.
In 2014, the family put part of the estate lands up for sale to help cover death duties. Lord Denbigh married Suzanne Jane Allen on 27 January 1996. He is Patron of Offchurch Bury Polo Club in Warwickshire.

Sir Adrian James Andrew Denis FitzGerald, 6th Baronet Valencia Island, 24th Knight of Kerry and all his Anglo-Norman Tory buddies will Brexit right off the ancestral territory Dairbhre belonging to the inheritor of Mogh Ruith's portion by Gaelic reckoning question mark.

"Your noble friend will not accept pretension but will gently and very firmly

confront you with your own [unseeing]. Such friendship is creative and critical; it is willing to negotiate awkward and uneven territories of contradiction and woundedness." John O'Donohue, Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom

Ár nAthair, atá ar neamh, go naomhaítear t'ainm, go dtaga do ríocht, go ndeintear do thoil ar an dtalamh mar a deintear ar neamh. Ár n-arán laethúil tabhair dhúinn inniu, agus maith dhúinn ár gcionta mar a mhaithimíd do chách, agus ná lig sinn i gcathú, ach saor sinn ó olc. áiméin.
Guímis ar ár ngaolta atá marbh agus orthu siúd go léir a bhí go maith dúinn. Go bhfáiltí Dia rompu isteach sa solas soilseach ina láthair féin.
A Thiarna éist linn. A Thiarna bí ceansa agus éist linn.
Hoc sacramento, Corporis et sanguinis, Omnes exuti Ab inferni faucibus
Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther.

"Then a powerful demon, a prowler through the dark, nursed a [terrible] grievance." — Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Those who try to control who use force to protect their power go against the direction of the Tao [Caoi] They take from those who don't have enough and give to those who have far too much.

Sifu/The master can keep giving because their is no end to Sifu's [treasures in heaven]wealth Sifu acts without expectation succeeds without taking credit, and doesn't think that he is better than anyone else.
Tao Te Ching, Mitchell trans

Ireland's debt per capita has increased rapidly in recent years so that today [2008], apart from Luxembourg, [Occupied] Ireland is the most indebted Eurozone member, both relative to national income and on a per capita basis...house prices increasing dramatically from 2000 until 2007.
Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008.

Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified The great Tao [Way, Law, Caoi] is easy yet people prefer to take side paths ['to the high road'] Be aware [aire] when things are out of balance Stay centered within the Tao

[For example of Out of Balance]: When rich speculators prosper while farmers lose their land when government officials spend money on weapons instead of [or as?] cures; when the upper class is extravagant and irresponsible while the poor have nowhere to turn – All this is robbery and chaos. It is not in keeping with the Caoi.

We join spokes together in a Wheel but it is the center of the Wheel That makes the wagon move...

The Sifu [Seanchaí] observes the Sia [tír] Earth but trusts his inner Aisling Vision His heart is as open as the Tian Sky Success is as dangerous as failure The ancient masters were profound and subtle Their wisdom was unfathomable There is no way to describe it All we can describe is their appearance Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified

Domini est salus , Christi est salus. Super populum tuum, Domine, benedictio tua. Solk us from the taddy.

Ní·fríth ní·fuigébthar brithem bas fíriu cathroí
https://www.sengoidelc.com/category/war/

'The resolve of the Zapatistas will not be moved.'

“The devil appeared to a monk disguised as an angel of light, and said to him, ‘I am the angel Gabriel, and I have been sent to you.’ But the monk said, ‘Are you sure you weren’t sent to someone else? I am not worthy to have an angel sent to me.’ At that the devil vanished.” — Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured ! The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy, By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.
Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools. While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed ; Her carcase is being torn asunder By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.
THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES OF _____.
Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Tao never makes any ado, And yet it does everything. If a ruler can cling to it, All things will grow of themselves. When they have grown and tend to make a stir, It is time to keep them in their place by the aid of the nameless Primal Simplicity, Which alone can curb the desires of men. When the desires of men are curbed, there will be peace, And the world will settle down of its own accord. Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Shambhalla Dragon Editions, Tr. John C.H. Wu, p.87

This country was founded on genocide before the word genocide was invented, before there was a war crimes tribunal in The Hague. When we finally stopped actively killing [Turtle Islanders] for the crime of living here before us, we then preceded to violate every treaty we made with the tribes, every single treaty. We piled crime on top of crime on top of crime against the people whose offense against us was simply that they lived where we wanted to live. -The Last Word with Lawrence O'Donnell, MSNBC, 8/25/2016 Re-Write: The Protests at Standing Rock

Homer suggest that if you forget your pain, you forget your homeland—you 'lose your hope of home.' -- Jonathan Shay, Odysseus in America: Combat Trauma and the Trials of Homecoming

Sliabh Luachra By Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra is, you know, such a vast area, but in a way undefined also. And it has produced some of Ireland's greatest poets, especially Aoghán Ó Rathaille and Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin. It has also been the birthplace of An tAthair Ó Dinneen, Patrick Dinneen, who is responsible for our great Dictionary...they were

being pushed out of any land they had, or might previously have had under the rule of the Irish chieftains, taoisigh, and so you find that people, like the O'Sullivans of Kenmare, then moved into the edges of Sliabh Luachra and began to settle there. Then as landlordism grew, more and more people, the Irish people, who were poor, who were struggling

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was in fact a corporation with a charter to do business and to make money for the king of England (and themselves). The relationship between the king and the colonists quickly deteriorated. The colonists didn't like being subject to a king so far away and creating riches for someone else. The crown did afford some protection to the land because the king declared that it belonged to either him or the Native population. These protections interfered with what the colonists wanted most. Land greed led to the colonists denouncing the crown while still operating under the charter. This led to the loss of protection for the Native Peoples and even more seizures of land.
Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls, A Narrative compiled and presented By the Chaubunagungamaug Nipmuck Historic Preservation Office and Associates for the Battle of Great Falls/ Wissatinnewag-Peskeompskut Pre-Inventory Research and Documentation Project, October 2015

Colonialism, Nationalism & Independence in Zambia
globalblackhistory.com The colonization of modern day Zambia began in the 1890s, when the Lozi chief Lewanika was deceived into signing a concession that gave the British South Africa Company an excuse to invade their land. Upon obtaining this concession the British South Africa Company began mining copper and lead. In addition they sold land to British farmers, sometimes for as little as 10 cents a hectare in order to encourage more European settlers. However, in 1924 the British South Africa Company gave up control over Northern Rhodesia. Thereafter, it was administered by the British government. The copper mines developed in what is now known as the Copper belt created huge profits that were sent overseas. In order to develop an abundant workforce for the mines, the colonial government would charge taxes and prevent the local farmers

from the ability to sell cattle and crops on the European market. In addition, the colonial government created reserves where they placed all farmers who had been removed from fertile land. Most of the reserves were overcrowded and the locals could not produce enough to feed their families. As a result, local farmers were forced to become low paid workers in the Copperbelt in Zambia and in the mines in South Africa.

Contrary to popular belief, the small farmers of New England weren't alone responsible for establishing America's economic position as capitalism expanded. Rather, the [terrible] labor of slaves in places like Alabama, South Carolina, and Mississippi needs to be kept in view as well. In fact, more than half of the nation's exports in the first six decades of the 19th century consisted of raw cotton, almost all of it grown by slaves, according to the book, which was edited by Sven Beckert, the Laird Bell Professor of History at Harvard University and visiting professor at HBS, as well as Seth Rockman, Associate Professor of History at Brown University. The slave economy of the southern states had ripple effects throughout the entire U.S. economy, with plenty of merchants in New York City, Boston, and elsewhere helping to organize the trade of slave-grown agricultural commodities—and enjoying plenty of riches as a result.

"In the decades between the American Revolution and the Civil War, slavery—as a source of the cotton that fed Rhode Island's mills, as a source of the wealth that filled New York's banks, as a source of the markets that inspired Massachusetts manufacturers—proved indispensable to national economic development," Beckert and Rockman write in the introduction to the book.

"… Cotton offered a reason for entrepreneurs and inventors to build manufactories in such places as Lowell, Pawtucket, and Paterson, thereby connecting New England's Industrial Revolution to the advancing plantation frontier of the Deep South. And financing cotton growing, as well as marketing and transporting the crop, was a source of great wealth for the nation's merchants and banks."

Why do you think for so many years historians... didn't seem to make a strong connection between slavery and things like innovation, entrepreneurship, and finance, which are at the heart of American capitalism?

...Gerdeman: The book says "the relationship of slavery to American capitalism rightfully begins on the plantation." Can you explain how the North benefited from the slave-grown cotton in the South? And how did this "empire of cotton" help create modern capitalism?

Beckert: There are very many economic links between the southern plantation complex and the development of American and global capitalism, involving trade, industry, banking, insurance, shipping, and other industries. The most prominent link developed around cotton

As you know, the cotton industry was crucial to the world-altering Industrial Revolution as it first unfolded in Great Britain and then spread from there to other parts of the world, including the northern states of the Union. Until 1861, until the American Civil War, almost all cotton used in industrial production was grown by enslaved workers in the southern parts of the United States. Slavery thus played a very important role in supplying an essential raw material for industrial production.

Yet there were further links: British and later U.S. capital financed the expansion of the slavery complex in the American South. Advancing credit was essential for southern planters to be able to purchase land and labor. Northern merchants, moreover, organized the shipment of cotton into global markets.

And of course northern manufacturers, along with their European counterparts, supplied plantations in the South with tools, textiles, and other goods that were necessary to maintain the plantation regime.

Plantation slavery, far from being a retrograde system on its way to being

ousted by industrial capitalism, saw a second flourishing in the 19th century in the wake of the industrial revolution. And in the United States, cotton was central to that "second slavery."

...When you read the letters of businessmen of the 1840s and 1850s, you see numerous efforts to separate business and morality into distinct realms. Merchants and manufacturers in the past did know that slavery was a moral problem, but then they tried to say that such moral considerations were extraneous to the concerns of business. In retrospect we can all agree that these claims are preposterous. Such observations should make everyone today acutely conscious about making rationalizations that seek to insulate business from moral responsibility. History (and historians) don't look kindly on this.
https://www.forbes.com/ The Clear Connection Between Slavery And American Capitalism HBS Working Knowledge Contributor Business research for business leaders By Dina Gerdeman

The Role of Explorers and Traders in the Colonization of Africa globalblackhistory.com

The drive to colonize Africa was spurred by the growth of capitalism in Europe which increased the need for raw materials. Some argue that the abolition of the slave trade in England in 1807 was a catalyst that shifted trade from human beings to raw materials. European nations were competing among themselves to trade with African rulers who controlled areas with vast natural resources and many exploration societies would sponsor explorers looking for opportunities.

Many explorers like David Livingstone would sign treaties with local Kings and Chiefs and this opened up more trade routes for Europeans. The reports sent by Explorers gave capitalists the impression that it was uncivilized and would benefit from European domination. Prevailing racist sentiments about Africa can be traced back to this era when explorers described Africa and Africans in the most objectionable terms.

As more reports of Africa emerged, more traders brought manufactured goods to Africa in exchange for palm oil, peanut oil, ivory and gold. Larger trading companies then established monopolies by buying out smaller companies and this gave them immense wealth and influence both in Africa and in Europe. In a bid to monopolize the African trading market they sought military help from their respective governments to challenge African rulers who would not comply with their demands.

The United Africa Company (UAC) was formed in 1879 by Sir George Goldie. By the early 1880s they had created a monopoly in the Niger delta area by buying out all the smaller companies in this region.

One of the states trading in palm oil was Opobo, ruled by a leader called Jaja. As a leader Jaja made sure that the palm oil from his state would only be traded through his representative so that the state would be able to use the revenue to build schools, roads, and small industries. However, this did not please the UAC because it inhibited their ability to acquire palm oil at a lower price and therefore generate higher profits. The UAC sought a charter from the British government to rule the land inland of the Niger Delta. Thereafter, UAC changed its name to the Royal Niger Company (RNC) which had more than 100 trading boats, all protected by a gunboat.

When Jaja of Opobo state tried to protect trade in his land he was summoned by a British representative of the Niger Coast. As soon as he arrived for the meeting on the gunboat, Jaja was captured and held prisoner and ordered to sign a treaty that would allow the RNC to freely trade in Opobo. Faced with the threat of bombings in his state, Jaja reluctantly agreed to sign the agreement giving the RNC the right to trade in Opobo. However, even after signing the agreement, Jaja was kept prisoner and exiled to the Caribbean. Thereafter, the RNC took control of the palm oil trade in Opobo with all the profits going to Britain.

Free West Papua The people of West Papua have been suffering under Indonesian [Colonised by the Dutch] occupation since 1963. Over 500,000 civilians have been killed, and thousands more have been raped, tortured

and imprisoned. Foreign media and human rights groups are banned from operating in West Papua, so people rarely hear about the situation there. The Free West Papua Campaign is bringing the story of West Papua to the world and campaigning for freedom and justice in West Papua, to end the violence of the last 50 years...
...Having decimated most of the forests across Indonesia, timber companies have turned to West Papua with a vengeance. Despite a recent moratorium freezing all new permits to clear primary forest, illegal logging is rampant with logging companies paying off the

military for protection. But yet another business is now posing an even greater threat to the forest: palm oil for bio fuels. Ironically being produced as a solution to climate change this highly damaging activity involves destroying virgin rainforest and replacing it with monoculture crops which require heavy chemical treatments. Greenpeace Indonesia has noted that every year the rate of deforestation in Papua reaches as much as 300 thousand hectares. Severe deforestation is occurring in southern Papua, particularly areas packed with oil palm plantations. Land is often taken from local people without their full knowledge and leaves them with no livelihoods afterwards, unable to feed themselves and their children.5

Specific traumatizing experiences for the Irish (per Lee and Moane) include systematically treated as an "inferior race" by the oppressing culture (British), subjection to starvation (the Irish Famine) even while vast quantities of foods were being exported, indiscriminate killings, land grabs, religious persecution, language and music censorship, and educational oppression. Indeed, many Irish today continue to reference their disdain of past British actions... Exploring Irish Multigenerational Trauma and Its Healing: Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux) 12 Aibreán 2012. Coll et at

The port books of Bristol record between a yearly average of between 100 and 300 wolfskins exported from Ireland throughout the 1500s and a total of 961 skins in a single year. .. . In 1614, an Englishman named Henric Tuttesham was offered £3 for every wolf he killed. The wolf population at the time was high enough for Tuttesham to be authorised to keep four

men and 24 hounds in every county for seven years, a total of 128 men and 768 hounds. Wikipedia

Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth (Les Damnés de la Terre)
"Colonialism hardly ever exploits the whole of a country. It contents itself with bringing to light the natural resources, which it extracts, and exports to meet the needs of the mother country's industries, thereby allowing certain sectors of the colony to become relatively rich. But the rest of the colony follows its path of under-development and poverty, or at all events sinks into it more deeply."

Here's The Westminster Magazine or The Pantheon of Taste: Containing a View of the History, Politics, Literature, Manners, Gallantry, Fashions of the year 1780 vol. viii, p 142 For the 'WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE. SKETCH of the CLIMATE, TRADE, and PRESENT STATE of IRELAND. [From a Tour through IRELAND

- Ireland is known to haye many rich mines; and there is no inconsiderable prospect of gold and silver in some parts of the kingdom.
- The commodities which Ireland exports, as far as her present trade will permit, are hides, tallow, butter, cheese, honey, wax, hemp, metals, and fish : wool and glasswere, till December 23, 1779, prohibited; but her linen trade is of late grown of very great consequence.
- clearly in her favour. Formerly, that the Irish exported large quantities of timber, is manifest from the churches of Gloucester, Westminster Monastery and Palaces, &c. being covered with Irish oak. The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant, who lives in very great splendor....

Said Ailill to Fraech, Let your harpmen play ...Now those harpers were wondrous men, by their sides they had sacks of otter's skin, About their bodies the sacks were tied, And they carried their harps within, With stitches of silver & golden thread each case for a harp was sewed; And, beneath the embroidery gleaming

red, the shimmer of ruby coral showed! Roeskin about them in the middle, it was as white as snow; Cloaks of linen as white as the tunic of a swan. Harps of gold & silver & bronze, with figures of serpents & birds, & hounds of gold & silver. Gentle & melodious were the triad, And they were the Chants of Uaithne (Child-birth). The illustrious triad are three brothers, namely Gol-traiges (Sorrow-strain), Gen-traiges (Joy-strain), And Suan-traiges (Sleep-strain). Boand from the fairies is the mother of the triad (252) Christine Ó Keefes Faerie Page I think

> The largest of English ships each took 75 acres of oak forest to build from what I've been able to find in various accounts online. So say 40-75 acres of oak forest per ship.
>
> Jonathan Shay, Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character "All who hear should understand that no person's suffering can be measured against another person's suffering. It can be extremely damaging if anyone makes comparisons.

> South African Wars (1879–1915) Ethnic, political and social tensions among European colonial powers, indigenous Africans, and English and Dutch settlers led to open conflict in a series of wars and revolts between 1879 and 1915 that would have lasting repercussions on the entire region of southern Africa. Pursuit of commercial empire as well as individual aspirations, especially after the discovery of diamonds (1867) and gold (1886), were key factors driving these developments. The various wars of this era are usually studied separately, as independent conflicts. They include the first and second Anglo-Boer War, the Anglo-Zulu War, the Basotho Gun War, the 9th Frontier War and others. However it is instructive also to see them as outbreaks in a far larger wave of change and conflict effecting the subcontinent - beginning with the "Confederation Wars" of the 1870s and 80s; escalating with the rise of Cecil Rhodes and the struggle for control of gold and diamond resources; and leading up to the Second Anglo-Boer War and the Union of South Africa in 1910.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CECIL RHODES 1902

The Scholarships at Oxford. Whereas I consider that the education of Objects of young Colonists at one of the Universities in the Education. United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views for their instruction in life and manners (/) and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the unity of the Empire.... ... A lot of young Colonials go to Oxford and Cambridge, and come back with a certain antiEnglish feeling, imagining themselves to have been slighted because they were Colonials. That, of course, is all nonsense.

....WHEN Mr. Rhodes died, the most conspicuous figure left in the English-speaking race since the death of Queen Victoria disappeared. Whether loved or feared, he towered aloft above all his contemporaries.

But even those who distrusted and disliked him most... a character which has affected the world so deeply...for woe.

Outside England none of our politicians, statesmen, or administrators impressed ... the world half as deeply as Cecil Rhodes. For ...evil he ranked among the dozen foremost men of his day.

He...rose by sheer force of character and will to real, although not to titular, Imperial rank. After the Pope, the Kaiser, the Tsar, there were few contemporary statesmen who commanded as much attention, who roused as much interest...

...it must be admitted that the dread he inspired among those who disliked him was more widespread than the affection he commanded

...The world has echoed words and deeds of his which will long reverberate

...For with all his faults the man was great, almost immeasurably great, when contrasted with the pigmies [complete dehumanization of Khoi and

San Aboriginal First Nation cousins]who pecked and twittered in his shade [more genocidal dehumanization]...

...Mr. Rhodes's last Will and Testament reveals him to the world as the first distinguished British statesman whose Imperialism was that of Race and not that of Empire.

...Mr. Rhodes was colour-blind ....

His fatherland, like that of the poet Arndt, is coterminous with the use of the tongue of his native land. In his Will he aimed at making OxfordUniversity the educational centre of the Englishspeaking race.

. He did this of set purpose, and in providing the funds necessary for the achievement of this great idea he specifically prescribed that every American State and Territory shall share with the British Colonies in his patriotic benefaction...

...Cecil Rhodes, in the current phrase of the hour, was an empire maker. He was much more than that. Empire makers are almost as common as empire breakers, and, indeed, as in his case, the two functions are often combined.

...It was his distinction to be the first of the new Dynasty of Money Kings which has been evolved in these later days as the real rulers of the modern world. There have been many greater millionaires than he.

...As a rich man Mr. Rhodes was not in the running with Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Astor. But although there have been many wealthier men, none of them, before Mr. Rhodes, recognised the opportunities of ruling the world which wealth affords its possessor. The great financiers of Europe have no doubt often used their powers to control questions of peace or war and to influence politics, but they always acted from a strictly financial motive. Their aims were primarily the shifting of the values of stocks. To effect that end they have often taken a leading hand in political deals.

....But Mr. Rhodes inverted the operation. With him political considerations were always paramount. If he used the market he did it in order to secure the means of achieving political ends. Hence it is no exaggeration to regard him as the first he will not be the last of the Millionaire Monarchs of the Modern World.

He was the founder of the latest of the dynasties which seems destined to wield the sceptre of sovereign power over the masses of mankind....

...Mr. Rhodes was more than the founder of a dynasty. He aspired to be the creator of one of those vast semi-religious, quasi-political associations which, like the Society of Jesus, have played so large a part in the history of the world.

...To be more strictly accurate, he wished to found an Order as the instrument of the will of the Dynasty, and while he lived he dreamed of being both its Caesar and its Loyola.

...Mr. Rhodes was one of the rare minds whose aspirations are as wide as the world. Such aspirations are usually to be discovered among the founders of religions rather than among the founders of dynasties. ...

Gordon Gekko: Like all Brits, he thinks he was born with a better pot to piss in. —Wall Street (1987) written by Stanley Weiser, Oliver Stone

Why is Cecil Rhodes such a controversial figure? By Justin Parkinson BBC News Magazine 1 April 2015 Protesters in South Africa are calling for a statue of Cecil Rhodes, one of the most committed imperialists of the 19th Century, to be taken down. Why does he still inspire such strong feelings? Cecil Rhodes's statue on the steps of the University of Cape Town has now been boarded up. The university will soon make a final decision on the statue's fate. The students calling for its removal have already attacked it.

The tag #RhodesMustFall

has been tweeted many times. Rhodes was an imperialist, businessman and politician who played a dominant role in southern Africa in the late 19th Century, driving the annexation of vast swathes of land. He founded the De Beers diamond firm which until recently controlled the global trade. Scholarships allowing overseas students to come to Oxford University still bear his name. Many institutions, including Cape Town University itself, benefited from his largesse. Both Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) were named after him...

...Those who want the statue removed object to Rhodes as the ultimate representation of colonialism.

Adekeye Adebajo, executive director of South Africa's Centre for Conflict Resolution, and a former Rhodes Scholar, has said the demands to remove the statue appear to be "a metaphorical call for the transformation of the university's curriculum, culture and faculty, which many blacks feel are alienating and still reflect a Eurocentric heritage".

Rhodes' detractors see him as a racist, and one of the people who helped prepare the way for apartheid by working to alter laws on voting and land ownership. In Zimbabwe, there are still calls to have Rhodes's remains moved to the UK, where he was born.

In South Africa, which has large disparities in wealth between ethnic groups, discussion of Rhodes has become strongly linked in recent weeks to a wider social debate

"It is that statue that continues to inspire [white people] to think that they are a superior race," Julius Malema, leader of the Economic Freedom Fighters, describing itself as an anti-capitalist and anti-imperial organisation, has said, "and it is through collapsing of these types of symbols that the white minority will begin to appreciate that there's nothing superior about them."

It's clear that Rhodes thought of the English as a "master race"

"I contend that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race," he once said. His famous desire was to be able to draw a "red line" from Cairo to Cape Town, building a railway across the entire continent of Africa without ever leaving British territory.

"Why should we not form a secret society with but one object," he once said, "the furtherance of the British Empire and the bringing of the whole world under British rule for the recovery of the United States, for making the Anglo-Saxon race but one Empire?

Rhodies Orange fight songs, Youtube. Rhodesians.

The Affluent Society not only changed the way the country viewed itself, but gave new phrases to the language: Conventional wisdom, the bland leading the bland, private opulence and public squalor.
Amartya Sen

Colonization of Kenya (1888- 1920) globalblackhistory.com The British East African Company was granted a charter in 1888, which led to the colonization of present day Kenya. When the company became bankrupt the British government took over administration of the colony which they intended to use a gateway to Uganda, Buganda and Bunyoro because there were no minerals to exploit in Kenya. In order to subdue the colony, the British authorities forcibly took land, introduced forced labor and passed legislation that ensured natives became subjects of the British settlers.

The road to colonization of Kenya was difficult for the British because by the turn of the 20th century Indians outnumbered whites 2:1 and the Indian rupee was Kenya's main currency. It is reported that there were approximately 23 000 Indians and only 10 000 whites. As a means of

consolidating power, the British introduced the hut tax in 1902. A certain amount of taxes was to be paid to the government for each hut a family owned. This meant that native Kenyans had to earn money which could only be achieved by working for someone else that could pay them wages. The punishment for not paying hut tax was a fine and which often when not paid led to forced labor thereby providing the British settlers with the cheap labor they were searching for.

British-colonial-officers-stand-guard KenyaAs demand for labor increased, British settlers then introduced poll tax which was required of every citizen in the country. In addition, Kenyans had to work for 60 days a year for the government unless they were already employed by British settlers. This led to the creation of native reservations which were often situated far from major roads and rail and whose soil was not conducive for farming. A lot of measures employed by the British settlers in Kenya were imported from South Africa and Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe).

In 1913, the government passed a land bill that gave the white British settlers 999 year leases on the land and effectively created a monopoly on land use. Later, in 1919 British settlers introduced the Kipande system that required all Kenyan men to wear identity discs similar to the chitupa introduced in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) which limited movement labor.
However, by the 1920s Kenyans began to organize and resist the British settlers.

I have come to the conclusion that imperialism and exploitation are forms of cannibalism and, in fact, are precisely those forms of cannibalism which are most diabolical or evil." — Algonquin Philosopher Jack D. Forbes

Paddy (aged 19): "...we stay quiet going in the door, just smile but don't look them in the eye..." ... Joyce, S. (2018) 'Mincéirs Siúladh

Lakota Chief Arvol Looking Horse said:

"Look around you. Our Mother Earth is very ill from these violations, and we are on the brink of destroying the possibility of a healthy and nurturing survival for generations to come, our children's children...

...This new millennium will usher in an age of harmony or it will bring the end of life as we know it. Starvation, war, and toxic waste have been the hallmark of the great myth of progress and development that ruled the last millennium. To us, as caretakers of the heart of Mother Earth, falls the responsibility of turning back the powers of destruction.
You yourself are the one who must decide.

A barren bird fashioned by man, the destroying one.
Huge, menacing bird, to whom Spring is irrelevant,
Off with your droning! For God's birds would be busy now,
From beaks the straws streaming down like festival ribbons,
Hope's nest in the dark heart of sun-guilded branch to build.
Under the leaves of life, so, poets their visions set—
Scorning what fools delight in: mind-rule and vanity.
How we are incommoded, birds, honey-hearted ones!

— Blánaid Salkeld

"Babylon is everywhere. You have wrong and you have right. Wrong is what we call Babylon, wrong things. That is what Babylon is to me. I could have born in England, I could have born in America, it make no difference where me born, because there is Babylon everywhere."
— Bob Marley

Berhane Selassie Tough Gong Ó Méarlaigh

Life's backwards Life's backwards People turn around The house is burned The house is burned The children are gone Fire Fire Fire on babylon — Sinéad O'Connor, John Reynolds, Fire on Babylon

"wétiko is a Cree term (windigo in Ojibway, wintiko in Powhatan) which refers to a cannibal or, more specifically, an evil person or spirit who

terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts...the consuming the life of another for private purpose or profit...

Columbus was a wétiko. He was mentally ill or insane, the carrier of a terribly contagious psychological disease, the wétiko psychosis. The Native people he described were sane people with a healthy state of mind. Sanity or healthy normality among humans and other living creatures involves a respect for other forms of life and other individuals. I believe that is the way people have lived (and should live). The wétiko psychosis, and the problems it creates, have inspired many resistance movements and efforts at reform or revolution. Unfortunately, most of these efforts have failed because they have never diagnosed the wétiko as an insane person whose disease is extremely contagious...

...It is quite clear that in modern times we have witnessed the widespread brutalization of human beings. The history of Europe in the last 1,500 years and the history of European imperialism in Africa, Asia and the Americas reveal atrocities of almost unimaginable proportions.

The brutality of the "religious" wars in Europe, the unrelenting exploitation of Original Americans, the sacrifice of tens of millions of Africans and First Americans in order to obtain slaves or peons, the genocidal policies of the English toward the Irish, of Europeans generally towards Native People, of the Nazis toward Jews, Slavs and [Romani], represent only a few examples of large-scale cruelty, aggression and exploitation almost beyond belief
—Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals

We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and the winding streams with tangled growth as "wild." Only to the White man was nature a "wilderness" and only to him was the land infested by "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy man from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it "wild" for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing; from his approach, then it was that for

us the "wild west" began. (Luther Standing Bear, Land of the Spotted Eagle, xxvii) pp. 22-23

Thus, the slaver who forces blacks or Indians to lose their lives in the slave trade or who drains away their lives in a slave system is a cannibal. He may "eat" other people immediately (as in the deaths of tens of millions of blacks in the process of enslavement or shipment) or he may "eat" their flesh gradually over a period of years...
...It should be understood that wetikos do not eat other humans only in a symbolic sense. The deaths of tens of millions of Jews, Slavs, etc., at the hands of the Nazis, the deaths of tens of millions of blacks in slavery days, the deaths of up to 30 million or more Indians in the 1500s, the terribly short life spans of Mexican Indian farm workers in the US, and of Native Americans generally today, the high death rates in the early industrial centers among factory workers, and so on, all clearly attest to the fact that the wealthy and exploitative literally consume the lives of those that they exploit.
Jack Forbes http://www.skeptic.ca/Wetiko.htm

“The only weight I give a fuck about is the weight of the cheques and my cheques are superheavyweight.” Conor McGregor, February 2016, UFC 196

Australia, McGregor, 60 Minutes television, “No Surrender” wearing full kilt.

Wall Street (1987) written by Stanley Weiser, Oliver Stone Gordon Gekko: The point is ladies and gentlemen that greed, for lack of a better word, is good. Greed is right, greed works. Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed, in all of its forms; greed for life, for money, for love, knowledge has marked the upward surge of mankind.

“The bull-prince (tarbfhlaith) is not a well-liked man. He strikes and is struck, he injures and is injured, he tosses and is tossed. Against him horns are constantly shaken. Rough and difficult the beginning of his lordship,

hateful and unprincely its middle, unstable and fleeting its end. Against his sons his crimes will be retained, men's faces will be turned, men's hearts will be closed. 'Not welcome' all will say, 'are the sons of that prince: evil was your father's lordship before."Audacht MorainnTranslated by BYRNE, op.cit., 25, with a couple of modifications by Fabio P. Barbieri, History of Britain, 407-597, http://www.geocities.ws/vortigernstudies/fabio/book6.3.html

The prince of truth. He and truth increase each other, strengthen each other, strive for each other, and build each other up
Audacht Morainn

"Do you see, Arren, how an act is not, as young men think, like a rock that one picks up and throws, and it hits or misses, and that's the end of it. When that rock is lifted, the earth is lighter; the hand that bears it heavier. When it is thrown, the circuits of the stars respond, and where it strikes or falls, the universe is changed. On every act the balance of the whole depends. The winds and seas, the powers of water and earth and light, all that these do, and all that the beasts and green things do, is well done, and rightly done. All these act within the Equilibrium. From the hurricane and the great whale's sounding to the fall of a dry leaf and the gnat's flight, all they do is done within the balance of the whole. But we, insofar as we have power over the world and over one another, we must learn to do what the leaf and the whale and the wind do of their own nature. We must learn to keep the balance. Having intelligence, we must not act in ignorance. Having choice, we must not act without responsibility." — Ursula K. Le Guin, The Farthest Shore

Or will you go to church to pray
Leaving your children to atone
This world you left in dissarray
Its not Gods work
It is your own- God and The Orange Clown, song by ____

Unless it pleaseth Christ our Lord to smite the Fiend at length, And restore

unto our Mother-land her Freedom and her Strength, To scourge the ghastly Gall from our sullied shores and, oh ! Bring the true and gallant Gael back a n-Erinn beo !
THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN. Gaeilge DURMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER) O'SULLIVAN SANG.

Aontú is fearr, cothrom na féinne.

from The Irish, Scottish and Flemish Linen Industries During the Long Eighteenth Century, Department of Sociology and National Institute for Regional and Spatial Analysis National University of Ireland, Maynooth, The European Linen Industry in Historical Perspective. Pasold Studies in Textile History 13. Oxford: Oxford University Press (2003, pp. 159-186). by Jane Gray ...In 18th century Ireland, then, the most labour-intensive phases of the linen industry, from cultivating and processing the raw material, to spinning the yarn, were carried out by women on small, subsistence-oriented farms. In the second half of the century, a division of labour began to emerge between spinning and weaving districts, as pettymanufacturers in the linen triangle began to purchase yarn in the marketplace and put it out to cottier-weavers.

Lower paid Irish "biddies" wikipedia
Lowell Mills refers to the many mills that operated in the city of Lowell, Massachusetts during the 19th and early 20th centuries. Francis Cabot Lowell invented the first factory system "where people and machines were all under one roof."

A series of mills and factories were built along the Merrimack River by the Boston Manufacturing Company, an organization founded in years prior by the man for whom the resulting city was named. Construction began in 1821, and the mills were at their peak roughly twenty years later. For the

first time in the United States, these mills combined the textile processes of spinning and weaving under one roof, essentially eliminating the "puttingout system" in favor of mass production of high-quality cloth. The workforce at these factories was three-quarters women.

The Waltham-Lowell system, as it was called, was greatly impacted both by economic instability and by immigration. A minor depression in 1834 led to a sharp reduction in wages, which in turn produced organization of the female workers and two of the earliest examples of a successful strike. A feature of such organization was the magazines and newsletters put out by the girls, the most famous of which was the Lowell Offering.

Then later, when the Panic of 1837 necessitated a true drop in wages, many Lowell girls were replaced by the lower paid Irish "biddies", or "bridges". By 1850 the majority of workers at Lowell factories were poor immigrants....

The Lowell mills opened in 1814. The Lowell experiment worked well at first. By the early 1830s, young unmarried women from rural New England comprised the majority of workers in Massachusetts textile mills. However, the factory owners soon became more interested in profit than in the welfare of their employees.

In 1834 and 1836, they cut wages without reducing working hours. The women responded by going out on strike and petitioning the Massachusetts state legislature to pass a law limiting the workday to 10 hours. Although this measure failed to pass, it convinced the owners that the [white American] female workers were too troublesome for their liking. Factory owners then turned to the impoverished and compliant Irish immigrants who were then pouring into Massachusetts.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lowell_Mills

By the late 18th century "biddy" had been adopted as a derogatory slang term for women..."biddy" in this sense might have died a welcome death had it not been for the influx of Irish immigrants into the U.S. in the early 19th century.

Young Irish women often had their passage paid by upper-class American families, for whom they would then work as domestic servants while they paid off their debt. The practice was so widespread that such women came to be known as "Biddies," from a shortening of "Bridget," a common Irish women's name ...

biddy In Britain it means an old lady, completely opposite to other such definitions. Get out of the way, you old biddy. by spudcake December 20, 2004 urbandictionary

urbandictionary.com Wikipedia says: “Sheila — Australian slang for "woman", is derived from the Irish girls' name Síle

sheila a stereotypical term that was used back in the olden days of Australia ... like the American term "broad" "Struth that sheila was off her rocker"
by Aaron March September 03, 2005, urbandictionary

The Female Factory, opened in 1821 at Parramatta...because of the perceived fallen nature of the women...the degraded nature of society...100 male convicts to every 17 women convicts...to save females from prostitution...was it a haven or a gaol, was it workship, hospital, marriage bureau...Certainly the latter, since ticket-of-leave men called their, on their way to the bush, to look for a wife....Kenneally, The Great Shame

Magdalene Institutions: Recording and Archival and Oral History magdaleneoralhistory.com, "Mary" 5th Eanáir 2013 Muire: I was born in 1945. My mother obviously had me out of wedlock. I was born in St Patrick’s [Mother and Baby Home] on the Navan Road and there I stayed until I was four and then I was moved on to Stillorgan [St Philomena’s Convent] and I stayed in Stillorgan for another...probably nine years. After Stillorgan I think I was twelve I was then sent onto Lakelands [St Mary’s Industrial School] which was a place in Sandymount and I stayed there until I was sixteen.

Then when I was sixteen...you had to leave, and I was sent over to England because my mother was living there and I had a job looking after children in Walthamstow for the first year of my life when I was sixteen. Then I returned to Dublin when I was seventeen with my mother and my mother kind of felt that I was getting a bit out of control and, not so much out of control...

And my mum then found me a job in Stillorgan where I had been as a child for nine years and I got a job there looking after kids for probably about six, six months or so. Then I met a guy that my mum didn't like and she had said to the nuns, you know, 'do what you like with her'.

She'd had enough; she was going back to the UK. So I then was going out with this guy who I think had been involved with the police in some way but I didn't know that. And immediately the nuns, they made out that they were going to take me somewhere safe and they sat in the...I had stayed out the night and I came back the next day on the Monday morning and the nuns were sitting there waiting for me.

When I came back they had promised that my case would be ready and I could go off to England again if I wanted, but that didn't happen. They had a policeman sitting in the parlour waiting for me and they took me off to a place, the most awful place called Gloucester Street [Sisters of Our Lady of Charity Magdalene Laundry] there on Sean McDermott Street absolutely hell hole.

They took me there, I protested, I screamed, I shouted but it didn't make any difference. I wouldn't change my clothes, I wouldn't wear their clothes. So I ran away out of there.

After I think about two or three maybe five weeks, I ran away from there with another lady and then I was brought back by the police and then the next day the nuns from Stillorgan came to collect me and they said, 'we're going to take you somewhere safe now' and I being a little bit...although I

was a bit….I'd been to England for a year I was…you still had that kind of respect for the nuns because that was the Reverend Mother and the other one. They said, 'we're going to take you somewhere in the country for a rest and keep you safe from all this'. So of course I went in the taxi all the way from Dublin to Limerick and they delivered me there and I never, never saw them nuns again.

And I was in Limerick now until I was t…for about nearly another two-and-a-half years. I fought the nuns, I tried to get out, couldn't get out, climbed the wall, couldn't get out .

Eventually they let me go and then I went up…they found me a job up in Dublin working in a hospital. Didn't care what I did but…as long as I was out in the world away from the nuns, although there were nuns running that hospital as well, it was a private hospital called Mount Carmel.

Sinéad Pembroke: Hmm. Muire: I was there I don't know…three or four months and I left there and then I got a job somewhere else and I…I would just…from one job to another. Probably meeting guys…the wrong type of men and all the rest of it. And then eventually, I was so happy to be away from the nuns I thought, 'I'm coming back to England' and I just got the hell out of Ireland and I've been in the UK ever since… Sinéad Pembroke: Wow.

Muire: Only when really…I stayed out that night… Sinéad Pembroke: Hmm. Muire: …and I was put there in Gloucester Street. Terrible… Sinéad Pembroke: Yeah. Muire: …nev…never that never leaves me. Sinéad Pembroke: Yeah. Muire: Actually…sometimes dream about it, and it's like a nightmare I…I wake up and I think, 'oh my God,' you know, 'I'm back there'….
All I can tell you is that we weren't educated, we were always cleaning and doing stuff for the nuns and you didn't know what a mum and dad was and you were brought up into that environment; you never had it so you didn't miss it….
But there was a lot of cruelty. There was neglect, which is where we got our

compensation for [at the Residential Institutions Redress Board] and it's all been...all of that has been recorded. There were beatings on some children definitely... Muire: ...I was then like I say...taken down to Limerick. Limerick has had a lasting effect on me; it was horrible.

Muire: Awful. I was dumped there, I had no contact with anybody, nobody. Nobody...apparently nobody knew where I was. The nuns changed your name, they gave you your job, if you didn't do it then you had...I don't know...120, 30 people that were in there and you soon would become a target if you...if you were...kind of stepped out of line, which I did. I refused to work I refused to do the laundry so they put me in the lace department – they had a really nice lace department ...

Muire: And it...it was almost like you were lucky to be in that department and not in the laundry. But having said that, I'll never forget the women, some of them died while I was there and I would say they were buried in Limerick. Sinéad Pembroke: Yeah. Muire: I have no doubt about that. I've been since back to Limerick to have a look and now it's a big college isn't it?
Sinéad Pembroke: Okay. Can you remember how you felt when you were being sent to the laundry? Muire: Dreadful. A...awful, or though as though, 'this is happening and I have no control over it'.

You were taken, you were put; everything was stripped off, your clothes everything. Sinéad Pembroke: Hmm. Muire: It was almost like you were sent to prison for something that you never did. The only thing I was guilty of...I love life, I loved enjoying myself... Sinéad Pembroke: Hmm. Muire: ...they didn't want that.

"It is not easy to stand outside the mainstream and to continue to press for the truth, but we know this is the way in which human rights defenders undertake their work in every country around the world." —Dr. Maurice Manning, President, Irish Human Rights Commission (9 Nov. 2010) via Justice for Magdalenes • JFM Research • www.magdalenelaundries.com

from THE KEEN OF MARY. Short Connacht Version. [note in text: Connacht Passion Keening 38, (short version) taken down by Patrick Pearse, Antoine O'Dochartaigh ,N.T., Falcarragh, Donegal supplied the refrain]

“Do you not know your Son, O Mother ? "
And is that the little Son that I bore threeseasons ?
" And is that the little Son Who was born in the stable ? '
' And is that the little Son Who was nursed in Mary's bosom ? "
And is that the hammer that drove the nails through Thee ? '
' And is that the thorny crown that was upon Thy beauteous brows ? "
" And is that the spear to go through Thy fair Side ? "
" Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful
The women for My keening are yet to be born ! "

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

> from Note by Patrick Pearse on " The Keening of Mary ":
> I heard the " Keening of Mary " from a woman of MoycuIlen in larConnacht. Her own name was Mary Clancy, and she was married to one of the Keadys... It is a very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still men and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Christ and His Mother. - Úna Ní Ógáin

The Murder Machine by Pádraic H. Pearse I have spent the greater part of my life in immediate contemplation of the most grotesque and horrible of the English inventions for the debasement of Ireland. I mean their education system...

“All education is a struggle," said Marchbanks. "I had to struggle against schools and universities, of course, in order to get time to educate myself, which I did magnificently.” — Robertson Davies

“Education without values, as useful as it is, seems rather to make man a more clever devil.”
— C.S. Lewis

e—for them it would be advisable, I think, at once to ***erect a political Magdalen Hospital***. Solitude and spare diet, and some salutary treatises on the English constitution, may, after a considerable interval, capacitate them for reentering public life, and even filling with an approximation to obscure respectability some of the lower offices of the State …
Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in January 28, 1836.

BBC The Commission of Investigation is investigating claims - first raised by local historian Catherine Corless that nearly 800 babies and young children died in the Tuam home and were buried in unmarked graves. It was one of 10 Irish institutions run by religious orders, to which about 35,000 unmarried pregnant women are thought to have been sent. A child died there nearly every two weeks between the mid-1920s and 1960s
https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-39192744

"developed a military occupation based historiography predicated on their own misrepresentations of the indigenous and national Hawaiian pasts and their own last century of illegal control here"
"sources were then contoured to the needs of the occupier government -apparatus "
Professor Kanalu Young, a Hawaiian historian at th"e University of Hawai`i at Manoa
THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF THE HAWAIIAN KAHUNA-DOM: BEGINNING THE TRANSITION FROM OCCUPIED TO RESTORED STATE DECEMBER 2008 By Dr. Keanu Sai

"The ordinary response to atrocities is to banish them from consciousness. Certain violations … are too terrible to utter aloud: this is the meaning of the word unspeakable. Atrocities, however, refuse to be buried. Equally as powerful as the desire to deny atrocities is the conviction that denial does not work… Survivors challenge us to reconnect fragments, to reconstruct history, to make meaning of their symptoms in the light of past events." —

Judith Lewis Herman, Trauma and Recovery, p. 3. via Evelyn Glynn's magdalenelaundrylimerick.com about The Good Shepherd Convent and Magdalene Laundry

James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter VI, Bean In our chapter dealing with the industrial conditions of Belfast, it was noted that the extremely high rate of sickness in the textile industry, the prevalence of tuberculosis and cognate diseases, affected principally the female workers, as does also the prevalence of a comparative illiteracy amongst the lower-paid grades of Labour in that city. The recent dispute in Dublin also brought out in a very striking manner the terrible nature of the conditions under which women and girls labour in the capital city, the shocking insanitary conditions of the workshops, the grinding tyranny of those in charge, and the alarmingly low vitality which resulted from the inability to procure proper food and clothes with the meagre wages paid.

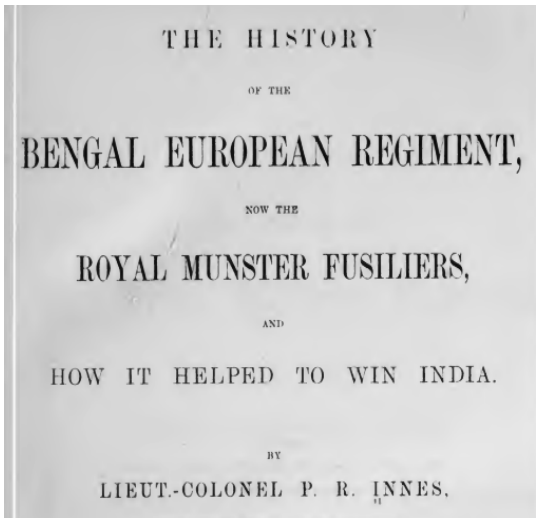
To the Hole of Liabán's House with you!

There's No Time for Gradualism By Alyssa Battistoni "What's changing about the climate news cycle, meanwhile, is that each new report says more blatantly that addressing climate change "will require unprecedented transitions in all aspects of society." Even the soberest of scientists (not economists!) will now tell you that stopping climate catastrophe requires remaking the global economy and redistributing global wealth. More and more people are coming around to the position that something major has to happen, even if they aren't entirely clear on the politics.

This is a place where [na daoine atá cróga agus dílis] can and must step in: we need to replace the narrowly economistic orientation towards growth that has marked the discount rate debates with a bold vision of a good and livable future — and a political program to match." https://jacobinmag.com/2018/10/climate-change-united-nations-report-nordhaus-nobel

John Ó Lennon and Yoko Ono Uí Lennon
The Luck of the Irish

A thousand years of torture and hunger
Drove the people away from our land
A land full of beauty and wonder
Was raped by the British brigands!
...Blame it all on the kids and the IRA
As the [Colonisers] commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!


THE HISTORY
OF THE
BENGAL EUROPEAN REGIMENT,
NOW THE
ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS,
AND
HOW IT HELPED TO WIN INDIA.
BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL P. R. INNES.

"Because the British keep India in subjection by the sword. .... Those who talk of winning India's independence by peaceful means do not know the British, I am sure....."— Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

"Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." — Íosa Críost mac Muire

LOUIS RIEL'S LETTER TO THE "IRISH WORLD." AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE. The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet before Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York. p 182-

Of one hundred or more papers ...in my tent, The Irish World, I find is the only true friend we have. In the columns of this far-famed journal the truth is fully told. England's organs in the United States and Canada falsely aver that my people have no grievances.

... the behavior of the English is not singular. Follow those pirates the world over and you will find that everywhere and at all times they adopt the same tactics and operate on the same thievish lines. Ireland, India, the Highlands of Scotland, Australia, and the isles of the Indian Ocean—all these countries are the sad evidences and their native populations are the witnesses of England's land robberies.

Author Richard Cumberland, who, in spite of the courtly compliments of his polished Memoirs, could be racy and significant enough in his conversation, once characterised in my presence a countryman of yours as 'a talking potato.' The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.' ...
Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in January 28, 1836.

The Irish hate our order, our civilisation, our enterprising industry, our pure [Anglican] religion. This wild, reckless, indolent, uncertain and superstitious race have no sympathy with the English character. Their ideal of human [happiness] is an alternation of clannish broils and coarse idolatry. Their history describes an unbroken circle of bigotry and blood.
-Benjamin Disraeli, 1836

Is the Royal Family's Nazi Salute Really a Surprise?: The Pre-War British Aristocracy's Love Affair with Fascism British aristos admired Hitler, and he admired their empire. Sam Kriss jul 24 2015, Vice
[note this fella uses the term 'the white race' in an alarming way later in the piece, but the information here seems important...]

...The Allied victory in the Second World War has, somewhere in the political imaginary, been turned into the victory of good honest Anglo-Saxons against all forms of global evil. In the prevailing narrative, the

British response to fascism was marked first by appeasement, a policy simultaneously born from fear and the naïve belief that there could be a worthwhile peace, and then by a stern-faced determination to sort out this Hitler nonsense for good.

The truth is a little less clear-cut: the average Tommy on the front lines risked life and limb to kill fascists, but for much of the 1930s, large portions of the British ruling clique were ardent supporters of the Nazi ideology.

There was of course Sir Oswald Mosely, leader of the British Union of Fascists, with his pathetic ranks of sad-clown Blackshirts. There was the Daily Mail and the Daily Mirror, which printed "Hurrah for Hitler"-style articles up until the outbreak of war in 1939.

There was also King Edward VIII, the uncle of the current monarch, who visited Germany in 1937, after his abdication, to hang out with Hitler in the Bavarian Alps. The meeting went well: even in 1970 he told a friend that "I never thought Hitler was such a bad chap."

There was Charles Vane-Tempest-Stewart, 7th Marquess of [Loundain Dhoire] and Secretary of State for Air, who was a frequent visitor to Nazi Germany, where he met with Hitler, Himmler, Göring, Hess, and other beswastika'd hosts.

There was the Right Club, a pro-Nazi group within the aristocracy and political class whose members (including MPs and the 5th Duke of Wellington) greeted each other with "Perish Judah", cheerfully trilling their commitment to the extermination of European Jews. And there were long and deep links between MI5 and the Gestapo...

FORESKIN MEDICINE, SANDRA BULLOCK, YOUR GRAMPS A NAZI SCIENTIST
JUST A CHEAP LAUGH ABOUT ROUTINE GLOBAL MEDICAL INFANT GENITAL MUTILATION, ELLEN DEGENERES
HOW MANY FOR PROFIT HOSPITALS IN ON THE CANNIBALISM

KILL THE INDIAN SAVE THE CHILD, RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS LANDLORDS SOUPERISM

Consumerism, Lauryn Hill redacted

Yo, consumerism running through them like a tumor in 'em Ageism, sexism, racism, chauvinism Capitalism running through them like the rumour business... ...Listen

Separatism, skepticism, desperation, nepotism
Ageism, sexism, racism, fascism
Hedonism, egoism, systematic narcissism

Social Darwinism, barbarism, modern paganism Major schism, division, ethnoplagiarism Selfish business decision, greedy reductionism Obstruction of the justice, occupation victimizationism Brainwashing, mind control, synthetic stimulation in them Time control mutilating the soul for a business decision

Help the people cope sell 'em dope from a new trope Synthetic hope, life spent walking on a tightrope Infantile masturbation, juvenile, no education Mental castration, a generation forced to labor for a nation Lock the means production down, price reduction down Inflation and corruption need the medication now They need the medication now Corporate production in a state of mass combustion

Greed and lust and dangerous repercussions To escape the rupture they speak of rapture While still going after the things they spiritually capture Distaster faster and faster and faster Terrorism running through them on their television Introversion, indecision, reactionism, hypocrism Phony nationalism, dishpan Africanism

Material hypnotisms, monopoly, militarist devi-isms, sadomasochisms Intellectual fetishisms sold on computers and televisions Exploitative need a saviour to correct the system Paranoia skepticism, schizophrenic mechanisms Escapism running through them need a sedative Medication, complication, situation negative Modernism has created modern prisons Neo-McCarthyisms, new colonialisms

Egoism, realism, humanism, legalism Small fish ball for recognition oppressor and oppressed condition Sex, addiction, vexed conflict and anarchism Self-delusions, victims leave with no solutions Impositions, superstitions, brutism, contradictions False pretense and no convictions

Compromised commercialism, recognition Any decisions from a pure prism Magnetism, pragmatism, altruism, actionism Activism, pacifism, rehabilitation-ism No false sensationalism, aped assimilation in 'em Corporate cannibalism, psychological limitations in 'em No imitations, competition, gross assumption Parasitism, negative stimulation in 'em Consumerism

SACRED WOMAN BORN IN BATTLE SACRED WOMAN TRADED LIE CATTLE, CHATTEL SACRED WOMAN NO RIGHTS AT ALL SACRED WOMAN WHO CAN'T SAY NO
SACRED WOMAN THEY CALL YOU A 'TCH TÁ CH'INDÍ DOWN IN A DITCH SACRED WOMAN WHO SHINES FROM WITHIN SACRED WOMAN PROTECTING CHILDREN

SACRED WOMAN OF ALL COLORS IIZTACUATL VOLCANOMOTHER SACRED WOMAN SACRED ANGER YOU'RE NOT DEPRESSED WE'RE ALL IN DANGER

SACRED WOMAN OF THE LAND HE'S NOT A LOVER IF HE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND

SACRED WOMAN A LIAR DOESN'T CHANGE SACRED WOMAN SHOW YOUR FANGS MAMA BEAR THIS SHOW AIN'T OVER WISE WOMAN SCORNED HELL'S FURY RUN FOR COVER

SACRED WOMAN LAS MUJERES SAGRADAS SACRED WOMAN SACRED DAUGHTERS NÍ SAOIRSE GO SAOIRSE NA MBAN SACRED WOMAN THE END OF TIMES SACRED WOMAN THE HEROES WHO RHYMED 'WE DANCED UNDER THE MOON AND THE MOON NOTICED' I
SACRED WOMAN Mná Neimhead

SONS OF WOMEN FACE IT LIKE A MAN THE WHORE OF BABYLON SYSTEM

SONS OF WOMEN EVERY FAMILY ON EARTH YOU CAN'T BREATHE MONEY WHAT IS LIFE WORTH?

SONS OF WOMEN RULE OF LAW REMEMBER ANCESTOR HIAWATHA OF NIAGRA AGUS MOGH RUITH AGUS AN CAILLEACH

SASANACH DÚCHAIS STAINING A WHITEWASH FORGETTING THE REAL COSTS COUNT UP THE WHOLE RISK, THE WHOLE LOSS RESET TIME CONSCIOUSNESS [DL O'OKEEFE, FESTIVUS CLOCK] EASY PHRONESIS MÍ MUERTA MÍ VIDA MO MHACHA MO BHEATHA

REMEMER ME LOVE, BLOOD RED WHEN I AM SHOT DEAD WHEN I AM WRITHING STOP ALL THEIR LYING

STOMP THEIR TEETH IN FLATTEN EM LIKE WHEAT THINS I'M NOT ANGRY, SAYS DAD AND MOM BETTER BELIEVE HIM...

The lands of the chiefs who had fled were looked upon by the Kings Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, as admirably suited to a new plantation. Thus there could be introduced into Ireland settlers who would act as a garrison against any future struggle for independence.
The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher, 1957

[Her Majesty's] Long Kesh was run as a training school for Terrorists! On parade we even wore our uniforms! Each morning we all gathered in the exercise yard, and we had to do parade drill. After breakfast we would have weapon training classes [live ammo his son says]! Sounds incredible but it's the truth; we even had bomb making lessons! All our teachers were experienced in these matters. I learned more from them inside about terrorism than I did outside. A cause worth living for : the journey of David "Packie" Hamilton from terrorist to evangelist by UVF evangelist Hamilton, David, 1956-

Her Majesty's Prison Maze HM Prison Maze (previously Long Kesh Detention Centre, and known colloquially as The Maze or H-Blocks) was a prison in Northern [Occupied] Ireland that was used to house paramilitary prisoners during “the Troubles” from August 1971 to September 2000...

H-Block Song Francie Brolly

I am a proud young Irishman From Ulster's hills my life began A happy boy through green fields ran And I kept God's and man's laws But when my age was barely ten My country's wrongs were told again By tens of thousands marching men And my heart stared to their cause. (chorus) So I'll wear no convict's uniform Nor meekly serve my time That Britain might brand Ireland's fight 800 Years of crime

I learned of centuries of strife Of cruel laws injustice rife And I saw now in my own young life The fruits of foreign sway Protesters threatened, tortured, maimed Divisions nurtured passions flamed Outrage prevoked rights cause defamed This is the conqueror's ways

Descendant's of proud Connaught clan Concannon served cruel Britain's plan Man's inhumanity to man Had spawned a trusty slave No strangers are these bolts and locks No new design these dark H-Blocks Cruel Cromwell lives while Mason stalks The bully taunts the brave

Does Britain need one thousand years Of protest, riots, death and tears Or will this last decade of fears Of eighty decades spell An end to Ireland's agony New hope for human dignity And will the last obscenity Be this grim H-Block cell

David Hamilton, UVF I was one of the first members of a Tartan gang that was formed in the early 1970s as Protestants armed themselves as vigilantes... Street fighting ... almost every night. Every neighbourhood had its own gang until many of the gangs in Rathcoole combined into a single

large gang of around two hundred approximately. We became known as the ...Rathcoole KAI...the letters K-A-I stood for 'Kill All Irishmen.'

We ... formed a flute-band and began to march on the twelfth of July parade. We were Ulstermen and proud to be British... [out of order, not contiguous]

We began to terrorise Catholics in the area where we lived, at first we only smashed windows in their houses. Later, we made petrol bombs and set the Catholic school on fire; many homes of Catholics were also attacked in this way.

Back then [?] I thought this was the right thing to do, it would make our area much safer, if it was all Protestant...

...In fact, all the guys in jail like the Bible; if you run out of cigarette papers it's the next best thing - you just rip a page out of it! I guess I'd smoked Matthew, Mark, Luke and John over the years!
A cause worth living for : the journey of David "Packie" Hamilton from terrorist to evangelist[?] by Hamilton, David, 1956-UVF

David "Packie" Hamilton, The Solution, 86 Gang INK X Juntzu [David's son Johnny] also featuring machine guns, half naked women as props: David "Packie" Hamilton You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works.

"Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." — Oliver Cromwell

Total Depravity: You are fundamentally bad.
I answer that we are made in the image and likeness of God. Thereby while sin is passed on through harm, Jesus said we have to revert to the innocence of the youths. If we do not we wont be the elect.

Unconditional Election: There's nothing you can do to change your lot.
I answer that we are all called to repentance. Metanoia for you Greek scholar protestants.

Limited Atonement: There are limited tickets to heaven.
I answer that the limit on the saving grace of Jesus is up to Himself to determine. We are supposed to pray for the will of God on Earth as it is in Heaven.

Irresistible Grace: You have no agency.
I answer that the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the Giver of Life, one Trinity undivided, is everywhere present and filling all Creation. You can try to resist it, son, but you aint better than God.

Perseverance of the Saints: You're a winner. Act like it.
I answer that, you will see, Protestants. The crucifixion we Orthodox Catholics call the Ultimate Humiliation. What kind of perseverance asks Pastor Fionn McCool, is Our Lord and Saviour meaning exactly. Have you heard of the mill stone effect# Its an Old Cailleach story.

1624 Fort Orange founded, now called Albany, New York by Dutch West India Company merchant adventurers on Algonquin Land

1642 Adventurer's Act: The Act invited English to invest £200 for which they would receive 1000 ac (400 ha) of lands that would be confiscated from rebels in Ireland. 2,500,000 ac (1,000,000 ha) of Irish land were set aside by the English Government for this purpose. The entire country of [Occupied] Ireland is roughly 20,000,000 ac (8,442,009 ha).
Ad"venture capital

...In contrast to the clerics' focus on extramarital sexual practice, another witness, Gen. Eoin O'Duffy, commissioner of the Garda Síochána (the state's police force), focused his testimony on... sexual offenses, addressing the modern nation's ... immorality, particularly rape, incest, and pedophilia.... ...O'Duffy ...provided significant detail about the nature and

quantity of sexual crime in Ireland. ...Despite ... irrefutable statistical evidence suggesting widespread sexual crime in Free State Ireland, the Carrigan Report attempted to rein in this damaging portrait of Irish society....

The state's institutional impulse revictimized the victims of child sexual abuse, it criminalized child sexual abuse [victims] through court hearings...and ultimately it punitively incarcerated [victimised] children... Disposing of [victimised] women and children in ...institutions rendered... [the abuse] ... invisible...
The Politics of Sexual Knowledge: The Origins of Ireland's Containment Culture and the Carrigan Report (1931) JAMES M. SMITH Boston College

They are sundered by a bodily shame so steadfast that the criminal annals of the world, stained with all other incests and bestialities, hardly record its breach. Sons with mothers, sires with daughters, lesbic sisters, loves that dare not speak their name, nephews with grandmothers, jailbirds with keyholes, queens with prize bulls. The son unborn mars beauty: born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases care. He is a new male: his growth is his father's decline, his youth his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy. — James Joyce, Ulysses

SELLO Irish Drill from Clondalkin says:
[Delivery men] are part-time Trappers [groomers of children, since he mentions schools and shows children]
The dont use guns they use "hurleys" and "hammers" and ride on "scramblers"
SELLO affirms he is a real Gangster verbally and with hand gestures.
SELLO claims to have "girls" available to "hit the high notes" [take pain] in Cork, Sligo and many other locations around Ireland.
SELLO is regularly promoted by "lame-stream media".
For Entertainment purposes only, no slander, child-trapper SELLO.

JUNTZU Cooked like a sunday dinner....You're not ready for the Pillage...burn your guinness, burn your bridges, and I'll burn your village, just bring up the [?] and I'll kill them, this is real ... you're all weirdos ... just give the the gat...I'll empty the building walk through like a hitman sent in to kill them..I'll end every man in sight..

86 Gang INK [Ciarán Ballymun] Whipping out murder.. Ripping them burners...All ya gang there ...Mercedes Benzes, BMWs [powerful automobiles, right-wing thug element, Ríocht Laigin], 86 Gang, Keys and coke, dump him in the ocean, my gang there get the show in motion then it repeats..

So that troubled time continued, woe that never stopped, steady affliction for Halfdane's son, too difficult an ordeal. There was panic after dark, people endured raids in the night, riven by the terror.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

Packie Hamilton You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works.

Sinéad O'Connor "If a child is being abused it will react in any number of different ways. What I did was I went into myself. I couldn't communicate with anybody, I couldn't study. I could read and write but I had no interest in it, I couldn't get out of my own head... I grew up in a state of terror, constantly. I'm one of millions of people who grew up in the same situation, who grew up terrified constantly."

Thank you for hearing me.
Thank you for seeing me.
Thanks for not hurting me.
Thank you for helping me .
Fight the real enemy.
Ailiu iath nErend.
Éire i bpáirt, Éire ar lár.

Ailiu iath nErend.

"4. We reaffirm our total and absolute commitment to exclusively democratic and peaceful means of resolving differences on political issues, and our opposition to any use or threat of force by others for any political purpose, whether in regard to this agreement or otherwise."

"5. we will endeavour to strive in every practical way towards reconciliation and rapprochement within the framework of democratic and agreed arrangements."

"recognise the legitimacy of whatever choice is freely exercised by a majority of the people of Northern Ireland with regard to its status" [broken by brexit vote, NI voted to remain]

"it would be wrong to make any change in the status of Northern Ireland save with the consent of a majority of its people; [broken by brexit]

"affirm that whatever choice is freely exercised by a majority of the people of Northern Ireland, the power of the sovereign government with jurisdiction there shall be exercised with rigorous impartiality" [broken by May DUP deal] "Theresa May signs '£1.5 billion' deal with the DUP to prop up her government, Business Insider, Meitheamh 26, 2017, 6:12 AM"

(vi) recognise the birthright of all the people of Northern Ireland to identify themselves and be accepted as Irish or British, or both, as they may so choose

"...because of women like us, I believe that in the end, tyranny will never succeed, and goodness will always vanquish evil.
— Leymah Gbowee, Mighty Be Our Powers

Bríocht Síothlaithe Cheannmhara
Síothal lán, síothal slán. Luigsim féin féin ra cach mál. Síothal shuain, síothal

sámh. Bear úr uaibh do cheann slúaigh d'Fhiachaigh mál. Síothal glan, síothal gart um rígh mborb. Síothal slán, síothal suain. Bear úr. Do Mhogh Chorb síothal airgid agus óir agus cruain, síothal shíog agus rígh agus rúain lúthar libh agus uaibh do Mhogh Ruith is d'fhir Coirb is do Bhuan lúthsat féin feacht fo thrí ra feacht fáth beact for rígh. Báidhfe tart. Beofaidh brígh, fóirfidh cach, sóefidh síath. Síothal.

from How BBC star Jimmy Savile allegedly got away with abusing 500 c_____n and sex with dead bodies Terrence McCoy, The Washington Post, 27 Meitheamh 2014
most forgave his idiosyncratic nature
He was, after all, a great man...
Sure, there were rumors.
With unfettered access to Leeds General Infirmary ...
As shocking as the findings are, even more shocking is ...
“shaken our country to the core,”
glad-handed
How? How did no one know? Why wasn’t he stopped?
palled around with the royal family, reportedly spent holidays with the Thatchers and was knighted not only by Queen Elizabeth but by Pope John Paul II
BBC’s “Jim’ll Fix it

Donald Trump doubling down on mocking a reporters disabilities and Adolph Hitler genociding people with disabilities
Donald Trumps Jesus

In the words of William Jefferson Clinton to the New York Post regarding Epstein photos, “I think the evidence is clear.”

'Trump Runs Florida.' overheard.

Did I read JP Morgan's Staley said Epstein's friendship was 'Profound' at the time?

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame! More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man, whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn! —Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

“The upper classes of this country raped this country. You fucked people. You built a castle to rip people off. Not once in all these years have I come across a person inside a big Wall Street firm who was having a crisis of conscience. Nobody ever said, 'This is wrong.' And no one ever gave a shit about what I had to say.” — from Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

The Ballad of Jonathan Sugarman
Here's a little tale about Sugarman Taking on the banksters doing everything he can Sugarman thought he'd reached the promised land Where the left hand doesn't need to see the right hand
Sugarman was a whiz in risk management Kept on eye on the bank's liquid Euros that meant Liquidity breach a problem at 1% Sugarman saw it at 20 and then he went oh no! Sugarman went and told his CEO Hand-delivered a letter to the Central Bank, Don't you know Central bank said nothing, and did nothing too It's the same damn thing they do for me and you
Sugarman hired a third party to check the numbers It was 40 not 20 those corrupt bumblers uh oh CEO said, "pay no mind, they must have it wrong Ain't no reason to blow your whistle, son Nuh uh" We're only talking 4 to 5 billion In reality that's the lives of our children uh huh

Central bank did it's routine audit, came next Sugarman heard crickets, and he got more vexed Ireland shut up him and other whistleblowers Ruined the lives of all the smart knowers Sugarman resigned with his dignity then he's an upstanding man, great meas to you my friend

Sugarman stood his ground, his whistle sings true a 64 Billion bailout by the many to the few And now today things are much the same The Irish

people's lives are just a game It's a story that goes back to Hollow Sword Blade Company scum Elizabeth One's adventure capitalists made a killing of our home

Lending at interest is surely a sin Gaimbín it's called in Ireland As the nice people say put the past behind you same place Henry Sidney said to kill all the rhymers Sugarman I salute you with the Voice of Amergin Let's all make sure it doesn't ever happen again

“That was the problem with money: What people did with it had consequences, but they were so remote from the original action that the mind never connected the one with the other.” Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

From Within and Without (The Story of the Cymraeg) The Impact of Cultural Factors on Mental Health in the Present Day in Cymru Dilys R. Davies Psychotherapists may allieve some painful consequences of distress and the descriptions given by therapists can sometimes be helpful, but as writers Davies (1994), Richards (1994) and Pilgrim (1994) point out, this is of limited relevance without an understanding of the individual's cultural and social context. Outlining how the wider society exerts its power and influence over our lives, Smail (1993) describes how our world is structured by powers at varying degrees of distance from us. Those closest to us, which he terms 'proximal powers', are the ones which we are most aware of and which preoccupy us the most. However, it is those furthest from us (which Smail terms 'distal powers'), which reflect the wider political and economic influences which we are barely aware of (and whose origin we do not even know) that exert the strongest influence on our lives... An adequate account of human experience must take into account these distal influences. Smail (1987) states: " The explanation of our conduct is not to be sought in a psychological analysis of individuals, but in a socio-economic, historical analysis of relations between people, and of the ways these have shaped the world we live in.

Great great great grampa Dennis Hamilton was married to Margaret

McKendry and lived in Culfeightrim, Antroim. His fathers name was Patrick Hamilton and he was married to gggg Grandma Mary Laverty in the same place. This here is mommys grampa Alexander Brown, also born in Antroim April 1847, he has at least two freemasons for grandsons-in-law, He is a Hamilton relative, my Catholic grampas daddy, who was exiled at age 3 or so, and was still sleeping in barns as a spalpeen in 1887, when one barn he was sleeping in was hit by lightning on July 7, 1887, the year Georgia Ó Keeffe and Fiddler Pádraig Ó Keeffe were born:

Mogh Ruith understands the Protestant Cause to mean equality, global stewardship of Creation, and the Ríocht of Heaven on Earth as it is in Heaven. Clann Gordon Affirms. It sure sounds more similar to Catholics than to Gangstas who traffic children...

“Dost thou renounce Satan, and all his Angels, and all his works, and all his services, and all his pride?" ... The first act of the Christian life is a renunciation, a challenge. No one can be Christ's until he has, first, faced evil, and then become ready to fight it. How far is this spirit from the way in which we often proclaim, or to use a more modern term, "sell" Christianity today! ... How could we then speak of "fight" when the very set-up of our churches must, by definition, convey the idea of softness, comfort, peace? ... One does not see very well where and how "fight" would fit into the weekly bulletin of a suburban parish, among all kinds of counseling sessions, bake sales, and "young adult" get-togethers. ... "Dost thou unite thyself unto Christ?” — Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

Here is my gg Grampa Willie Fulton from near Kilmarnock according to Aunt Mary Hughes. Willie Fulton ran a woolen mill at a Prison. Grandma Kathryn Marie said when

there were prison riots no one went after Overseer Willie Fulton because he was a 'Fair Man'.

Gg Grandma Sara Stewart of Antroim would love you to arouse the Jacobites against the Orange, Johnny. I am the rightful Bodach of Scotland. Indigenous, Indigenous, Boring! Hilarious Ulster scots Humour for the whole family. Mine thon burn fur the kye haes shat the hale lenth o it!

Ismail Kadare "Having left, for various reasons, the homeland of epic, they were uprooted like trees overthrown, they had lost their heroic character and deep-seated virtue."

Gg Grandma Mary Boyd of Antroim thinks your sectarianism is really called a blood violation even to this day by the Ku Klux Klan, a source informed. Was that the KKK on the wall in that video Irish Eyes Johnny Hamilton. Just like wondering. You ever heard of Clann Boyd# Nah, thats gg grandma.

“Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers were no less brutal and unmerciful than he was.” THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory Tallaght

The Smiths
Steven Patrick Morrissey and John Martin Maher
How Soon is Now?
I am the son
And the heir

Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar
I am the son and heir
Of nothing in particular

You shut your mouth
How can you say I go about things the wrong way?
I am human and I need to be loved
Just like everybody else does

Fingal Rónáin
Is úar gáeth i ndorus tige na lláech; batar inmaine laích bítis etrainn ocus gaíth.

Is fuar gaoth i ndoras tí na laoch: ba ionmhain liomsa na laoich, bhídís idir mé is gaoith.

The wind is cold in the doorway of the warriors' house; beloved were the warriors who stood between us and the wind.
https://iso.ucc.ie/Fingal-ronain/Fingal-ronain-text.html English from sengoidelc.com

Sir Paul ⁊ Linda McCartney WINGS
"Give Ireland back to the Irish
Don't make them have to take it away
Give Ireland back to the Irish
Make Ireland Irish today"

John Ó Lennon and Yoko Ono Uí Lennon
The Luck of the Irish
"In the 'pool they told us the story
How the English divided the land
Of the pain and the death and the glory
And the poets of auld Eireland..

The apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class, arising as it does upon

the rupture with Gaelic tradition, will, of course, reject this conception, and saturated with foreignism themselves, they will continue to hurl the epithet of 'foreign ideas' against the militant Irish....” —James Connolly, 1915, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

“A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history” Michael D Higgins

“When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time, they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it--always.” ― Mahatma Gandhi

"Use and benefit." Now, if one were to look back at the Earth from the moon, and we have seen pictures taken of the Earth this gorgeous blue jewel hanging down, like, and to say that's just for use and benefit in the same way that a toilet bowl is for use and benefit, that phrase "use and benefit"... ― John Moriarty, Seeking to walk beautifully on the Earth

“Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever.” ― Mahatma Gandhi

Remembering and forgetting in wise balance is a way of salving the scars of the past. Forgetting what's been too remembered — the triumphal myths — and remembering what's too forgotten — the promissory notes. History is in between. Ireland needs a healing of history through a catharsis of story.
Richard Kearney, Twinsome Minds: Recovering 2016, Lacunae, Na Cásca 2016

“The most sublime labour of poetry is to give sense and passion to insensate things...This philological-philosophical axiom proves to us that in the world's childhood people were by nature sublime poets...” ― Giambattista Vico, 1668-1744, Scienza Nuova, xxxvii

… myth not math is mother tongue. —John Moriarty, Nostos

“What do you despise? By this are you truly known.” —from "Manual of Muad'Dib" by the Princess Irulan, Frank Herbert

"One experiences oneself as another and the other as oneself. One begins to apprehend otherwise un-apprehendable suffering."
Ristéard Ó Kearney

"Look not with a Medusa-mindset. Under Ireland's fields is Fódhla."
John Moriarty

§69. Íth surpassed the judges of Ireland in [wisdom] and in argument; and…settled every matter and every dispute that was before them. Then said Íth: Work just righteousness, for good is the land wherein ye dwell; plenteous its fruit, its honey, its wheat and its fish; moderate its heat and its cold.
Lebor Gabála Érenn: The Book of Invasions

“There is no strength but that which is destructive, because man has lost his virtues, and only respects force, which he himself cannot counteract.” — Marcus Ó Garvey

As the sun is to the earth, so Honour is to a man. without it, he will not flourish. All else may fail you, but honour is the treasure no one can take from you, the shield no one can penetrate unless you let them. Honour is beautiful and clean. Honour is sacred. Morgan Llywelyn, Red Branch

“In a society where there is no longer a shared conception of the community’s good as specified by the good for [people], there can no longer either be any very substantial concept of what it is to contribute more or less to the achievement of that good. Hence notions of desert and of honor become detached from the context in which they were originally at home. Honor becomes nothing more than a badge of aristocratic status, and status itself, tied as it is now so securely to property, has very little to do with desert.” — Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

The awakening amongst women of a realisation of the fact that modern society was founded upon force and injustice, that the highest honours of society have no relation to the merits of the recipients, and that acute human sympathies were rather hindrances than helps in the world, was a phenomenon due to the spread of industrialism and to the merciless struggle for existence which it imposes.
St. James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter 6, First published 1915, checked against the edition published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Transcribed and marked up by Einde O'Callaghan

... if it is indeed true that narratives of self-enclosed identity (idem) are what bolster up ideologies of the imperial nation, the best antidote is not some appeal to neutral facts or to some disinterested transcendental spectator—that is the naivety of enlightenment rationalism and positivism. The claim to dispense with all myth, as Gadamer rightly reminds us, is itself a myth. No, the best response to destructive stories (which reduce otherness to sameness) is to counteract them with deconstructive stories— ones which undermine the illusory lure of fixated identity and open us to a process of narrative alternation and mutation (the self-as-another or ipse). The hair of the dog that bit you, if you like... Richard Kearney in an Interview with Victor E. Taylor, 2004.

We do not argue that war is better than peace; we are not so stupid as that. But it is not peace when cruelty reigns, when stronger men steal from farmers and craftworkers, when the child can be enslaved or the old thrown out to starve, and no one lifts a hand. That is not peace: that is conquest, and evil.
Elizabeth Moon, The Deed of Paksenarrion

"If you don't look at what you did before, you do the same shit all over." Jimmy McNulty, The Wire, Season 3 Episode 1, Time After Time

You gotta know your enemy
You gotta check your Sanity
Gary Dunne
Amerikan Folk Song

At one time the Irish had been forbidden by English law to educate their children, to

own a horse worth more than five pounds, to play the Irish pipes, to wear the color green... Morgan Llywelyn, 1916: A Novel of the Irish Rebellion

You've taken the land, and the living too And left me standing with nothing to do Through backs and blankets and a, a welfare check Without no regards, no self-respect -- Broker by Willie Dunn, Algonquin First Nations

"Boo! F****** n*****!" the crowd of about 20 yelled back, Harry Dunn recalled. Dunn said his story wasn't unique. He heard from another Black officer that insurrectionists yelled at that officer: "Put your gun down, and we'll show you what kind of n***** you really are!
[Occupied Algonquin Land] Police Officer Testifies To The Racism He Faced During The Jan. 6 Riot Domenico Montanaro
[Occupied Algonquin Land] Police Pfc. Harry Dunn testifies Tuesday during a House select committee hearing about the Jan. 6 attack on the U.S. Capitol.

“It is very [difficult] for evil to take hold of the unconsenting soul.”
Ursula K. Le Guin, A Wizard of Earthsea

Officer Dunn said he became emotional. Sitting on a bench with a fellow Black officer, he yelled, "'How the [expletive] can something like this happen?! ...I began sobbing, and officers came over to console me."

It is the magician’s bargain: give up our soul, get power in return. But once our souls, that is, ourselves, have been given up, the power thus conferred will not belong to us. We shall in fact be the slaves and puppets of that to which we have given our souls. C.S. Lewis of Belfast, The Abolition of Man

There are variations to the legend of Glooscap in each tribe of the [Algonquins] ...the legend ... Glooscap always portrayed as "kind, benevolent, a warrior against evil...' . wikipedia

But when we crave power over life—endless wealth, unassailable safety, immortality—

then desire becomes greed. And if knowledge allies itself to that greed, then comes evil. Then the balance of the world is swayed, and ruin weighs heavy in the scale. Ursula K. Le Guin, The Farthest Shore

I had a dream of my own accord We laid to rest the gun and the sword Buried the hatchet, buried the stake Bowed to each other, peace to make
Son of the Sun, Willie Dunn, Algonquin First Nations

the [Chief] in his wisdom waited, still wondering whether Almighty God would ever turn the tide of his misfortunes. Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

> "Your own actions are a better mirror of your life than the actions of all your enemies put together." Ngugi wa Thiong'o

The longer one hates the deeper it goes. Hatred is passed on to the children and the children's children until it becomes a religion in itself.
Morgan Llywelyn, 1972: A Novel of Ireland's Unfinished Revolution

Don't waste your love on somebody, who doesn't value it.
William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet

Proactive, female creativity and power is thus seen, in Irish ancestral culture, to be the major source from which emerges both the general form of the physical universe and the security and well-being of the social order in times of stress. Ollamh Gearóid Ó Crualaoich

The harmony that holds the stars on their courses and the flesh on our bones resonates through all creation. Every sound contains its echo. Before there was humankind, or even forest, there was sound. Sound spread from the source in great circles like those formed when a stone is dropped in a pool....as the Source of All being plucks the harp of creation. Morgan Llywelyn, Druids

Men who have died in battle are rarely good to look upon. No matter how splendid their appearance at the apex of heroism, when the soul has fled it takes all grace and

beauty with it. Bowels empty, mouths gape, bellies swell, dead eyes gleam fish-belly white. Nothing visible remains of glory. In the tents of death all men belong to the same tribe. Morgan Llywelyn, 1014: Brian Boru the Battle for Ireland

Dalton, James Emmet (1998–1978): Former major in the British Army; director of training for the IRA in 1921; aide and advisor to Michael Collins; in charge of the bombardment of the Four Courts; briefly clerk of Seanad Éireann; later, made a film career in Hollywood and London.
Morgan Llywelyn, 1921: The Great Novel of the Irish Civil War

The person who takes the banal and ordinary and illuminates it in a new way can terrify. We do not want our ideas changed. We feel threatened by such demands. "I already know the important things!" we say. Then Changer comes and throws our old ideas away. — Dune , Frank Herbert

“Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past.” — George Orwell, 1984

"Economic and political control can never be complete or effective without mental control." — Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o Decolonising the Mind

We are going to emancipate ourselves from mental slavery, for though others may free the body, none but ourselves can free the mind.
Marcus Ó Garvey

Mauritius is the only country in Africa where Hinduism is the largest religion.

The significant history of the Negroes in Mauritius, however, dates from the year 1723 when the East India Company of France, in order to promote agriculture in the Island, sanctioned the introduction of slaves, whom they sold to the inhabitants at a certain fixed price. ..
From first to last Mauritius has been the tomb of more than a million of Africans. Their lamentable history is like the roll of the prophet, written within and without, and the writing thereof is mourning and lamentation...
from The Negroes in Mauritius. A. F. Fokeer. The Journal of Negro History, Vol. 7, No. 2

(Apr., 1922), pp. 197-205.

O'Keeffe of Ireland and the Isle of France (Mauritius).

[The following may be of interest to the readers of the Journal, to explain the condition of our countrymen of the period on the Continent. As is well known, the O'Keeffes had large possessions in "Pobbul O'Keeffe," now Kingwilliamstown. Another member of the O'Keeffe family from Glenville, county Cork, was parish priest of S. Similien, at Nantes, and subsequently became bishop of Limerick from 1720 to 1737.]

Ecartelé, au premier, d'*Azur, à un Lion d'or, langué de gueules, rampant, les deux pates de derrière posées sur une Terrasse de Sinople.* Au second, *de Sinople, à un Cavalier armé de toutes pièces, tenant de la main droite une Epée d'or, posée en barre, la pointe en bas, le Cheval d'argent, bridé & sellé de gueules, la selle frangée d'or, & le Cheval passant sur une Terrasse de Sinople.* Au troisiéme, *d'or, à un Paon au naturel, faisant la roué, & posé pareillement sur une Terrasse de Sinople.* Au quatriéme, *de Sinople, à trois Lézards d'or, posés l'un au dessus de l'autre en fasce.*

Arms.—1. Quarter on azure, lion or, tongue gules, rampant; the two paws behind placed on a terrace, sinople. 2. Quarter, on sinople, a chevalier fully armed, in his right hand a golden sword crosswise. The horse arg., bridle and saddle gules; the saddle fringed with gold, and the horse on terrace, sinople. 3. Quarter or, peacock, *au naturel*, full tail, on terrace, sinople. 4. Quarter sinople, three lizards or, one placed above the other *in fasce.*

Crest.—Griffon d'or, supported by the same, and holding in his right claw a sword, arg., garnished or, the point up; supports, two lions,

Isle de France or Mauritius was colonized from 1505- 1598 by the Portuguese, then until 1710 by the Dutch. The French took it until 1810 and the Redcoats had it from 1810 to 1968. So an O'Keeffe after fighting basically for foreign kings in his own land, turns to the French colonial empire to maintain privilege and then is granted a title on an Island which is a slavery hub. Oh, ancestor Constantine, help us all to remember you bound us by the blood to the fate of the Island of Mairitius and all the African brothers and Sisters whose lives were lost and sorely pressed for hundreds of years. I ask forgiveness on behalf of Constantine O'Keeffe. The young man in a tree sees less than the old man sitting down, an African proverb I was told by more than one African Nation. Do not compete with an elephant to defacate, you will break your anus. Uhuru Afrika. Rafiki, Mo Chara. Amasaganalo Habesha. Le Roy Le Veult sil vous plait. Ngus Ngeh, though An Bodach wouldnt want to be called Ngus in Tanzania he is told. In Senegal we say we are all in one boat. The Khoi and San were left out of the discussion, which means Rhodies, the Orange Order, the Freemasons programmed the Crips to recolonise Afrika. How good and pleasant it would be before God to see the Unification of our Afrikans. Its been said already, so let it be done. We know who we are, Under the sun.

Tribal Voice, say the Blackfellas Down Under. They say know your mobs rights.
Nahua Nation says Tlatoani. Cherokee Nation says, Mikko Claim the Land.
Fir Maige Féne First Nation says, the blood cries out from the earth. Fíoch Fóla.

Slavery was abolished in 1835, and the planters ultimately received two million pounds sterling in compensation for the loss of their slaves who had been imported from Africa and Madagascar during the French occupation. The abolition of slavery had important impacts on Mauritius' society, economy and population. The planters brought a large number of indentured labourers from India to work in the sugar cane fields. Between 1834 and 1921, around half a million indentured labourers were present on the island. They worked on sugar estates, factories, in transport and on construction sites. Additionally, the British brought 8,740 Indian soldiers to the island. Aapravasi Ghat, in the bay at Port Louis and now a UNESCO site, was the first British colony to serve as a major reception centre for slaves and indentured servants for British plantation labour.

The labourers brought from India were not always fairly treated

In November 1901, Mahatma Gandhi visited Mauritius, on his way from South Africa to India.

Elizabeth II, the last British Monarch of Mauritius A Constitutional Review Conference was held in London in 1961, and a programme of further constitutional advance was established. The 1963 election was won by the Labour Party and its allies. The Colonial Office noted that politics of a communal nature was gaining ground in Mauritius and that the choice of candidates (by parties) and the voting behaviour (of electors) were governed by ethnic and caste considerations.

Around that time, two eminent British academics, Richard Titmuss and James Meade, published a report of the island's social problems caused by overpopulation and the monoculture of sugar cane. This led to an intense campaign to halt the population explosion, and the decade registered a sharp decline in population growth.
wikipedia

Scientists suggest a “spiritual metric” for protecting global forests California Academy

of Sciences

...In Ethiopia, services provided by church forests include timber, clean water, medicine, firewood, building materials, and other consumer products. These services are all aligned with metrics of physical well-being. To date, no one has successfully incorporated spiritual value—which is often of utmost importance to local stakeholders—into global assessments.

In India, a nation where most people practice Hinduism, forests are protected under the auspices of the religion's moral obligation to worship the natural world and conserve its resources. Today, over one million sacred Indian forests remain intact—a tribute to the power of religiously sanctioned protections....

> To draw Gaelic Irish to 'civility' by allowing them to participate in a 'model' English colony. To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system ...Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999)
>
> the Irish took compensation for murder instead of putting the murderer to death
> — From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894
> ""One of the most fascinating characteristics of the Brehon law system was that fact that it was essentially self-enforcing. The public administration of justice was not highly developed and no police system existed. In addition, there was no equivalent of a prison system, and judgments were left in the hands of the ordinary people to enforce, although, sometimes a lord or another dignitary would be asked to help enforce a judgment...
>
> ...For every wrong adjudged to have been committed, the guilty party was required to pay a certain amount in recompense, depending on the injured party's rank. There was no real division between criminal and civil law as regards punishment, something we take for granted in common law jurisdictions; rather

under Brehon law, both types of wrongs required that compensation be paid. If an individual was injured, the injurer was also obliged to bring him to his house and have him nursed back to health – this practice was known as 'sick maintenance' / folog n-othrusa."

...The story of how the druids were transformed into jurists is told in the introduction to a collection of law texts, entitled Senchus Már, translated as the 'Great Tradition'. Jurists were highly regarded in early Irish society but were surrounded by a shroud of myth and magic.

The badge of office of the jurist was a torque and if a jurist spoke an untruth, according to legend, it would tighten around his neck and strangle him. Indeed, it is stated in Senchus Már that blotches would appear on a jurist's cheek if he deviated from the truth."

Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law.

Vandana Shiva, Yes! magazine, Dec 31, 2002
Just like Chief Seattle talked about being in the web of life, in India we talk about vasudhaiva kutumbkam, which means the earth family. Indian cosmology has never separated the human from the non-human—we are a continuum.

When the issue of the patenting of life emerged, for example, there were two levels of response from those opposing this practice in India. The one level was resistance: "This is immoral. Life is not an invention. Life cannot be a monopoly. You cannot sell us the seeds you stole from us, and you cannot charge us royalties for the product of nature's intelligence and centuries of human innovation."

The second level was the reclaiming of [Sovereignty]: people claimed the right to look after their biodiversity and use it sustainably. This came out of discussions among the movements we've been building at the grassroots.

Dharmaśāstra (Sanskrit: bhøm8,) is a genre of Sanskrit texts, and refers to the treatises (shastras) of Hinduism on dharma. There are many Dharmashastras, variously estimated to be 18 to about 100, with different and conflicting points of view. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dharma%C5%9B%C4%81stra Dharma ([dʱərmə]; Sanskrit: bhø dharma, Pali: b 卐 dhamma) is a key concept with multiple meanings in the Indian religions — Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism and Jainism. There is no single word translation for dharma in Western languages. In Hinduism, dharma signifies behaviours that are considered to be in accord with rta, the order that makes life and universe possible, and includes duties, rights, laws, conduct, virtues and ‘‘right way of living’’. In Buddhism dharma means "cosmic law and order", but is also applied to the teachings of the Buddha. In Buddhist philosophy, dhamma/dharma is also the term for "phenomena" ...

...The word "dharma" was already in use in the historical Vedic religion, and its meaning and conceptual scope has evolved over several millennia. The antonym of dharma is adharma.

The Classical Sanskrit noun dharma is a derivation from the root dhṛ, which means "to hold, maintain, keep", and takes a meaning of "what is established or firm", and hence "law". It is derived from an older Vedic Sanskrit n-stem dharman-, with a literal meaning of "bearer, supporter", in a religious sense conceived as an aspect of Rta.

In the Rigveda, the word appears as an n-stem, dhárman-, with a range of meanings encompassing "something established or firm" (in the literal sense of prods or poles). Figuratively, it means "sustainer" and "supporter" (of deities). It is semantically similar to the Greek Themis ("fixed decree, statute, law"). In Classical Sanskrit, the noun becomes thematic: dharma-.

The word dharma derives from Proto Indo-
European root *dʰer- ("to hold"), which in
Sanskrit is reflected as class-1 root √dhṛ.
Etymologically it is related to Avestan √dar- ("to hold"), Latin firmus ("steadfast, stable,

powerful"), Lithuanian derė´ti ("to be suited, fit"), Lithuanian dermė ("agreement") and darna ("harmony") and Old Church Slavonic drъžati ("to hold, possess")...

> ...Dharma root is "dhri", which means ‘to support, hold, or bear’. It is the thing that regulates the course of change by not participating in change, but that principle which remains constant. Monier-Williams, the widely cited resource for definitions and explanation of Sanskrit words and concepts of Hinduism, offers numerous definitions of the word dharma: such as that which is established or firm, steadfast decree, statute, law, practice, custom, duty, right, justice, virtue, morality, ethics, religion, religious merit, good works, nature, character, quality, property. Yet, each of these definitions is incomplete, while combination of these translations do not convey the total sense of the word. In common parlance, dharma means ‘right way of living’ and ‘path of rightness’ wikipedia
>
> The State recognises the Family as the natural primary and fundamental unit group of Society, and as a moral institution possessing inalienable and imprescriptible rights, antecedent and superior to all positive law.
> IRISH CONSTITUTION ARTICLE 41
>
> from The Spirit of Hindu Law by Donald R. Davis, Jr (2010, Cambridge University Press) Ācāra (Sanskrit: U8j) Dharmaśāstra
>
> There are two related senses of ācāra in Dharmaśāstra. The first...refers to customary law as a source of law. To be more precise about the problematic category of custom and customary law, ācāra always possesses a normative and obligatory quality that is not necessarily implied by custom alone
>
> For this reason, I usually gloss ācāra as "local law" or "community standards" in an attempt to indicate it's normative [community shoulding] character, but also its restricted applicability. It is difficult to follow the usual characterizations of ācāra's authority as resting on the "*observed* conduct of 'good people'."
>
> The bee laws, called the Bechbreatha (Bee-judgments) were part of a set of laws that governed the country called the Brehon Laws. Of all the laws relating to land and agriculture, the most attention was paid to role and significance of the bee in

Irish culture at the time. The management of bees was universally understood; and every comfortable householder kept hives in his garden. Wild bees, too, swarmed everywhere —much more plentifully than at present, on account of the extent of woodland. Before cane-sugar came into general use—sixteenth century —the bee industry was considered so important that a special section of the Brehon Laws is devoted to it. An Bechbretha The Old Irish Bee Laws beeuorganics.wordpress.com

More to Irish bees than honey, hives and dancing: Honeybees continue to thrive – but half of Ireland's 100 other species of bees are in decline, Patty Woodworth, Irish Times, 23 Feb 2019 The Brehon laws also regard the bees themselves as having a legal status.

Echoing a custom found in the Basque countryside until the 19th century, bees had to be informed of the death of their owners, and funeral sweets had to be left beside the hive.
A forestry boom is turning Ireland into an ecological dead zone, Mary Colwell, The Guardian, 10 Oct 2018

from Living Tree Educational Foundation Trees in Irish History~

Traditionally, living trees play a central role in the practical daily and spiritual lives of the Irish people. They serve as landmarks and bastions of family and clan identity, and their importance can be measured by great number tree-based place-names in Ireland - out of 16,000 town lands in Ireland, 13,000 are named after trees. Sacred trees are planted at holy wells, and churches are created at the site of sacred trees...

...the importance of trees in the lives of the Irish people can be gleaned by observing Brehon Law, Ireland's native legal system, and the degree to which it protects living trees and discouraged unlawful felling.

In essence, native woodlands provide the backdrop to and foundation for the development of Irish civilisation.

...Trees and Native Irish Law~ Brehon Law, the native legal system of Ireland is incredibly forward-thinking, eschewing corporal punishment for fines and other forms of restitution. It provides extensive protection for trees, classified in four groups: Nobles of the Wood, Commoners of the Wood, Lower Divisions of the Wood, and Bushes of the Wood.
In some cases the penalty for unlawfully felling a chieftain tree could be the same as the penalty for killing a human chief...

Midir was a son of the Dagda of the Tuatha de Danann. In the 'Guesting of Athirne', (Aigidecht Aitherni in Irish) it is told that Athirne, a miserly poet, came to Midir's house in Brí Léith and fasted against him. This is a legal procedure mentioned in the Brehon Law were a complainant could sit outside a person's house refusing food and drink, thus shaming him into putting right the complaint.
The Ritual of the Crane Dance Curse in Irish Mythology Ali Isaac

'"If compensation was not forthcoming after a judgement had been handed down, the injured party had the right to formally seize the property of the wrongdoer. This procedure was known as athgabál / 'distraint'... A notable method of enforcing a judgment which was quite common during the Brehon law period was troscud / fasting.

This form of judgment enforcement was employed against a person of high rank who had committed a wrong. If compensation was not forthcoming from a person of high rank who had committed a wrong, the wronged party had the right to undertake a fast or a hunger strike outside his house, normally lasting from sunset to sunrise.

A fast required that the defendant either pay the fine, or arrange a surety, or make a pledge for payment. If the defendant ate during the plaintiff's fast he was required to pay double the original amount. The implications of not conceding to a fast were very serious; a person would forfeit the right to be paid compensation for any offence that had been committed against him." Noelle Higgins, The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law, Gerner-Beuerle and Frenkel (eds.), Legal Theory Practice and Education, (Athens: ATINER, 2011), pp.

193 – 205.

cumha
comha: Condition, terms (of peace)
Comha an File.

Tell them, let them not exalt any Breitheamh unless the Brehon knows the true legal precedents. Audacht Morainn
Triúr fear go dteipeann orthu mná a thuiscint: ír óga, fir aosta agus fir mhéanaosta.

..[A] word often used for "loyal" is 'dílis' (Old Irish 'díles'), which comes from Old Celtic 'dílestos' and also appears as Welsh 'dilys'. This is the secondary meaning of a term widely used in Brehon Law to mean "inalienable property" — Alexei Kondratiev

. From earliest times, the Irish were a scholarly and a literary people, who honoured their bards, ollaves (historians), and brehons (judges) equally with their Rí (chiefs).
L. M. McCRAITH.
(" The poor old Woman."" An t-sean Bean bochd " has long been one of the symbolical names for Ireland.)

from The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 Still, competent judges say that our extant manuscript materials are, both for antiquity and intrinsic worth, treasures such as no nation north of the Alps can boast of. Any one who suspects this for a Gaelic exaggeration had better visit the Royal Irish Academy and have [their] incredulity speedily and agreeably cured by the evidence of [their] own eyes.

From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 It cannot be doubted that in Ireland, as in Gaul, the most learned, the most sage, and the most virtuous [daoine] of the nation were druids... Their superior learning enabled them to become... philosophers, astronomers, judges, bards, literary [daoine], musicians, physicians, seers or diviners of future events, and many other things, and may have given them a choice, almost a monopoly, of all the offices which required learning.

Orange Lowery...Cole felt that the Mauritian slaves were as yet unfit for liberty... Where earlier British governors had failed to establish a complete registry of [their sins] , he and his officials achieved the registration of the [Enslaved Afrikan] population of Mauritius by the end of 1826, and of its dependencies by the end of 1827. As a result, he reported that there were 69,004 [enslaved Afrikans] in Mauritius, 6,522 in the Seychelles and 782 on the smaller islands, as against 8,000 whites and 14,000 free [Afrikans]....
History Ireland

Auld Chief Cole
Was a merry Old Soul
And a merry Seán Anam
Was he

Evil conquered?' said Gwydion. 'You have learned much, but learn this last and [most difficult] of lessons. You have conquered only the enchantments of evil. That was the easiest of your tasks, only a beginning, not an ending. Do you believe evil itself to be so quickly overcome? Not so long as men still hate and slay each other, when greed and anger goad them. Against these even a flaming sword cannot prevail, but only that portion of good in all men's hearts whose flame can never be quenched. Lloyd Alexander, The High Chief

Will so many uncushioned facts piled upon one another eventually erect an emotional wall between the event and the observer, so that people no longer feel an individual responsibility?
Morgan Llywelyn, 1921: The Great Novel of the Irish Civil War

Most of us are called on to perform tasks far beyond what we can do. Our capabilities seldom match our aspirations, and we are often woefully unprepared. To this extent, we are all Assistant PigKeepers at heart. Lloyd Alexander, The Book of Three

Tá bua i mbuansheasmhacht.

The condition of women in a nation is the real measure of its progress.
Ngugi wa Thiong'o

Bean Rí Mary McLeod [Nic Leoid] Bethune, 1875-1955, was an educator who founded BethuneCookman College and served as its president. Mary McLeod Bethune served in several capacities during the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration, including head of the Division of Negro Affairs of the National Youth Administration and advisor on selecting officer candidates for the Women's Army Corps. Mary McLeod Bethune founded the National Council of Negro Women in 1935.

“If we have the courage and tenacity of our forebears, who stood firmly like a rock against the lash of slavery, we shall find a way to do for our day what they did for theirs.”

“If we accept and acquiesce in the face of discrimination, we accept the responsibility ourselves. We should, therefore, protest openly everything ... that smacks of discrimination or slander.”

“From the first, I made my learning, what little it was, useful every way I could.”

“Knowledge is the prime need of the hour.”

“Invest in the human soul. Who knows, it might be a diamond in the rough.”

“The true worth of a race must be measured by the character of its womanhood.

“If our people are to fight their way up out of bondage we must arm them with the sword and the shield and the buckler of [Harambe].” — thoughtco.com

Five ages before the birth of Christ, to wit, from Adam to the Flood [Age One], from the Flood to Abraham[Age two], from Abraham to David[Age Three], from David to the Captivity in Babylon[Fourth Age], from the Babylonian Captivity to the birth of

Christ[Fifth age in Biblical time reckoning].
During that time women were in bondage and in slavery, until Adamnán, son of Ronan, son of Tinne, son of Aed, son of Colum, son of Lugaid, son of Setne, son of Fergus, son of Conall, son of Niall, came.

Cumalach [cumhal] was a name for women till Adamnán came to free them.
CAIN ADAMNAINAN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THELAW OF ADAMNAN EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY KUNO MEYER, Ph.D. 1905

Fionn mac Cumhal. Bright son of the enslaved.

I wish it need not have happened in my time," said Frodo. "So do I," said Gandalf, "and so do all who live to see such times. But that is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us.
J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

“Culture does not make people. People make culture. If it is true that the full humanity of women is not our culture, then we can and must make it our culture.”
Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan.

“We are either going to have a future where women lead the way to make peace with the Earth or we are not going to have a human future at all.” — Vandana Shiva

> **By the end of the 12-year reign of Adolf Hitler in 1945, tens of millions of Catholics had died as soldiers, in forced labor, as civilian casualties in the fighting, or as victims in the gas chambers. Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, schools, universities, and monuments lay in ruins…. …the 2,720 clergy sent to Dachau, 2,579 were Catholic priests, along with uncertain numbers of seminarians and lay brothers Catholic Martyrs of the [Nazi] Holocaust Shoah...**
>
> **...The truth is many [millions] of Catholic men, women, and children died in concentration camps, SS and Gestapo torture chambers, or in fields and villages**

across Europe for the "crime" of proclaiming the truth to one of the most evil regimes in human history….

https://www.catholic.com MATTHEW E. BUNSON • 11/1/2008

If you add the Orthodox Catholics of Russia and Ukraine, also tens of millions. If you add in the Muslim Genocides of Catholics since the time of Mohammad, one starts to wonder who is whom, in a very large sense.

Why are the Irish supporting the Palestinian Liberation Organization that genocided the Maronite Catholics of Lebanon, who were reduced to a minority and scattered around the world? That Palestinian flag is the same flag that genocided the Maronite Catholics#

Why is no one mentioning the 2 beheaded Orthodox Catholic Bishops in Syria? Same side as Hamas innit, your honour, that did it? Like the beheaded Coptic Catholic New martyrs? Like the Assyrian Catholic genocide crucifying naked Catholic women along the roadside to form a long line. Like the Armenian Catholic Genocide with the Muslims saying That Never Happened. Sure it did, and the Armenian Bodach said the Brits were in on it.

The process which, if not checked, will abolish Man goes on apace among Communists and Democrats no less than among Fascists. The methods may (at first) differ in brutality. But many a mild-eyed scientist in pince-nez, many a popular dramatist, many an amateur philosopher in our midst, means in the long run just the same as the Nazi rulers of Germany: 'Traditional values are to be debunked' and mankind to be cut out into some fresh shape at the will (which must, by hypothesis, be an arbitrary will) of some few … people… C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

"To gain that which is worth having, it may be necessary to lose everything else." Bernadette Devlin McAliskey, The Price of my Soul

The Book of Swindles Selections from a Late Ming Collection By Zhang Yingyu Translated by Christopher Rea and Bruce Rusk Reviewed by Yinghui Wu MCLC Resource

Center Publication (Copyright August, 2018)
A New Book for Foiling Swindlers (杜騙新書), a text offering abundant details on late Ming society that has rarely been studied. The stories are organized into twenty-four categories according to the method of the swindle, the perpetrator, or the location of the crime.

A quick look at the categories shows us the variety of themes, such as "The Bag Drop," "Brokers," "Fake Silver," "Government Underlings," and "Corruption in Education." ….

…Notably, several stories illustrate the trade among silver, status, and sex. Daughters and mothers are sold to pay off debts (38; 118), but clever women also use sex to extort money… (130). A geomancer plots to make his wife conceive children with scions of elite families as a way of stealing their "seed" of high rank and wealth (121).

The connection between sexual transgression and the flow of wealth in some of the stories reminds us of similar themes in Ming novels such as the Plum in the Golden Vase (金瓶梅)…

For example, he advises that a traveling merchant should try his best to pick a fair and honest broker (45) and suggests that one should avoid lawsuits at all costs because the yamen is "a thicket of swindles" (107). He shows that it is wise to use one crook to track down another crook, because "it takes a thief to catch a thief and a gambler to catch a gambler" (119). He tends to be unsympathetic and practical, emphasizing the individual's responsibility for taking care of his own safety and property.

"The Exalted Monks Who Faked Transcendence"

The final stage is come when Man by eugenics, by pre-natal conditioning, and by an education and propaganda based on a perfect applied psychology, has obtained full control… Human nature will be the last part of Nature to surrender to Man. The battle will then be won. We shall have 'taken the thread of life out of the hand of Clotho' and be henceforth free to make our species whatever we wish it to be. The battle will indeed be won. But who, precisely, will have won it? C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

As Kwame Nkrumah defined it, "The essence of neo-colonialism is that the State

which is subject to it is, in theory, independent… In reality its economic system and thus its political policy is directed from outside…
Powerful Global North governments, corporations, and individuals today don't need to resort to explicit violence — invasion, seizure, genocide, and enslavement — in order to control other countries. Instead, they can use structural violence — leveraging aid, market access, and philanthropic interventions in order to force lower-income countries to do what they want.

Typically, what they want is more control over markets. The initial interventions end up creating debt for lower-income countries (because they give more power to Global North corporations). That debt ultimately becomes the most deadly form of leverage, giving Global North governments the justification for more interventions and allowing them to shape economic and trade policy in the way they see fit.

In short, colonialism never ended. It just changed form.
Bill Gates and the Epidemic of White Saviorism A Growing Culture, Medium

…every man is a hero if he strives more for others than for himself alone. Once you told me that the seeking counts more than the finding. So, too, must the striving count more than the gain. Lloyd Alexander, The High [Chief]

War must be, while we defend our lives against a destroyer who would devour all; but I do not love the bright sword for its sharpness, nor the arrow for its swiftness, nor the warrior for his glory. I love only that which they defend.
J.R.R. Tolkien, The Two Towers

Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan.
Maireann an chraobh ar an bhfál ach ní mhaireann an lámh do chuir.
Ní thuigeann an seách an seang.
Ní thuigeann an marcach go bhfuil an talamh te.
Ní airítear blas searbh ach tar éis cogaint tamaillín.
Más olc maol is measa mullach.
If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor.
Archbishop Desmond Tutu

A'bhiast as mutha ag ithe na beiste as lugha.
Bailíonn brobh beart.
An t-uan ag múineadh méilí dá mháthair.
Is féidir le craobha ginéalaigh lúbadh ach ní bhriseann siad.
Trí saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara.
Cé gur beag díol dreoilín caithfidh sé a sholáthar.
Seachnaíonn súil an ní ná feiceann.
Aontú is fearr, cothrom na féinne.
Tobar lachta na n-anbhfann tréith-lag Bó na mbocht, 's a ndorus aonair.
Ná déan nós is ná bris nós.
Briseann an dúchais tri shúile an chat
Na seanfhocail, labhraíonn siad!
í féidir an seanfhocal a shárú.
Is leis an té gan náire an domhan ar fad.
"Deirim libh go fírinneach, mura gcasa sibh arís chun bheith ar nós na leanaí, ní rachaidh sibh isteach i ríocht na bhflaitheas choíche."
Is maith an scéalaí an aimsir
Is fearr go mall ná go brách.
Stories can break the dignity of a people. But stories can also repair that broken dignity. Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie
Is fearr an tsláinte ná na táinte.
Is Rí gach slán.
Dligid othar a íarfaigid. A sick person deserves to be looked after. Aldfrith, Chief of Northumbria
Ua Kuluma Ke Kanaka I Ke Aloha
The peaceful and serene Is the Norm of the world. -Lao Tzu
Ní mhealltar an sionnach faoi dhó
An t-ualach is mó ar an gcapall is míne.
Dligid fir fortacht
Tosach eolais imchomarc
Ciall agus míchiall — dís ná gabhann le chéile.
When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time. Maya Angelou
Molann an obair an fear
Ní théann dlí ar riachtanas.
Putóga dubha na bliana ó Nollaig go Lá Fhéile Bríde

“Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh; Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár; An t-ochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás Ag cumhdach an ti seo ‘s a mhuintir thabhairt slán
An té nach nglacann comhairle glacfaidh sé comhrac.
Drochubh, drochéan, Ní mharóidh tú riamh ár dtoil don saoirse, don saoirse

Imperialism creates the illusion of wealth as far as the masses are concerned. It usually serves to hide the fact that the ruling classes are gobbling up the natural resources of the home territory in an improvident manner and are otherwise utilizing the national wealth largely for their own purposes. Eventually the general public is called upon to pay for all of this, frequently after the military machine can no longer maintain external aggression.” Jack D. Forbes

[“A really efficient totalitarian state would be one in which the all-powerful executive of political bosses and their army of managers control a population of slaves who do not have to be coerced, because they love their servitude.” — Aldous Huxley Brave New World was banned in Ireland and Australia in 1932 and by in India In 1967] wikipedia Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing.” George Orwell

Through a web of laws, regulations, and informal rules, all of which are powerfully reinforced by social stigma, they are confined to the margins of mainstream society and denied access to the mainstream economy.” Michelle Alexander

From Grandpa Alex Brown, son of An Gorta Mór Spalpeen,
A rich farmer was on his death bed. He told his wife to take his bill fold up on the roof on the house and put it under a shingle so when he went to heaven he could pick it up as he went by. A few days after his death his wife went up on the roof and looked under the shingle. Sure enough the bill fold was there. "Just as I thought," clucked his wife, "he's gone to the other place.”

Cuir síoda ar ghabhar ach is gabhar i gcónaí é.

His experience with Household Finance had disabused him of any hope that the government would intercede to prevent rich corporations from doing bad things to

poor people.” — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

[Costello] Through the Dark Ages Irish Monks travelled Europe And built monasteries A deep mystical heritage That gave us influence From the Poets, the Warriors, Sages and Druids

There’s something outside of me—call it my DNA, my ancestral drive, my unconscious; call it collective suggestion, mass hysteria or propaganda—but I am ultimately responsible for making the choice to do good or evil.” — Richard Kearney

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Dunn
1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Duinn, Ollamh of Leinster
See the settlers in more numbers
He takes whatever he encounters
You've seen the [Lakota] all battered, beaten
They're all in rags, they haven't eaten
The Nez Perce' were much the same
It seems like such a heartless game
And it's eighteen hundred seventy-six
And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks

Having intelligence, we must not act in ignorance. Having choice, we must not act without responsibility. Ursula K. Le Guin, The Farthest Shore

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
William Shakespeare, Hamlet

from THE REPENTANCE AND SORROW OF IRELAND.
Teig Ó Neachtain. ob : 1742.
Part 1.
The protection of the trustful is [the] God of the elements
To him who seeks His loving purpose;
Hope in God is riches,
And enduring for ever is His mercy.

Well have I loved the dear yoke of God,
In holiness and in patience ;
Though the mouth be full of dust,
Right it is to trust in the Lord.

He [encourages] and disciplines us,
Even thus He forsakes us not ;
On the captive mourning one He bestoweth
Mercy together with pity.

It is not in His heart to oppress us
Nor to break us in pieces for ever…

There is thorn and fruit in the chastening of God
Sweetness together with bitterness ;
He slays us not, but makes us whole,
Belovéd is His bitter [healing] balm.

When I look upon my heavy griefs
My soul humbles [itself] wholly ;
[It is of] the mercy of God that we are not destroyed,
The help of Christ is [with us] to the end.

Every day my pain increases,
Great are Thy wondrous acts, O true God !
God is my plenteous provision,
And my hope in dark-sorrow.

I will receive the chalice of Christ in love
And in the name of the Lord ;
In my [words] shall be ever the glory of God,
And [thus] shall I be safe from the power of the enemy.
Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

“Being in a minority, even in a minority of one, did not make you mad. There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad.” — George Orwell, 1984

“I'm on Aslan's side even if there isn't any Aslan to lead it. I'm going to live as like a Narnian as I can even if there isn't any Narnia.”
— C.S. Lewis, The Silver Chair

The poets and writers responded in a language and idiom that could not be interpreted by the heathen invaders. It gives the poor Kerry masters, Piaras Feiritéar, Corca Dhuibhne, Geoffrey O’Donoghue of the Glens, who carried on Feiritéar’s work after he was hanged, outside Killarney as you probably know, in 1653. Then Gneeveguilla gave us the great Aoghán Ó Rathaille (1675- 1728), followed by the abundantly talented rascal Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin (1748-84)” Bernard O’Donoghue

In our prophecies it is told that we are now at the crossroads: Either unite spiritually as a global nation, or be faced with chaos, disasters, diseases, and tears from our relatives’ eyes. Lakota Keeper of Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe Chief Arvol Looking Horse

Gan cholt for criabh ceireine gan geart fearbú fora n-asad aithrinni gan adhbhai fhir iar ndrúbaí díasoirchí gan díl daimhe reisse ropsain Breisse Ní fil a mhaín trá Breisse

Cuardaigh eolas ón gcliabhán go cré na cille.
Cionnus bheadh an t-ubhaillía acht mar bheadh an t-abhaillin?
Ag creachadh agus ag bánú na tíre!
Fear na bó faoina heireaball !

Wikipedia Mug Ruith (or Mogh Roith, "slave of the wheel" is a figure in Irish mythology, a powerful blind druid of Munster who lived on Valentia Island, County Kerry. He could grow to enormous size, and his breath caused storms and turned men to stone. He wore a hornless bull-hide and a bird mask, and flew in a machine called the roth rámach, the "oared wheel". He had an ox-driven chariot in which night was as bright as day, a star-speckled black shield with a silver rim, and a stone which could turn into a poisonous eel

when thrown in water.

Valentia Island = Oileán Dairbhre = Island of Oak Forests
Brandon Creek, Ríocht Chiarraí, is called in Irish: Cuas an Bhodaigh.
Eachtra Bhodaigh an Chóta Lachtna

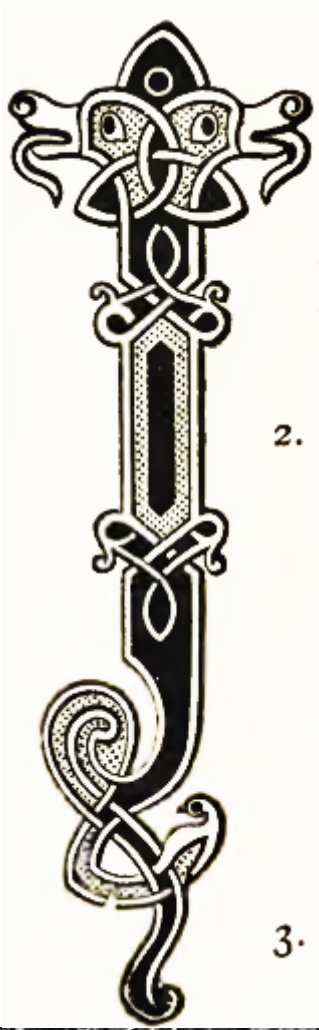
In Brú na Boinne The monuments form a giant monument that matches An Bodach in the sky. The same is true on Orkney Island of Alba it seems. Half the year An Bodach chases the moon, at night.
Half the Year An Bodach lies with his wife in her bed in Glanworth Before she flattens him with a stone and sends him to the sky for chasing her sister the moon around.

At Maigde Mhuire, Our Lady's annunciation, the sun enters the Cailleach's bed in Gleaniúir. At Our Lady's Dormition, the sun enters the Cailleach's bed. All things in God's universe have a time and place
A time for laughing, a time for crying, A time for waiting, a time for No Surrender
Dracon Chlíodhna: The Victory of Callaghan of Caiseal

Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de ghrásta, tá an Tiarna leat. Is beannaithe thú idir na mná agus is beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa. A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guigh orainn na peacaigh,anois agus ar uair ár mbáis. Áiméin.

“Remember your philosopher’s doubts, Miles. Beware! The mind of the believer stagnates. It fails to grow outward into an unlimited, infinite universe.” — Frank Herbert, Heretics of Dune

According to Mary Rita [gramma], Michael [great grampa Ó Kieff] was a patient and sentimental man. When he quit smoking he used to drive behind another wagon where the driver was smoking just to get a whiff. Mary [great gramma McAuliffe-Ó Kieff] was a stern woman but she had a heart of gold. During the late 1800s, she prepared victims of black diphtheria for burial; they were buried at night.



2.

3.

“A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history will not help us to forge a better future together.”Michael D Higgins

"Do you know what the Oral History says?" Síonna asked.
"If you want immortality, then deny form. Whatever has form has mortality. Beyond form is the formless, the immortal."
Frank Herbert, God Emperor of Dune

The Gardener 69 Rabindranath Tagore I hunt for the golden stag. You may smile, my friends, but I pursue the vision that eludes me. I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands, because I am hunting for the golden stag. You come and buy in the market and go back to your homes laden with goods, but the spell of the homeless winds has touched me I know not when and where. I have no care in my heart; all my belongings I have left far behind me. I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands--because I am hunting for the golden stag.

“Ready comprehension is often a knee-jerk response and the most dangerous form of understanding. It blinks an opaque screen over your ability to learn. Be warned. Understand nothing. All comprehension is temporary.” ― Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

The one-eyed view of our universe says you must not look far afield for problems. Such problems may never arrive. Instead, tend to the wold within your fences. The packs ranging outside may not even exist. —The Azhar Book; Shamra I:4, Dune, Frank Herbert

The Universe is God's. It is one thing, a wholeness against which all separations may be identified. Transient life, even that self-aware and reasoning life which we call sentient, holds only fragile trusteeship on any portion of the wholeness. — Commentaries from the C.E.T., Dune, Frank Herbert

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said, with a sigh,
"And hear my mournful story!
The guardian Spirit of ERIN am I,
But dimmed is mine ancient glory.
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
No longer Victory's garland;
And my Child, my Son, my beloved Heir,
Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
The bands of slumber were broken;
And palace and hero, and river and shore,
Had vanished, and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will,
And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow therefore hangs over me still,
Despite of the teachings of Reason!

James Clarence Mangan.

The *dáirseach** wild, whose trembling string
Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,
Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Cata*† sing
The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
And, by each heart his bondage broke—
Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—
The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

* Harp.
† Literally the "Eye of Battle"—the war-song of the bards.

"Bureaucracy destroys initiative. There is little that bureaucrats hate more than innovation, especially innovation that produces better results than the old routines. Improvements always make those at the top of the heap look inept. Who enjoys appearing inept?" — Frank Herbert, Heretics of Dune

“They appeared to know enough to justify their jobs, and nothing more.” ― Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

**“Vulnerability is the birthplace of innovation, creativity and change.”
Brené Brown**

**“To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything and your heart will be wrung and possibly broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact you must give it to no one, not even an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements. Lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness. But in that casket, safe, dark, motionless, airless, it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. To love is to be vulnerable.”
― C.S. Lewis, The Four Loves**

In 1855, Henry Gardner the Know-Nothing governor of Massachusetts, called the Irish who were gathering in throngs [not a flattering word either], "a horde of foreign barbarians." The parade of bigots continued....

Men of Massachusetts: Bay State Contributors to American Society By August C. Bolino, professor emeritus, The Catholic University of America, p. 91,

“A man ought not be afraid to say he didn’t know. Nor a woman.” ― Anne McCaffrey, Dragonflight

“Without change something sleeps inside us, and seldom awakens. The sleeper must awaken.” ― Frank Herbert, Dune

"Solidarity, as a moral virtue and social attitude born of personal conversion, calls for commitment on the part of those responsible for education and formation." Pope Francis

“It is dangerous for a man to try teaching before he is trained in the good life. A man whose house is about to fall down may invite travellers inside to refresh them, but

instead they will be hurt in the collapse of the house. It is the same with teachers who have not carefully trained themselves in the good life; they destroy their hearers as well as themselves. Their mouth invites to salvation, their way of life leads to ruin." — Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

One of the Gaelic conceptions of God the "Holy Roman" church made disappear is the central image of God as the First Sower, which is captured in a dialect called Hiberno-Latin. Hiberno-Latin was the Latin of the Celtic Church. Sister Benedicta Ward of Oxford University confirmed in an email that the Altus Prosator could be viewed as local 'creed' of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Church. This hybrid theological language was used in the Scots Monasteries throughout Europe prior to Charlemagne's time, via St. Columbanus. The Language goes missing after 1101 in Ireland, it doesnt appear to have taken much time to go missing entirely.

James Joyce's work Finnegans Wake preserves something of the spirit of Hiberno-Latin in English. In fact, book I, chapter 7 of Finnegans Wake quotes bits of the Altus prosator in an untranslatable Latin passage full of toilet humour ... wikipedia

Things treated merely as things in themselves destroy themselves because only in God have they any life. The world of nature, cut off from the source of life, is a dying world. — Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World

"There was so much confusion about the different terms," said Charlie. "In the course of trying to figure it out, we realize that there's a reason why it doesn't quite make sense to us. It's because it doesn't quite make sense." — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

"Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them." — George Orwell, 1984
The incentives on Wall Street were all wrong; they're still all wrong." — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

"Living was struggling to do something impossible – to succeed, or die, knowing you had tried!" –Anne McCaffrey, Dragonflight

“When religion and politics travel in the same cart, the riders believe nothing can stand in their way. Their movements become headlong - faster and faster and faster. They put aside all thoughts of obstacles and forget the precipice does not show itself to the man in a blind rush until it's too late.”
Frank Herbert, Dune

“Success was individual achievement; failure was a social problem.” — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

The writing of history is largely a process of diversion. Most historical accounts distract attention from the secret influences behind great events.
The Bashar Miles Teg, Dune saga, Frank Herbert

“Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events. It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped.

Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.” — Robert FitzGerald Kennedy

[In regard to conscription] "I was always thinking I could go to southern Ireland if it came to it [but] I didn't know what I was going to do there, I hadn't thought that far." — John Lennon, The Beatles: All These Years Vol. 1: Tune In by Mark Lewisohn (2013), p. 62 Lewisohn remarks: "(He would have faced prison on his return.)"

“To cry was to release all sorts of ugly little pressures and tensions. Like waking out of a long, dark dream to a sun-filled day.” — Anne McCaffrey, Nerilka's Story

he things that were so bad, that hurt so. If I forget them, if I forget such things still happen, how can I help others? My scars prove that I know myself what others suffer.
Elizabeth Moon, The Deed of Paksenarrion

The world is indeed full of peril, and in it there are many dark places; but still there is much that is fair, and though in all lands love is now mingled with grief, it grows perhaps the greater. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

Every life has death and every light has shadow. Be content to stand in the light and let the shadow fall where it will. Mary Stewart, The Hollow Hills

An rud a ghoilleas ar an gcroí caithfidh an t-súil é a shileas.
Ní dhíolann dearmad fiacha.

“All governments suffer a recurring problem: Power attracts pathological personalities. It is not that power corrupts but that it is magnetic to the corruptible.” ― Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

“Make no judgments where you have no compassion.” ― Anne McCaffrey

“Some folk, too, believe what the loudest talker says. And some folk because it frightens them not to.” –Anne McCaffrey, Dragonflight

And however your life goes…it cannot return to past times: you will never be just as you were. What has hurt you will leave scars. But as a tree that is hacked and torn, if it lives, will be the same tree - will be an oak if an oak it was before - so you are still … All your past is within you, good and bad alike. Elizabeth Moon, The Deed of Paksenarrion

“But in a story, which is a kind of dreaming, the dead sometimes smile and sit up and return to the world.” ― Tim O'Brien, The Things They Carried

Louis Riel d'Ireland , July 4, 1885
My people will sleep for one hundred years, but when they awake, it will be the artists who give them their spirit back. via Manitoba Métis Federation

Here’s tae the heath, the hill and the heather,
The bonnet, the plaid, the kilt and the feather.

“Every man, through fear, mugs his aspirations a dozen times a day.”

Brendan Behan

“I'm frightened all the time. But I never let it stop me. Never!”
Georgia O'Keeffe

Litany Against Fear I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain. — Frank Herbert, Dune

"Dialogue...educates when the person relates with respect, esteem and sincere listening, and is expressed with authenticity without obscuring or softening one's own identity nourished by evangelical inspiration." Pope Francis

Many things we do naturally become difficult only when we try to make them intellectual subjects. It is possible to know so much about a subject that you become ignorant. — Mentat Text Two (decto), Dune, Frank Herbert

An Bodach
...never mind, Finn Mac Cumhaill, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it on myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

Fionn
" What is your name?" demanded Finn. "

An Bodach
Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtna ," the giant answered.
THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

A bodach "old man; rustic, churl, lout"; is a trickster or bogeyman figure in Gaelic folklore and mythology. The bodach "old man" is paired with the cailleach "hag, old woman" in Irish legend.

In modern Gaelic, bodach means "old man", often used affectionately.

In the Echtra Condla, one "Boadach the Eternal" is [Rí] of Mag Mell.

This name is derived from buadhach "victorious" and unrelated to botach in origin... Manannan is also named Rí of Mag Mell, and the bodach figure in Eachtra Bhodaigh an Chóta Lachtna is in turn identified with Manannan. Wikipedia

A bodach was a big uncouth rough old man. Cóta Lachtna – A very long coat dirty and torn from being dragged through wet muddy places!
This is an old story told around Irish firesides for centuries. Part of the Myths and Legends taught in Carnaun School in the 50s and 60s, it is thought to have come from the Isle of Man where it was called "Boddagh yn Cooit Laatchagh". This Bodagh who was the wizard chief of the Island, according to Manx tradition, lived somewhere in the North of the Island. He went to live in Ireland after it is told 'he rolled into the sea at Jurby Point'. Mannanan Beg Alas Leir (Manannan Mac Lir) was his name in the Island, but he gave himself the name of "Boddagh yn cooit laatchagh" when he decided to run a race against Iron Bones in Ireland."
Finbarr O'Regan, the Athenry Mythology archive, https://athenry.org/record/bodach-an-chota-lachtna-the-bodach-in-the-grey-coat-324/

The Five Divisions of Munster.

1] Five Munsters in Great Munster,
they are not unknown to the learned ;
I know (the names) of them
. . . . . the stony fertile land.

5 (The first is Thomond)
from Cuchulaind's Leap
to Slige Dala of the Horses
that was on its side.

The portion of Thomond northward
10 I will name . . . . . to you,
from Slieve Aughty to pleasant Slieve Phelim
. . . . . to virgin Ireland.

From two other islands a place,
Ormond to the island of O'Bric
15 . . . . to fair Cnawhill
there is the usual division, pure wise.

From Cnawhill to full Luachair,
Mid-Munster will last permanently ;
from Slieve Phelim with beauty
20 to Slieve Cain of the steps.

Irish Liber Hymnorum.

"Those who would repeat the past must control the teaching of history."
Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

The placenames Clackmannan (Clach Mhanainn) and Slamannan (Sliabh Mhanainn) in Scotland may also refer to Manann. In Manx tradition, he is known as Mannan beg mac y Leir, "little Mannan, son of the sea". Manannán's Welsh equivalent is Manawydan fab Llyr. Manannán appears in all of the four cycles of Irish mythology, although he only plays a prominent role in a limited number of tales.

In the Ulster Cycle:
• Tochmarc Étaíne ("The Wooing of Étaín"), Serglige Con Culainn ("The Wasting Sickness of Cúchulainn"),[17] Tochmarc Luaine "The Wooing of Luan"
• In the Cycles of the Chiefs: Immram Brain maic Febail ("The Voyage of Bran son of Febal)", Echtra Cormaic maic Airt ("The Adventure of Cormac mac Airt"), Compert

Mongáin ("The Birth of Mongán")

• In the Mythological Cycle: Lebor Gabála Érenn ("The Book of Invasions"), First Recension, Altram Tige Dá Medar ("The Nourishment of the Houses of Two Milk-Vessels")

• other Old Irish texts: Sanas Cormaic ("Cormac's Glossary"), The Voyage of Bran, Compert Mongáin, His Three Calls to Cormac ("Cormac's Adventure in the Land of Promise") wikipedia

> The Danes had their Elves, creatures of a diminutive stature, who wore low crowned hats; the Danes represented the female Elves as beings of young and attractive faces, but hollow behind. The Nisses of the Danes were accustomed to assist in the duties of domestic service, and nearly represented the Brownies of the Scotch and Ulster Presbyterians, and the Diarmuid Ua Scudal of the Irish. The Scandinavian Dwergar, and German Twerga have no counterpart in Irish mythology; the fairies of Ireland are represented as beings resembling human creatures both in stature and appearance.

Our efforts must aim at restoring hope, righting wrongs, maintaining commitments, and thus promoting the well-being of individuals and of peoples." Pope Francis

a shade of deeper austerity was thrown over the intellectual chronicler of the nation. The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round ?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground ;
St Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, " How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand ? "
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

(1703): An Act to prevent the further Growth of Popery

“modern society was founded upon force and injustice“
St. James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter 6, First published 1915, checked against the edition published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Transcribed and marked up by Einde O’Callaghan

"Our common home is being pillaged, laid waste and harmed with impunity. Cowardice in defending it is a grave sin." Pope Francis

"In these legends the geis appears to be a feminine power used to attract men, to bind them and keep them in check. The women know that it is stronger than any other force: since it involves honour it touches the most vulnerable point of the heroic conscience and overrules all else. Anne Bernard Kearney, Lovers, Queens and Strangers: Strong Women in Celtic Myth

Hang out your brightest colours, his memory now recall,
Each one wants a part of him, no one wants it all.
[Michael Collins ballad by ___]

Whenever the English thought they’d found the answer, the Irish changed the question. —Richard Kearney, Postnationalist Ireland

Saorstát Éireann was adopted as the official Irish title of the Irish Free State when it was established at the end of the Irish War of Independence, although this Free State was

not a republic but a form of constitutional monarchy within the British Empire. Since then, the word saorstát has fallen out of use as a translation of republic. After the Irish state had changed its name to "Ireland", in 1949 the description of the state was declared "Republic of Ireland", while in Irish it was translated as Poblacht na hÉireann.

In The Aftermath, Winston Churchill gives an account of the first meeting of Éamon de Valera with David Lloyd George on 14 July 1921, at which he was present. Lloyd George was a native speaker of Welsh and a noted Welsh linguist and as such was interested in the literal meaning of 'Saorstát'. De Valera replied that it meant 'Free State'. Lloyd George asked '...what is your Irish word for Republic?'

After some delay and no reply, Lloyd George commented: 'Must we not admit that the Celts never were Republicans and have no native word for such an idea?'

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Irish_Republic
Is fírinne mo Lhoyd. Is ríocht, is pobal, is dáil sean-chéilí. Is Romanach An Poblacht.

Sweet dropping honey, pasturage and never-failing milk ; White fleeces, cloths neat and ornamented ; Noble and fruitful plains, and corn-land there ; Princes who would be mighty in arms against an enemy.

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ; It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ; The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ; The Island of divines and of nobles, the bulwark of sovereignty from
AN ISLAND OF FAME. A translation of Aoghán Ó Rathaille version of St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century.

“Keep your faith in God, but keep your powder dry”. — Oliver Cromwell

Son of Lochlann, who never yielded in contests.
Son of Donogh, who obtained justice by valour.

Oh sorrow of my soul, said the powerful Cliodhna,
This eruption in the earth, so sad and doleful !
Thomond entire, to Burren of the boulders,
And Drumaneen pouring out tears.

“He who stops being better stops being good.” — Oliver Cromwell

“All human nature vigorously resists grace
because grace changes us and the change is painful.”
— Flannery O'Connor

“ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.
VLADIMIR: That's what you think.”
— Samuel Beckett, Waiting for Godot

Colmán was a fili who became a cleric late in life. Some fragments of his work have been preserved, and in one of the surviving quatrains clearly dating from his time as a cleric, Colmán uses legal language to say that his poem has not been composed for earthly reward, but rather for the grace of God (Watkins 1976, 274–75)
Irish Myths and Legends Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture

Do Or Die Dropkick Murphys
Ken Casey, Matthew Edward Kelly
The once steel tough fabric of a Union man
Was sold and Bartered away
Fed to money wolves in the Reagan years

Your dreams are in danger, and "We Must Rise"
Our time has come we are under the gun "It's Do or Die"

... The next stage was Ronald Reagan. **Ronald Reagan came in and said, you know what, this whole thing about people not being able to own people anymore sucks. I wanna change that.**

So he invited a private prison to build a facility in Louisiana, a women’s prison. For the first time since 1865, the average person could now go to their stock broker and buy stock in prison.

When you buy stocks in prison, do you think you’re buying prisons? Do you think you’re

buying a room? Do you think you're buying the blankets? You are buying the people.

You are putting your money, your investment, into the fact that those prisons will be filled all the damn time...
It's Not Mass Incarceration, But Slavery: Speech By Max Parthas At The Millions For Prisoners March August 19, 2017, Washington, D.C.

This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, "had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency : well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

What then was the soldier of the Lord to do ?
He must either retreat in disgrace, or else engage in a perilous combat.
Robert King, A Primer of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, WILLIAM CURRY, 1846

"(The Irish Brigade was) perhaps the best known of any brigade organization, it having made an unusual reputation for dash and gallantry. The remarkable precision of its evolutions under fire, its desperate attack on the impregnable wall ....; its never failing promptness on every field; and its long continuous service, made for it a name inseparable from the history of the war..." -William F. Fox 28thmass.org F.A.B

Canaim amhrán na coilíneachta.
Cé mhéad bliain is muid fós faoi smacht?
Is do mháthair faoi scáth.
Iarrann tú ar Dhia, 'Cén fáth?'
[Damien Dempsey vs. the Wolfe Tones]
You can wear an Easter lily for the men who fought and died
You can wear an Easter lily for the women by their side
You can wear an Easter lily for the heroes of '16
Who gave us back our dignity and pride and self esteem

Deichniúr sa leaba is gan bhróg ar a gcos.

UK National Archives: Penal laws applied to the Welsh in 1402 This is the abridged text of six of the penal laws

Englishmen shall not be convict[ed] by Welshmen in Wales Item, it is ordained and stablished that no Englishman liege to our Sovereign Lord the King be convict[ed by] any Welshman…but by Englishmen… nor that the English burgesses1 , which have married Welsh women, have franchises2 with the English burgesses.

Against wasters3 minstrels etc. in Wales Item, to eschew many diseases and mischiefs, which have happened before this time in the land of Wales…: it is ordained and stablished that no waster, rhymer, minstrel nor vagabond be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales…

Against congregations4 in Wales Item, it is ordained and stablished that no congregations be made nor suffered to be made by the Welshmen in any place of Wales, for to make or take any counsel unless it be for an evident and necessary cause, and by licence of the chief officers and ministers of the [same seignory5] where such things shall be done, and in the presence of the same officers and ministers, upon pain of imprisonment…

Welshmen shall not be armed Item, it is ordained and stablished that from henceforth no Welshman be armed nor bear defensible armour…in affray of the peace or the king's liege people, upon pain of imprisonment…

No victual or armour shall be carried into Wales Item, it is ordained and stablished, than no Englishman nor Welshman… send or bring… any victual or armour to any parts of Wales, without the special licence of our sovereign lord the King or of his council, unless it be for stuffing or enstoring of castles and English towns… and that in every part of the Marches of Wales… there be English Constables for to enquire, search and arrest all such victuals and armour…

Welshman shall not have castles, etc. Item, it is ordained and stablished, that no Welshman shall have castle, fortress nor house defensive of his own nor of other to

keep, otherwise than was used in the time of King Edward, Conqueror of Wales…

No Welshman shall bear office Item, it is ordained that no Welshman be made Justice, Chamberlain, Chancellor, Treasurer, Sheriff, Steward, Constable of Castle, Receiver, Escheator, Coroner, nor Chief Forester nor any other Officer, nor Keeper of the Records, nor Lieutenant in any of the said Offices in no part of Wales, nor of the Council of any English lord…

1burgesses: Elected borough officials of incorporated towns. 2 franchises: In this context, the legal privileges of English burgesses. 3wasters: Those with an idle and extravagant lifestyle. 4 congregations: Meetings. 5 seignory: Feudal lordship or dominion.

http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/utk/wales/popup/penal_trans.htm

You can wear an Easter lily to rekindle Fenian faith
And remember our great heroes of the year of '98
You can wear an Easter lily for the Fenian men so brave
Who died upon the scaffold for their countrymen to save

Arís is arís agus coir i ndiaidh coire: D'éignigh , ghoid, chreach, mharaigh is chuir siad i ndaoirse. Le bíobla i lámh amháin agus an claíomh sa lámh eile,
Tháinig siad leis an ruaig a chur ar mo shinsear a labhair Gaeilge. M'aithreacha, máithreacha is clanna, Lenár gceol ársa féin, ealaín, deasghnátha, dlíthe. Slí mhaireachtála is cultúr Treibheach i struchtúr…

You can wear an Easter lily for the free birds that have flown
Francis Hughes, Bobby Sands, and Sean South from Garryowen
You can wear an Easter lily for the volunteers with pride
For Ned Daley, and O'Halleran, John Houston, and McBride

Bhí muid ag fulaingt le dúchasaigh hOileán an Turtair, Indiaigh na hÁise,
Bundúchasaigh na hAstráile, muintir na hAfraice lena stair ársa fhíor.
Is ár bpáistí ag gol de shíor, is ár saolta fós chomh saor.

You can wear an Easter lily for the heroes of our time
Thomas Ashe, Michael Gunn, and McSweeney and Devine
You can wear an Easter lily for the future of our land
To see it reunited, free from England's violent hand

Do na céadta milliún saol a scrios sibh le bhur gcuid sceimhle?

Cherokee New Testament (CHR)
36 ᏗᎾᏃ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏧᏂ ᎢᏯᏏᏲᏙ ᏴᏅ, ᏥᏌ ᏍᏗᏓᏅᏍᏗ, ᏕᏁ ᎾᏊ ᎢᏧᎾᏓᎳ ᏅᏯᏁᏗ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏗᎾᏊᎾᏍᏉᏍᎩ ᏣᏚᎾᏊᏯᏙᏍᎩ ᏣᏍᏎᏙᏍᏕᏙᏍᏗᏔᏁᏖᏃ? ᏗᎾᏃ ᏭᏉᏎᏄᏖ, ᎾᏍᎩ Ꮎ ᎤᏉᏙᏴᏫᏣᏗ. ᏐᏙᏕᏃ ᏣᏍᏓ ᏗᎾ ᏭᏉᏎᏘᏖ, ᏈᎾ, DᏘ ᏥᏌ ᎾᏍᎩᏯᏍ ᎾᎾᏙᏕ.

Dr. James Murdock's English Peshitta translation 36 Which therefore of these three, appears to thee, to have been neighbor to him that fell into the hands of marauders ? And he said: He that had pity on him. Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou also the like.

You can wear an Easter lily for the saintly hordes who died
In the years of great hunger, Trevelyan's genocide
You can wear an Easter lily for the children's starving tears
And the mothers who watched helplessly in action by their peers

Ní fhuaras féin aon tsuan ná séan, Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo ghile mear

You can wear an Easter lily for the scaffold and the jails
And the folks who fled in terror and in desperation sailed
You can wear an Easter lily for the exiles that have flown
And let them know that Ireland will always be their home

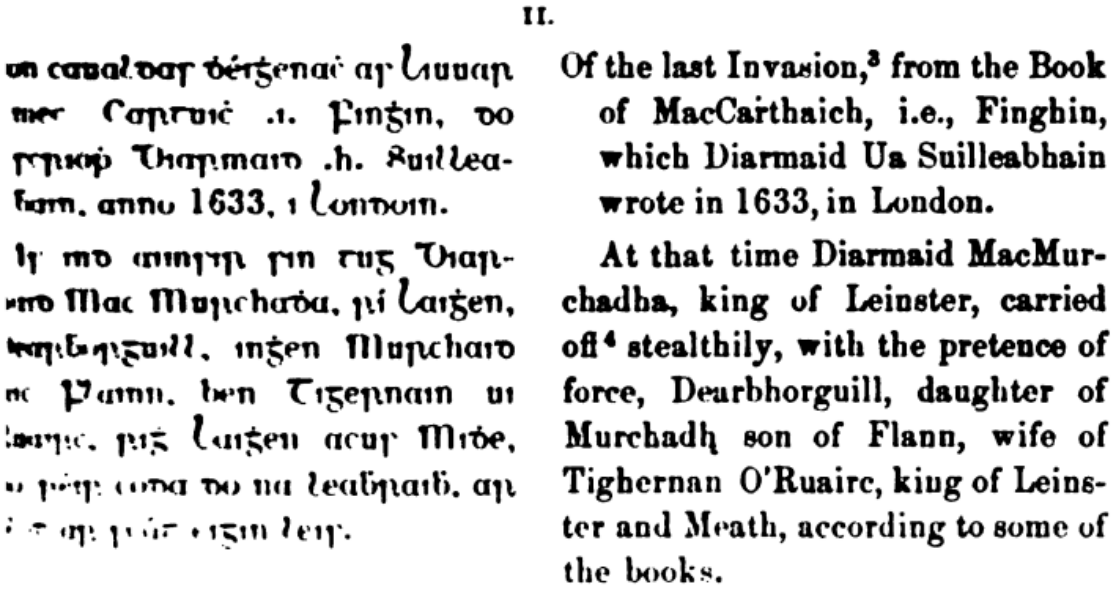
Le Cú Raoi, ardmhac Dáire an óir, Taoiseach Éireann tréan ar tóir.

"In addition to their judicial role, [Rí]s could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [Ríocht] was threated by plague or war...[Rí]s not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." — N.B. Aitchison, “Ríocht, SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND.” . Traditio, vol. 49, 1994, pp. 45–75. JSTOR, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/27831893.

CORK HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Concoḃar tatȯz s a t-easpoz Baoẓalaċ,
Do croċatȯ a' c-croiċ i c-cnocán na c-caorac;
Cean Ui Choṅċobair air an spéice
Transplant transport zo Jamaica.

Who would not mourn the soul of generosity,
Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite,
Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan
Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill (Fair hill).
Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.



II.

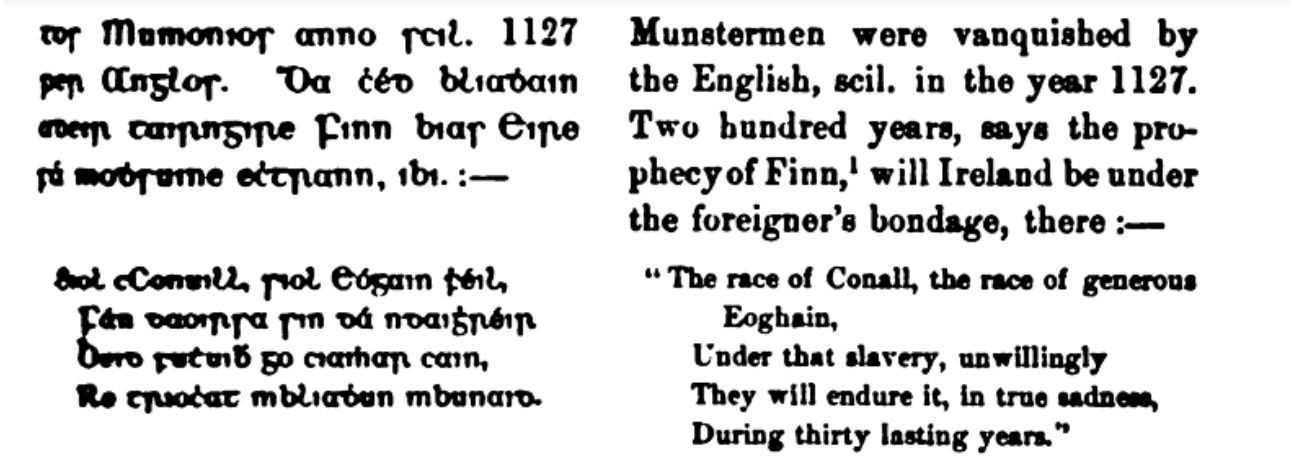
on cansdoar déigenaé ar Luuar mer Carruié .i. Finéin, do rgrioh Diarmaid .h. Suilleabain, anno 1633, i Londoin.

Of the last Invasion,[3] from the Book of MacCarthaich, i.e., Finghin, which Diarmaid Ua Suilleabhain wrote in 1633, in London.

Is mo aimsir sin rug Diarmaid Mac Murchadha, ri Laigen, Deaghaigill, ingen Murchaid mc Flainn, ben Tigernain ui Ruairc, rig Laigen acus Mide, a réir cuma do na leabraib, ar is ar sin rug sé i sin leis.

At that time Diarmaid MacMurchadha, king of Leinster, carried off[4] stealthily, with the pretence of force, Dearbhorguill, daughter of Murchadh son of Flann, wife of Tighernan O'Ruairc, king of Leinster and Meath, according to some of the books.

Martyrology of Donegal



tor Mumonior anno scil. 1127 per Anglor. Da céd bliadain anem sanaigire Finn biar Eire sú modsaime eitsiann, ibi. :—

Munstermen were vanquished by the English, scil. in the year 1127. Two hundred years, says the prophecy of Finn,[1] will Ireland be under the foreigner's bondage, there :—

Siol cConaill, siol Eógain féil,
Fén daorsa sin dá noaigsiúr
Dero fuiseó go crabhar cain,
Re sinsear mbliadan mbunaid.

"The race of Conall, the race of generous Eoghain,
Under that slavery, unwillingly
They will endure it, in true sadness,
During thirty lasting years."

It had gone on for so long, for so many generations, that the brooding, unquenchable flame had become a full partner in the Irish psyche. It was fixed there by the adhesive of oppression and starvation, kept alive in each new generation by the hearthside stories in the night—of tyrant cruelties and the agonies of ancestors.... The Irish past was a sullen ember, always ready to erupt.... Each new Irishman pledged that a thousand years of cruelty would be avenged. — Frank Herbert, The White Plague

No people has ever been more accomplished at myth creation than we Irish." "No more hope," John said, his voice low, remembering Grampa Jack and the magic stories beside the fireplace. "The devil's own truth," Doheny said. "Imagine it, John. Everything in our history conspired to strengthen the Irish faculty for the heroic myth to soften defeat." ... "I may be the only mythmaker left to us," Doheny said. "Inspired research, that's what

we need right now."

..."The Irish always admire vision."

Frank Herbert, The White Plague

A Page Of History Séamus Costello
Throughout our history there's horrors that the tyrants inflicted,
But the books will never detail Ireland's description,
See things from the angle I'm exploring,
Here since the 1169 invasion of the Anglo-Normans,
We bore witness to the declaration of their evil,
Seen through the cruelty and degradation of our people,
Suffered all the way through to the Age of the Tudors,
Our homeland enslaved to the claim of the rulers…

…Life here quickly changed from [difficult] to worse,
Look at what our people lost with the Penal Laws,
Victims to a greed that was never seen before,
Cruel deeds used to decimate our nation and culture,
It was widespread with the Plantation of Ulster,
Still the stronghold for some of the Gaelic Chieftains,
Appalled at how our Motherland was raped and beaten,
All the constant skirmishes had hate increasing,
For the shameful reasons of these racist demons…

Bodh Dearg solicited by the Irish plenipotentiary to assist the Fenians against the invasion by the [Rí] of the World under the allegation that the Fenians had rendered his people, the Túatha DeDánans, much service …

> **I have isolated the city-experience within me and have examined it closely. The idea of a city fascinates me. The formation of a biological community without a functioning, supportive social community leads to havoc. Whole worlds have become single biological communities without an interrelated social structure and this has always led to ruin. It becomes dramatically instructive under overcrowded conditions. The ghetto is lethal. Psychic stresses of overcrowding create pressures which will erupt. The city is an attempt to manage these forces. The social forms by which cities make the attempt are worth study. Remember that there exists a certain malevolence about the formation of any social order. It is the struggle for existence by an artificial entity. Despotism and slavery hover at the edges. Many injuries**

occur and, thus, the need for laws. The law develops its own power structure, creating more wounds and new injustices. Such trauma can be healed by cooperation, not by confrontation. The summons to cooperate identifies the healer. — The Stolen Journals, Frank Herbert

Bod Fhearghusa, Penis of Fergus, Fake stone at Hill of Tara Teamhair.

An Bodach m (genitive an Bhodaigh) (astronomy) Irish name for "Orion" constellation, erect penis.

bod, m. (gs. & npl. boid, gpl. ~). 1. Penis. 2. Churl, lout. ~ an bhóthair, na dtor, vagrant, tramp. S.a. 3. 3. Orn:~ gaoithe, kestrel. ~ na dtor, blackcap. ~ ar dris, stonechat. 4. Bot:~ gadhair, cuckoo-pint. 5. Ich:~ gorm, goldsinny. ~ donn, rua, cod. ~ mór, ling. bod-2, pref. Big, ungainly; loutish; crude, unskilled.

bodach, m. (gs. & npl. -aigh, gpl. ~).1. Churl, lout. ~ mór, bigwig. ~ bóthair, vagrant, tramp. Rith bodaigh le fána, random course; the easy way out. Urchar bodaigh i bpoll móna, random shot. Roinnt an bhodaigh a dhéanamh (ar rud), to give oneself the lion's share of (of sth.). Prov:Tabhair rogha don bhodach agus tógfaidh sé an díogha, give a beggar a horse and he will ride to the devil. Cuid an bhodaigh thall ar an m~ abhus, robbing Peter to pay Paul. Lig mé chun an bhodaigh ach ná lig an ~ chugam, let me do as I please but save me from the consequences. Anois, a bhodaigh! Now, my lad! 2. Astr:An B~, Orion. S.a. banlámh 1, buaile14, slat11(m).3. (a)Crust: Male crab. (b)Ich:~ buí, pollock. ~ donn, rua, cod. ~ mór, ling. 4. Bot:(a)~ gliogair, yellow rattle. ~ gorm, field scabious. (b) = bodán 1. S.a. garbhán

botach Forms: bodach n o, m. (1 bot) bodach m., IGT Decl. § 11 (54.10) . serf; rustic, peasant: S. . . . do marbad do b.¤ ina tig fein, Ann. Conn. 1388.4 (= churle, Annals of Clonmacnoise, FM iv 712.2 note). echtra . . . bhodaig in chóta lachtna `Carle of the Drab Coat', SG 296.7 . fomhór boduigh a churlish giant (?), IGT Decl. ex. 1277. síol an bhodaig peasant offspring, ZCP v 221.6 (Midn. Court).

On earth as it is in heaven – was [An Bodach] linked to Orkney's Neolithic heartland? Sigurd Towrie

If there is one constellation that dominates an Orkney winter, it must surely be [An Bodach].

When [An Bodach] was high, you knew that Christmas was nearby.

The constellation returns to the sky in late autumn, at which time it doesn't rise until after midnight. But as the days shorten, [An Bodach]'s appears earlier and earlier and by midwinter dominates the southern sky.

He remains visible until early spring, his disappearance coinciding with the return of life and light to the islands.

Thornborough Henges

Then, I heard about a site in England that had hit the national news headlines because it was under threat from industrial quarrying. The 5,500-year-old Thornborough Henges, in North Yorkshire, had been declared to be the world's first monument aligned to [An Bodach].
At the head of the research was the eminent archaeologist, Dr Jan Harding, senior lecturer at Newcastle University. He claimed that using 3D computer models, he could show the site had a number of stellar alignments. But above all this, what really caught the media's attention was the similarity of the placing of the three great henges on the landscape and the three stars of [An Bodach]'s Belt....www.orkneyjar.com

let me just mention that the Irish word for "star" is réalta (plural réaltai), which can also mean "a light". There is also a diminutive, réiltín. Astronomy is réalteolaíocht and astrophysics is réaltfhisic. I've always liked the way astrophysics looks like "real physics"!

•The Milky Way is usually Bealach na Bó Finne (the Way of the White/Fair Cow). The legend that goes with this name is of a cow that produces an endless supply of milk [Gobaun Saor, Mogh Ruith, Manannán, St. Patrick all are named in this capacity, more or less]. The Milky Way can also have the more literal name Claí Mór na Réaltaí (the Great Wall of Stars); in Irish mór means "big or great" and must be cognate with the Welsh mawr. Another folk name is An Láir Bhán (the White Mare).

•Orion is An Bodach which can mean a man, specifically an old man, or a ghost, [or a giant or a spalpeen].
•Betelgeuse is An Spor Dearg (the Red Spur); Rigel is An Spor Liath (the Grey Spur). [Red Rock Cairn Thiarna, Grey Rock Craig Liath]
•The [An Bodach] Nebula is An Sparán (the purse, pouch); cf. Scots sporran.
•In modern Irish, the Pleaides is An Tréidín (the Little Flock or Herd) but there are a variety of other terms including Buaile an Bhodaigh ([An Bodach]'s milking place) and Na Cearrbhaigh (the Gamblers, because they look like people playing cards..).
•The constellation of Leo is An Corrán (the Hook, Sickle).
•Polaris is An Réalta Thuaidh (the North Star) but also Réalta Eolais (guiding star)
•Sirius is An Réalta Mhadra (the Dog Star).
•Ursa Minor is An Dragbhoth (the Fiery House).
•Ursa Major is An Mathghamhain Mór (the Great Bear); a more modern alternative word for "bear" is mathúin. The Plough is An Camchéachta
•The Aurora Borealis can be Soilse na Speire Thuaidh (lights of the Northern sky) or na Gealáin Thuaidh or na Saighneáin.
•A Comet is réalta (an) eireabaill, (star with a tail) réalta mhongach (long-haired or maned star) or réalta (na) scuaibe (star with a brush). There is an (extremely exaggerated) account of a comet in the famous book (and mainstay of the Irish language leaving certificate) by Peig Sayers; given the timing it may have been Halley's Comet near its 1910 perihelion.

•https://telescoper.blog/2023/08/29/celestial-echoes-the-night-sky-in-irish-folklore/

Rita Fitzgerald of Heamount, Middleton was told the following tale by her father - About a mile and a half from Heamount there is a place called Bóthar Bó Finne. It is told that a white cow used walk there at a certain time every morning. This happened during the Famine [sic] years, and everybody came to milk her. It is said that no matter how many people came to get milk, they would all get as much as they wanted from this wonderful cow. Not far from Bóthar Bó Finne is another place called "Luighe na Bó Báine" [perhaps Oath of White Cow or Oath of the Cow of Fairness?]. It is said that the wonderful white cow slept there at night. What became of the cow is not known, but I suppose she vanished as she came when she saw there was no more need for her.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921918/4910863/5166074

The High Man: a giant hero warrior in a landscape steeped in myths and monuments

https://mythicalireland.com/

March 23, 2020

In 1999, local artist Richard Moore discovered a huge human-like figure in a map of the Boyne area. It measures 12 miles (19 kilometres) from top to bottom. The figure appears to be standing with his legs in the Boyne River and is located in an area that was anciently known as Ferrard, from the Irish Fir Ard, meaning "High Man". Richard has spent years investigating this giant figure along with local author Anthony Murphy. They have named him the High Man...

The area ... was also known anciently as Muirthemne, the plain which the great warrior hero Cúchulainn called his own. Cúchulainn was famous for fighting battle while standing in the water of a river ford, just like the High Man.

Cúchulain's father was Lugh, one of the chiefs of the Tuatha Dé Danann, ... associated with Newgrange, Knowth and Dowth, the 5,000-year-old passage mounds of the Boyne Valley. The modern-day name of Ferrard/Muirthemne is Louth, which is an anglicised form of the name Lugh.

Local folklore suggests that a giant, named Osgar, who was one of the great warriors of the Fianna, used to stand guard over the harbour of Drogheda, just like the High Man appears to do.

The legend of Garrett's Fort, beside the mouth of the High Man figure, tells of a sleeping army of soldiers under a magical ringfort near Ardee, led by Fionn Mac Cumhaill or Earl Garrett. It is said that a hero will come and rouse them for a great battle...

And while in this lone cave

My deep grief I'm venting

The Saxon's keen bandog

My footsteps is scenting

But true men await me.

Afar in Duhallow

Farewell Cave of Slaughter

And Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh

--Edward Walsh

The High Man might be a representation of the constellation we know today as [An Bodach]...

“Art and morality are, with certain provisos…one. Their essence is the same. The essence of both of them is love. Love is the perception of individuals. Love is the extremely difficult realization that something other than oneself is real. Love, and so art and morals, is the discovery of reality. ” — Iris Murdoch

> **The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death.**
> **H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913**
> **Duine-Uasal We may have Knights of the Thistle and of the Garter and of St Patrick and of other things, but the duine-uasal is our person—the aristocrat of Nature, and by nature. They are quite sufficient for us. Who are they? Some have thought that they are the Nobleman of English or the distinguished man. No, they are not. The duine-uasal very often prefers not to be know-able or distinguished. Great humility is almost always of their finest factors. It is the heaviest ear of corn that bends the head lowest—and we have noble people who do not suffer in this way. Many a person is distinguished because they most anxious to be so because he cannot afford to be otherwise. Not so the duine-uasal. They are Nature's full and complete person up to the present time.**

They are our duine-còir, [... simply the just person...Coir means justice and to be just; and justice implied to the Gaelic concept all that was best and highest in the nature of humanity. There is not upon the whole earth, and there is not possible to the human imagination a finer character or a finer type of person—so far as they reach— than the duine-còir of the Gaelic language.]

and our duine-foghainteach [They are the hero you say, the brave person, the warrior...They are just and simply the sufficient person—no more and not less. They are the person ... Waldo Emerson described as "the man at home" within themselves —the self-contained person, the sufficient person, the person waiting for the occasion, and ready at all times for the occasion, come what may. They are the strong person—in reserve. We have no word in Gaelic for a bully, as we have no word for a coward. The sufficient person was good enough for our people...

...and our duine-cothromach [... who harbours not hate nor declares their love to excess. They not a slave to anger nor to timidity. They boast not of their strength, and they show no weakness. They suffer neither from poverty nor from riches. They are the equally-balanced person, for that is what the name means literally. Cothromach means equally balanced by the rigid beam in character, conduct, and estate. You will, I am sure, agree with me that they were and are a fine equable, stable solid citizen.

...and our duine-beairteach [What is the meaning of the word beairt ? It means an act. a work done, something worthily attained and accomlished, and our great Gaelic duine-beairteach, is the peone who has a rich sheaf of duty done in their right hand... and in our everyday speech we say droch-bheairt and dòbheirt for an evil deed. Now we see quite clearly that beairt is a good deed or a good work done, and that the Gaelic duinebeairteach was a person of deeds, a person of action]

...and our duine-saibhir [... The Saoi of Gaelic was and is a brave person, a hero, even if they never had a copper in the world, and their degradation to an English guinea pig is to me hurtful and hateful. In one of our Sean

Dàna I came across a very fine statement of the Saoi:
Esan a thuiteas le buaidh
Tha e 'faotainn caochladh nuadh
A' mealtuinn ionmhas nan saoi
Nach ionmhuinn a chaoidh a chomhnuidh.

Who falls with victory, Gets a new change, Enjoys the riches of the brave, how blessed for ever a habitation...

...Our Duine-uasal [the High Man, Ard Fear] is of our own genesis—our own special culture, and wherever they are, in their own Highland glen or at the ends of the earth, every beat of their heart says duine-uasal, duine-uasal, for their own moral and spiritual sustenance first, and then by their influence, for the good of all humankind. It will be a very bad day and a very sad day indeed when the concept and inspiration of the Gaelic duine-uasal falls out of the life of humanity. Let us earnestly hope and pray that it never shall...

“If you focus your awareness only upon your own rightness, then you invite the forces of opposition to overwhelm you.”
Frank Herbert, Children of Dune

Cathair Samháin Cahersavane, Co. Kerry Teacher: Máire E. Bean Uí Sheaghdha

Oileán Buí Oileán Buidhe:

Ar a dtaobh ó thuaidh d'abhainn na h-Íne 'seadh ata an Oileán Buidhe ina bhfuil lios. Tá seomraí faoi'n dtalamh ann agus do réir sgéaluíochta deirtear go mbíodh cómhnaidhe ar shidheoga ann. Do bhí ann indáiríribh ná áit a dtéigheadh na Gaedhail i bhfolach in aimsir an nDanar mar a thaisbeáinfidh an Dán seo leanas. Dán a chum Seán "Bruanach" Ua Súilleabháin ó'n bhFaill Mhóir agus ó Chathair-Saidhbhín maidin áirighthe le do bheith le h-ais an leasa.

Trácht na slighe dhom, trís gach céim Le fáinne an laé is mé i gcéin cois abhainn Cois na h-Íne bhí fem' léidheadh Is mé ag sméide ar ghaortha an leasa

Curfá Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás 'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag casadh

Is sásta thaobhaig righbhean mhaordha Bíonn lá taobh liom is mé dá h-amharc Bhí sgáil na gcaor 'na gnaoí mar aol Gan teimheal ó'n ngréin ar sgéimh a leacain

A brághaid 'sa píob do bhí mar aol 'S dhá shúil aerach ghléigeal cailce Gruaig a cinn léi síos go féur An baois 'na slaodaibh lei na beartaibh

An tú Cliodhna mhín scoth Eireann Do bhí ag Cead ach mar cheile sealad Nó Áilne an Ghrínn ó thaoibh Cnoc Gréine Shuighids nó Reilteann Théitis canta.

A chairde an chroidhe is brígh mo sgéil díbh go léir Go dtraochfar Danair is go bhfágfar sínte ar dhruim a chéile iad. Is go suidhfidh Gaedhil go léir 'na mbailtibh

f

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is daimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh Chíofar

Clár Uí Chaoimh gan spleadhchas Fé lá le Sheághain tá'n báire casta.

Michael Francis McCarthy The Poems of J.J. Callanan 1847 ..the opportunity, not easily gained, of obtaining, as a first and indispensable step, the ear of the public, through the medium of the riches, and influential portion of the publishing world in the metropolis : all this, and more than this, nay, it may be added, amidst the glut of an overstocking market, and the weariness and satiety of the reading public, a total and startling originality of views, a hitherto unsounding depth of thought and feeling, following up by a corresponding brilliancy versification, would be necessary, over and above the intrinsic richness of the poetic talent ...

My Home in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]
Exiles rewrite of song by Kate Dowling first sung in the Assembly Rooms

There's a spot far away o'er the wide spreading ocean,
A spot which my fond heart will never forget;
For memories cling round it so pure and so tender
That even it's name brings a throb of regret.

Regret for the long-pillaged land of our Dúchas,
When earth was all gladness and life knew but joy;
Oh! Could I recall them - those bright golden hours,
When O'Keeffes and O'Duggans loved our home in Fermoy.

There, grand River Nem sweeps down through the meadows,
Passing silently, swiftly through forests of oak ;
Where never a bridge suffocated 'bove her bosom,
Where peaceful and calm was the currach oar's stroke.

And only in dreams can I hear the sweet singing
of Clíodhna's three birds with their cadence of joy,
Chirping happy and clear in the thin times hours.
Round the Mountains and Woodlands of dear old Fermoy

And only in dreams can I gaze on Cairn Tiarna,
That frowns tall and grim on the Town at its feet,
Just once have I rambled far up to its summit

And gathered her red rocks with white quartz blazing streaks.

Oh! Memory, your chain binds my heart to sharp Clíodhna,
With links time or absence can never destroy,
They comfort and brighten my life's dreary pathway
And oft take me back to my home in Fermoy

They remind me again of the still summer evenings,
When I stood on the cashel by Funcheon's dark stream,
And watched the sun set o'er the distant blue mountain,
And gazed through the trees on the silver moonbeam.

Then friends, happy friends, true hearted were near us,
To soothe every sorrow, to share every joy;
And where are they now, for their teachts are are vacant,
And their voices are missed from their home in Fermoy.

The sun shines fair on the square and the river,
Moon shines on the druid and his two daughters for real,
But the shine on that home now deserted and lonely,
Though some of its loved ones cling round its hearth still.

They shine on green graves where warm hearts now slumber,
Whose laugh rang with mine in youth's careless joy,
When we strayed long ago on banks of Naomh Blackwater,
Or foraged for mast through the woods round Fermoy.

Some have wandered away o'er the Atlantic's broad billows,
To toil in the other English colonies of the West,
But longingly, sadly, their hearts ever turn
To the home and the friends their hearts loved the best.

And one who so proudly looked up to green Éireann
When he roamed o'er the hills a light-hearted boy,
And dreamed glowing dreams 'neath her old ruined castles,

Now sleeps far away from his home in Fermoy.

Good-bye, dear old home, but I won't say forever,
For deep in my heart a blood hope clings on,
That one day again I might gaze on Blackwater
And watch the sun set on the Eve of Naomh Eógan

We are a scattered people, these Fenians
Subject to more than a thousand year lie,
For many a tribal elder of Fir Maige Féne First Nation
Will never again see her home in Fir Maige.

[illegible]

[4] *Bally-mac-William Roe*, as Lewis tells us, was another name for *Ballymoon*, in the County Carlow. It is situated a few miles from Leighlinbridge, on the road to Enniscorthy. According to Dr. Lanigan *(Eccles. Hist.* iii, 351*)* it was here the famous battle was fought in which St. Cormac Mac Culennan, King and Abp. was killed; and although O'Donovan, in "Annals of Four Masters" (ad. an. 903) contends that Ballaghmoon, in the south of the County Kildare, was the scene of this battle, many of our best antiquarians still adhere to the former opinion. All the ancient authorities agree in placing the scene of the battle in the plain of Magh-Ailbhe, near Leighlin-bridge. (See extract from the Tract *Cath-bealaigh-Mughna*, in notes to Annals of F. M. *loc. cit.;* and "Fragments of Irish Annals," I. A. S., page 204). In one of Usher's MSS. (F. 4, 30, Lib. T.C.D.) there is the following curious fragment which may serve in some way to identify this place: "Near the city of Leighlin (i. e., old Leighlin), on the opposite bank of the river, there is a certain hill called Bennree, i. e., the Hill of the King *(Sublimitas Regis)* on which it is commonly said *(vulgariter fertur)*, that Cormac O'Cullenan, King of Munster, of the race of the MacCarthies . . . . . was killed, and his body was brought to Cashel to be interred in a special chapel. In memory of that deed all the Munstermen, to the present day who pass the bridge of Leighlin, cast a stone towards the Black Castle, situated at the foot of the bridge, and say 'Remember Cormac.' *Memento Cormaci.*" (fol. 217, *b*).

Written by St. Colmcille

Aoibhinn dom bheith air cnoc oileáin Ar barr carraige Go bhféacha mé minic ar an fharraige ciúin.

Go bhféacha mé na dtonnta troma Os cionn an t-uisce geal mar canann siad Ceol chig a n-Athair go síoraí

Go bhféacha mé dtrá mín geal-chiumhaiseach, Ní caitheamh aimsire dorcha go gcloise mé glór na néan iasachta, glór taitneamhach é.

Go gcloise mé crónán na dtonnta fada in aghaidh na gcarraigeacha, go gcloise mé glór an fharraige mar chaoineadh ar taobh uaigh.

Go bhféacha mé na b-ealtaí é go hiontach Os cionn na farraige lán d'uisce, go bhféacha mé a míolta mora laidre, an t-iontas is mó.

Go bhféacha mé a thrá's tuile ina nimeacht Go raibh mar ainm orm - sé rún a n-innsím--; "Séisean a chas a chúl ar Eirinn."

Cáem, cáoimh from eDil.ie3 dear, precious, beloved; belonging to the family im chorpu aiso coim `of their loved ones' dear, precious, valuable fair, beautiful, lovely...
coemcoisrectha duly consecrated

THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN. DURMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER) O'SULLIVAN SANG. Poets and Poetry of Munster.

Dá maireadaoir, an ḃuiḋin, ṫuz tréan-ṫroid rlóż,
a z-carmairt buiḋinne Chuinn na z-céad ċaṫ
'r Eóżan;
nó a z-caṫ na h-aoine do ċlaoiḋ Turzériur treoin,
ní raċaḋ Zaill a n-íorzuill ḟaoḃraċ leó!

[1] Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175. The following is an account of his rivalry with Eogan, abridged from an excellent work "The Battle of Magh Leana," published by the Celtic Society, 1855:—

Eogan Mor, having been defeated in the battle of Cloch Barraighe, sailed with the remnant of his army to Spain. He left Great Beare Island utterly in the beginning of August, and after a voyage of nine days reached that country; the monarch welcomed him, and permitted him and his troops to reside in the west of his territory, allowing them free quarterage. The noble mien and qualities of Eogan won the king's heart, and he gave him his daughter Beara in marriage, by whom a son and two daughters were born

and at the end of nine years he so longed with a filial longing to look upon his Father-land, that he communicated his desire to Ebear the king. At first the monarch attempted to dissuade him, but, seeing his sorrow, he commanded that his own son and heir, Fraoch Mileasach, should accompany him with 2000 warriors, Spaniards, and foreigners (allṁuraiż). They landed on Inis Greagraidhe (called since Great Beare Island, *Inis Beara*, in honour of Eogan's queen). On invading Munster, he succeeded in obtaining pledges from its principal chiefs; two kings of Ulster (Ulaḋ) also allied themselves to him, and soon the whole island, except Connacht, revolted against Conn. He soon acceded to a division of the kingdom, hoping to recover all when Eogan's foreigners would depart. Fifteen years rolled by, the foreigners sought to return to their homes. Eoghan, however, having perceived the falsity of his rival, wished to decide the matter at once, sought for cause of war against the Northern king, and found it easily enough. He complained that an equal division of steeds, arms and armour had not been made, and demanded it; Conn refused, saying this was not contemplated by the treaty. Nine battalions of warriors marched with Eogan to Kilmore Wood, King's County, *crossed* the Eiscir Riada, or dividing mound, and encamped on the heathy plain of Leana. The king's many-coloured pavilion was lifted on a smooth hill, and three strong *duns* built outside the camp and garrisoned by the foreign troops. He of the Hundred Fights then advanced his many-coloured banners

towards Magh Leana, and sent messengers to Eogan,, offering him the royalty of the whole Island with the exception of Tara, Teffia, and Connacht. These terms were rejected by the Southern king, who wished for Tara ; and, despite the opposition of his councillor chiefs, he caused the messengers to be executed for expressing their feelings in favor of Conn with too great warmth. On hearing this at eve. all hesitation left Conn ; he burned to revenge this evil deed, and determine on a nocturnal assault ; an expedition to surprize the enemy by night was not pleasant to the brave Irish chieftains ; but, in consideration of their inferiority in point of numbers, they gave assent to it. Conn then called together his leaders, and gave each of them to choose which leader of the foe he would oppose, ex. : " which of you shall ward off from me the seven sons of Sigir ?" said Conn. " We are they," said the three destroying sons of Connall. At early dawn they surrounded the *dun* of Fraoch Mileasach, who, surprised in his sleep, rushed to the fight in his embroidered shirt of many devices, and was slain, after a short brave struggle by his mailed and armoured foes. Their shouts of triumph awoke Eogan Mor and the main body, who also were assaulted ere they could fully arm. The fierce battle began. " Forth came the seven firm-advancing sons of Sigir from the van of Eogan the Brilliant's army, with heavy, powerful, terrible anger, till they reached the very centre of Conn's army, and they cleared broad passages, and cast open immense portals in that crimson irruption, until they were encount ered by the three valiant defending sons of Connall. It was Ceid-

ghin (and his troop) who first sustained their shock ; and he spent his might on Sigir's sons till each of these heroes had wounded him, and he them. Bitter wonder seized the children of Sigir, that the strength of one man should grow and increase against them thus, and they inflicted seven wounds together on Ceidghin. Ceidghin perceived and thought that his tribe was not strong to press on the friends of Sigir's sons, and that he would *not* prefer that his kindred should have to sue them for his eric, to avenging himself upon them then ; and he dealt them seven gaping, horrid wounds, so that each were a door of death in one year's time. To his succour came then the other two sons of Connall (and their troops). They strongly pressed the fight, for they were the freshest and soundest for thrusting, till the spear of each foe was harmed in his opponent's body

by the hot-boiling of the blood distempering them. Yea, until those which were not harmed were broken, so that there were fragments, wood-hacked, flesh-soiled conspicuous splinters in the warriors' bodies. The sons of Connall then lifted up their spirits, and their combat above their antagonists. They dealt battle wounds and a manly, powerful, beating of thick, heavy, terrible blows upon those brave men. They desisted not from striking and ever-beating till they left the corses shattered and hewn of those seven gallant champions after having severed their heads from their bodies." The Irish narrator proceeds to describe in most poetic and elegant terms the severity of the battle and the chivalry of the chieftains; at last, Eogan Mor met Conn, and each wounded the other, so that Conn fell to the ground; his fall was a signal for a general rush to his rescue, and Eogan the Great was slain. "Lay down the hero-warrior," said Goll Mac Morna, *whom also he had wounded*, "his death was not the death of a coward."

A curious confirmation of the authenticity of this history is to be found in the fact that there still exist descendants of those dauntless warriors, not only in Kerry, near where Eogan Mor landed, but also in Gleann mór néin of Tir-Eoghan, where they always have preserved the tradition of their coming from Spain. Without a knowledge of ancient Irish history, this would seem improbable to the ethnologist, for their name Sigerson or Segerson, and they have always maintained the "Son" among themselves in preference to

the Gaelic Mac, points at once to their Norwegian descent. It is easy to account for their having been in Spain, as the adventurous and fiery spirit of the Northern Sea-kings carried them further than that. Probably the "small" or petty king, Sigur Sir who left Norway for the Orkneys, or some of his relatives, made an irruption into Spain, touching at the north of France, (where, I am informed, live another tribe of Sikersons, the *g* being changed to *k* to preserve the hard sound), breaking down the power of the feudal nobles, and freeing the trampled serfs for a time, as was the wont of the Vikings. As a corroborative proof of these views Eogan Mor's 2000 auxiliaries are mentioned as being composed of Spaniards *and foreigners*, or more correctly, *men from beyond the sea*, (all muna, i.e. anall, from the other side, hence all, beyond, and muir, the sea).—Er.

1697, Arthur O'Keeffe of Dunbullog left his manors,lands, etc. to his heir, Daniel, with remainders to his sons Charles and Arthur, Counsellor at Law, who died in London in 1756 and is buried at Westminster Abbey (described in 1740 as of Lincoln's Inn and Bedford Row, London)

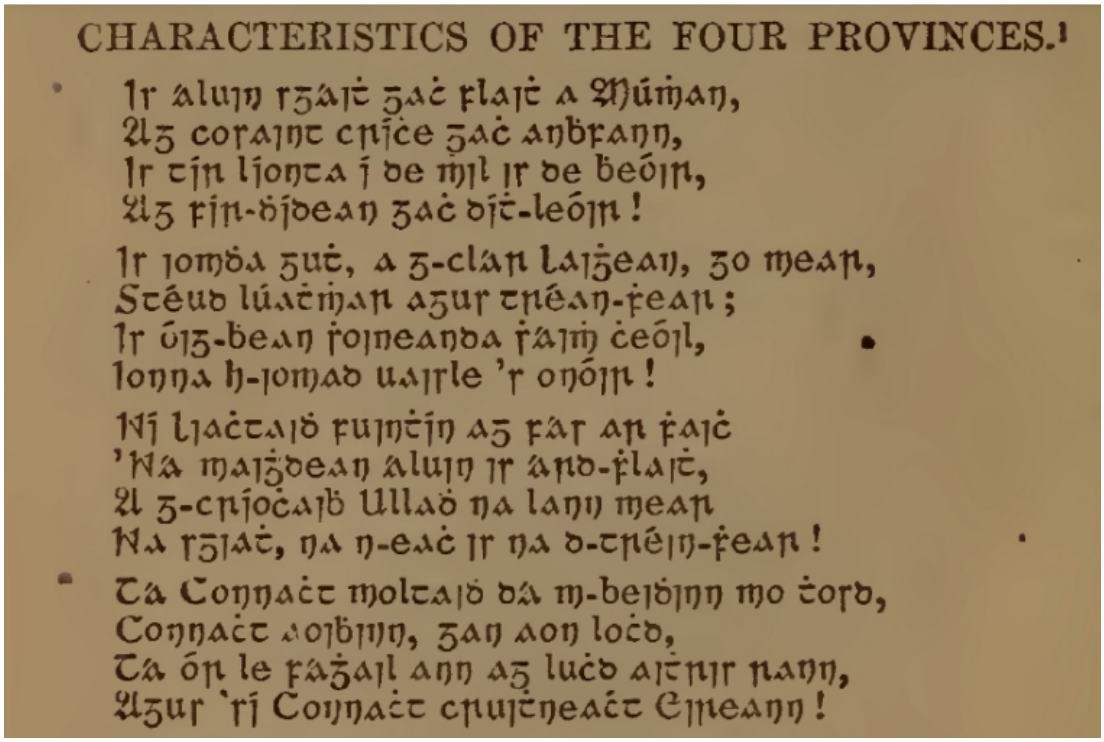
From Westminster-Abbey.org In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey is a white marble monument and bust to the memory of lawyer Arthur

O'Keeffe. It was designed by Benjamin Palmer and erected in the late 1750s. The inscription reads:

Near this place lies the Body of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Lineally descended from the [CHIEFS] OF IRELAND, The best of Husbands and the worthiest of Men. Deceit and Guile he knew not: Honesty was an innate principle in him. He is gone to receive the Reward of a Virtuous and well spent Life Died the 26th of September 1756. Near this place lies the Body of ISABELLA the Sincere and Affectionate Wife of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Died the 26th of September 1762.

Below the inscription is an achievement of arms and motto, both now rather worn. However, from a book published in 1823, the coats of arms are given as: quarterly of four: 1. Azure, a lion rampant or, for O'Keeffe, 2. Sable, an armed knight proper, on a grey horse, ground vert, 3. or, a peacock in its pride proper, 4. vert, three lizards in pale or, impaling or a chevron ermine, between three trefoils slipped proper.

The supporters are two lions rampant and the motto Forti et Fideli nihil difficile [Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis, níl a dhath doiligh.]...



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR PROVINCES.[1]

Is áluin sʒáiṫ ʒaċ ƒlaiṫ a Múṁan,
Aʒ coraint críċe ʒaċ anḃƒann,
Is tír líonta í de ṁil is de ḃeóir,
Aʒ ƒír-ḋídean ʒaċ díṫ-leóir!

Is iomḋa ʒuṫ, a ʒ-clár Laiʒean, ʒo mear,
Stéud lúaṫṁar aʒus tréan-ƒear;
Is óiʒ-ḃean ṙoineanda ṙáiṁ ċeóil,
Ionna h-iomad uaisle 's onóir!

Ní Liaċtaiḋ fuinṫín aʒ fás ar ƒaiċ
'Ná maiʒdean áluin is árd-ƒlaiṫ,
A ʒ-críoċaiḃ Ullaḋ na lann mear
Na sʒiaṫ, na n-eaċ is na d-tréin-ƒear!

Tá Connaċt moltaiḋ dá m-beiḋinn mo ṫosd,
Connaċt aoiḃinn, ʒan aon loċd,
Tá ór le fáʒail ann aʒ luċd aiṫris rann,
Aʒus 'sí Connaċt cruiṫneaċt Eireann!

June 2 [1799]. Communication with Dublin re-established —General Court Martial assembled at the Council Chamber.The first named, Mr. Peter O'Keeffe, charged with administering the United Irishmen's oath, was subsequently tried by Court Martial, and acquitted.
Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin.

The wran the wran the [Rí] of all birds, St Stephen’s day was caught in the furzse. Although he was small his family was great. Rise up landlady and give us a trate. Up with the ketel and down with the pan. A penny on a halfpenny to bury the Wran (NFCS, Naomh Muire, Droichead Átha 0680: 219)

na Buachaillí Bána from wikipedia The Whiteboys (Irish: na Buachaillí Bána) were a secret Irish agrarian organisation in 18th-century Ireland ... to defend tenant farmer land rights for subsistence farming. ... As they levelled the fences at night, they were usually referred to at the time as "Levellers" by the authorities, and by themselves as "Queen Sive Oultagh's children" ("Sive" or "Sieve Oultagh" being anglicsed from the Irish Sadhbh Amhaltach, or Ghostly Sally), "[Túatha Dé Dánann]", or as followers of "Johanna Meskill" or "Sheila Meskill", all symbolic figures supposed to lead the movement. They sought to address rack-rents, tithe collection, excessive priests' dues, evictions and other oppressive acts.

The Constitution Of United [_____] 1797 The Declaration, Resolutions, and Constitution of the Societies of United [_____]
We have no national government, we are ruled by [_____], and the servants of [_____], whose object is the interest of another [_____], whose instrument is corruption, and whose strength is the weakness of Ireland; and these men have the whole of the power and patronage of the country ...

We have gone to what we conceived to be the root of the evil. We have stated what we conceive to be remedy. With a [_____] thus formed, everything is easy - without it, nothing can be done - and we do call on, and most earnestly exhort our countrymen in general to follow our example

In the awful presence of God....

> **"I will plant the Tree of Liberty in as many hearts as I can depend my life upon" Cork Constitution of March 24, 1823.**

Bruce Springsteen may have been Born In The USA - but his roots are in Ireland. Independent.ie 27 Bealtaine 2016 Researchers have uncovered The Boss's great-great-great-grandfather was from Co Kildare. And Christy Gerrity, from Rathangan, was also known as a hell-raiser and outspoken protester in his glory days. He was arrested and imprisoned in 1823 under the Insurrection Act - which targeted those protesting the social injustice of excessive tithes, rent payments and related evictions....

DUHALLOW CAVALRY,

FORMED MARCH 23RD, 1822.

(*Counterpart of the original Form to which Members signed their Names.*)

We, the undersigned gentlemen, residing in or near the Barony of Duhallow, propose and agree tó form a cavalry association for the purpose of preserving the peace of the country, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

W. W. Becher.	John M. Nash.	Edward Wrixon.
Wm. Wrixon.	Joseph Coppinger.	John Leahy.
John Longfield.	John Bullen.	Richard Bullen.
Adam Newman.	William Bullen, junr.	Henry Longfield.
John Flyn Newman.	John D. Freeman.	John M. Wrixon.
Stephen H. Atkins.	Edward D. Freeman.	George Purcell.
John N. Wrixon.	Richard P. Davis.	George Rogers.
Henry V. Wrixon.	Thomas Williamson.	Edward Leahy.
John N. Wrixon, junr.	Thomas P. Flynn.	Edward Lombard.
Pierce Power.	John Wrixon.	Philip Purdon (add. by ballot)
Edward Foott.	Henry Wrixon.	George S. Crofts do.
James Lysaght.	Nicholas Wrixon.	

At a meeting held at Ballyclogh, March 23rd, 1822, W. W. Becher, Esq., in the chair, Resolved—That we form ourselves into a cavalry corps, for the purpose of preserving the peace, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force.

.. a text from the early Irish law tracts, Corpus Iuris Hibemici, describing the divisions of the family (fine): The derbfine ('certain family') is like the trunk of the human body, the taobfine ('lateral family') is like the two upper arms that branch out from the flank, the iarfine is like the two forearms, the innfine is like the two fists, and the ingen ar meraib (literally 'fingernails' and the last degree of kinship) are like the fingers and the nails. So it appears that what Fergus is describing is a ritualised dismemberment which correlates closely to the early Irish pattern of kinship, as reflected in the divisions of the fine.

Two series of divisions, from jawbone to fingernails ·and from skull to toenails, represent another form of social hierarchy, again using the model of the body to stratify degrees of kinship, giving primacy to the immediate family, a motif particularly significant to Ríocht for determining the course of succession.

According to the mythic ideology of Ríocht, then, the [Rí] appears to be an unique

figure in the social order, on the one hand at its centre and on the other set apart from it; since just as the cosmos and the social hierarchy took form from the body of the first [Rí], so the entirety of society and the cosmos is incarnated in the form of the [Rí]. In other words, there is an identification of the [Rí] with the body politic, as well as with the land, in the relationship of microcosm to macrocosm.

The [Rí] was thus expected to reflect the characteristic qualities of each of the classes of society, as well as perform specific duties to ensure the welfare of each.
Sacral Elements of Irish Ríocht Daniel Bray in This Immense Panorama: Studies in Honour of Eric J Sharpe, p107-109

Thomas Charles Edwards (1994) has shown that the Irish law tract Críth Gablach describes a contract between [Rí] and people: the [Rí] has obligations (folad) to his people, and they have obligations to him. He observed that the contractual approach to Ríocht in Críth Gablach is unlikely to have its roots in canon law, 'nor is it to be explained by any influence from Greek or Roman political thought for it stems from native ideas of lordship and contract' (Charles Edwards 1994, 119).

We may add here that those very same 'native ideas of lordship and contract' find narrative expression in the account of Bres's reign in Cath Maige Tuired …Tomás Ó Cathasaigh https://journal.fi/scf/article/view/7403/5755

A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found… http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

White Cat Protecting the Hidden Treasure of Tipperary
The strangest story I ever heard was told by an old man about two months ago about a hidden treasure. About two miles from Nenagh in the parish of the Silvermines there is

a hill called Derry Hill.

There was gold hidden at the end of this hill under a tree a long time ago by an old gentleman. When this man was dying he called one of his servants to mind the hidden treasure for him after his death. Then the servant died twelve months after the gentleman.

After that nobody minded the hidden treasure. Until about thirty years ago an uncle to the man who was telling me the story went out one night to search for the hidden treasure. He took three other men with him and a lady to hold the light while they were digging. They dug for about one hour and at last they came to a stone flag.

They were going to lift the flag when a white cat frightened them away. They went home and nobody ever bothered since." —As relayed by Michael Kennedy, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4922136/4855683

> from ERIN
> John Boyle O'Reilly selected poems
>
> WHAT need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher,
> With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn?
> With her dark Ollamh Fódla, what need of a teacher,
> Sage, ruler, and builder in one?
>
> We read in the old historical tale, Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages)... that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet...
>
> Above all else, the mentat must be a generalist, not a specialist. It is wise to have decisions of great moment monitored by generalists. Experts and specialists lead you quickly into chaos. They are a source of useless nit-picking, the ferocious quibble over a comma. The mentat-generalist, on the other hand, should bring to decision-making a healthy common sense. [They] must not cut [themselves] off from the broad sweep of what is happening in this universe. [They] must remain

> capable of saying: "There's no real mystery about this at the moment. This is what we want now. It may prove wrong later, but we'll correct that when we come to it." The mentat-generalist must understand that anything which we can identify as our universe is merely part of larger phenomena. But the expert looks backward; he looks into the narrow standards of his own specialty. The generalist looks outward; he looks for living principles, knowing full well that such principles change, that they develop. It is to the characteristics of change itself that the mentatgeneralist must look. There can be no permanent catalogue of such change, no handbook or manual. You must look at it with as few preconceptions as possible, asking yourself: "Now what is this thing doing?" — The Mentat Handbook, Dune, Frank Herbert

Lace curtain Irish and shanty Irish are terms that were commonly used in the 19th and 20th centuries to categorize Irish people, particularly Irish Americans, by social class.

The "lace curtain Irish" were those who were well off, while the "shanty Irish" were the poor, who were presumed to live in shanties, or roughly-built cabins. Neither term was complimentary. Aside from financial status, the term "lace curtain Irish" connoted pretentiousness and social climbing, while the "shanty Irish" were stereotyped....

...In the early 20th century, James Michael Curley, a famously populist Boston politician who was called "mayor of the poor", used the term "cut glass Irish" to mock the Irish-American middle class, but the term did not catch on.

Irish Americans who prospered or married well could go from "shanty Irish" to "lace curtain Irish", and wealthy socialites could have shanty Irish roots. John F. Kennedy, for example, is considered "lace curtain" even though his great-grandparents were working-class Irish immigrants.

The term "shanty" comes from the Irish sean-tíġ (old house). Many poor Irish tenant farmers lived in one-room cabins. "The Irishman's Shanty", a 19th-century comic song, describes a stereotypical Irishman's quarters:
He has three rooms in one, kitchen, bedroom, and hall,
And his chist is three wooden pegs in the wall:
Two suits of owld clothes make his wardrobe complete,

One to wear in the shanty, that same for the street.

> **A New History of Ireland, Volume II: Medieval Ireland 1169-1534 edited by Theodore William Moody, Art Cosgrove, Francis John Byrne The cultural unity of Ireland, as reflected in the standard literary language, was maintained by the [people] of learning...who, whatever their provincial loyalties, established an agreed history and pseudo-history of Ireland, the senchas coitchenn.....**
> **...that grandly dowered genius whose poetry may well be styled a speaking picture, just as a picture may be called a song without words.**
>
> **The poets and poetry of Munster : a selection of Irish songs by the poets of the eighteeneth century, Mangan, James Clarence, 1803-1849; Hennessy, W. M. (William Maunsell), 1829-1889; Meehan, C. P. (Charles Patrick), 1812-1890, first edition 1849...**
>
> **I would insist that in addition to the epistemological [what can be known, how can we know it] criteria for evaluating rival accounts of history -- accounts more approximate than exact -- it is necessary to add ethical ones, that is, to serve justice as well as truth. We need to invoke as many solid criteria as possible--linguistic, scientific, and moral--if we are to be able to say that one historical account is more 'real' or 'true' or 'just' than another, that one particular revision of history is more legitimate than its contrary. And we should be able to say that.**
> **Richard Kearney, On Stories**
>
> **"Derrida warns against the notion of 'reconciliation' as a premature restoration of a 'normal' past. Certain reconciliation and truth tribunals may, in their rush to forgiveness, not only betray the immemorial suffering of the dead victims but also engage in a facility of compulsive public mourning which Derrida puts down to the dominant sway in our time of a 'psychotherapeutic economy'. Moreover, the temptation to resolve past horrors by means of some redemptive 'master narrative' of universal pardon often ignores those 'others' who are suppressed within this narrative or excluded from it altogether. For the very community (any**

community for that matter) which seeks to dispense such an amnesty is invariably plagued by 'gaps' in its own memory – 'hunted by the ghosts of those who were either colonized, expelled, or killed in its name'.

In critical response to this practice of exclusion and oblivion, deconstruction proposes to sensitize us to the 'faceless and nameless who have been buried beneath the weight of officially to us in the form of a Grand Narrative'. This requires, the deconstructionists tell us, a special 'micrological' attention to those ghosts and specters who have been exiled from the annals of official narrative history." Richard Kearney Strangers, Gods, and Monsters

"A rising tide lifts all boats." — John FitzGerald Kennedy

"You know...that fellow Harvey Lee Oswald, whatever his name is, set something loose in this country...
"Some look for scapegoats, others look for conspiracies, but this much is clear: Only a cleansing of our whole society can remove this sickness from our soul." Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy

'You have to pick up the torch or the cross of the fallen hero and carry it on. There's no slowing down, there's no stopping,'
Andrew Young
https://www.politico.com/magazine/story/2016/07/robert-f-kennedy-race-relations-martin-luther-king-assassination-214021

"Life cannot find reasons to sustain it, cannot be a source of decent mutual regard, unless each of us resolves to breathe such qualities into it." — Frank Herbert, Heretics of Dune

Benaim galar, benaim crecht, suidim att, fris·benaim galar, ar choin gaibes, ar dhelg goines, ar iarn benas.
I strike a disease, I strike a wounding, I halt a swelling, I heal/strike against a disease. Against the hound which seizes. Against the thorn which pierces. Against the iron which strikes.

> Carney, ‘A collection’, 150; cf. David Stifter, ‘A [prayer] for staunching blood’,Celtica 25 (2007) 251-4 as cited in: Borsje, Jacqueline. “The Second [prayer] in the Stowe Missal.” Cathinka Hambro and Lars Ivar Widerøe (eds), Lochlann. Festskrift til Jan Erik Rekdal på 60-årsdagen (Oslo: Hermes Academic Publishing) (2013): n. pag. Prin

Discovering Kerry by T. J. Barrington page 234:

"In Dingle there was a British army post. In the year 1793 there was a major agitation against excessive rent by tennats of the Mullins estate.

At a big demonstration in Dingle in June, 1793, the soldiers, on Mullins orders, opened fire, killing fourteen and wounding many others."

On a day in June, 1793, many people assembled in Dingle's main street in the belief that Tithes (a 10% annual tax to the Anglican Church) would be abolished locally. It was declared to be an illegal assembly. A contemporary account states that after John Griffin of Athacarrible, Kinard, fired at Captain Mullins (and missed), Capt. Mullins (son of the later Lord Ventry) directed the company of the 34th Foot Regiment to fire on the crowd.

The following were the fatalities: John Griffin (above), Thomas Fitzgerald of Vicarstown, Dunquin, Thomas Kennedy of Ballyveheen, Maurin, Ballyferriter, John Baker of Cahirdorgan, Kilmalkeder, Ballyferriter, John Thomas of Gurrane, Richard Thomas of Kilquane, and Mrs. Gloster (formerly-Fitzgerald) of Glens, Dingle.
http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~irlker/dmassacre.html

> The tale Aided Chrimthainn maic Fidaig ('The Killing of Crimthann mac Fidaig') tells how Mongfind kills her brother, [Rí] Crimthann of Munster, so that one of her sons might become [Rí]. Mongfind offers Crimthann a poisoned drink at a feast, but he asks her to drink from it first. Having no other choice but to drink the poison, she dies on Samhain eve. The Middle Irish writer notes that Samhain is also called Féile Moingfhinne .... wikipedia

Not without considerable timidity are the following pages offered to the benevolence of the reader. It is not from any doubt of the interest felt by his [fellow daoine/people] in the subject to which their notice is solicited, but it is from the presumption that his work might have gained in completeness by more extensive research, than the laborious duties of a calling, adverse to all literary pursuits, permitted, that the author feels obliged to acknowledge the hesitation he feels in inviting the attention of the learned to this slender result of much labour. A sincere search after truth, and a desire to waken up from oblivion—as it is well to do from time to time~the past glories of our [culture], have sufficed to cheer the author through many difficulties that have attended his studies. To all his [daoine] the [saoirse], the [gaisce], the [fios], and the piety of [daoine] of of all ages are [dúchas], and, therefore, to all are sketches, genealogical, historical, and biographical, like the following, of importance ; and to all are these now offered ...

AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

> County Kerry Archaeological Journal[Kerry Archaelogical Magazine] #1 1908
>
> Airtre, son of Cathal Gionach, succeeded Tuathal as twenty-fourth Christian [Rí] of Munster. His reign was memorable for the hostile appearance during it of the Danes in Ireland.
>
> In 815 they landed at a place called Caomh-Inis-Obhrathach, on the west coast of Munster, with sixty sail and a large army. They plundered the coast and pillaged Inis Labhraine and Dair Inis, reducing to ashes all towns and monasteries which fell in their way.
>
> Airtre, on reading of these atrocities, hastened to raise an army for the defence of the country. He gave battle to the barbarous invaders, whom he completely routed, after killing 416 of their men.

The Danes took to flight, and under cover of the darkness of the night managed to escape. They then precipitately re-embarked for their own country. Feidlim, the son of Criomthan, succeeded to the throne of the two Munsters in 807. The Danes who had fled back to their own country on their defeat by Airtre, after a time returned with another powerful fleet, which landed on the coast of Munster with a pitiless horde of barbarians, who forthwith proceeded to commit wholesale devastation. Feidlim marched against them with a large army, and inflicted on them a crushing defeat, with great loss of life, and forced the survivors to fly the country.

Having thus disposed of the foreigners, Feidlim turned his attention to his Irish enemies.

He waged war on Cathal, the son of Olioll, [Rí] of Hy Maine, and ultimately defeated the Connacians in 832 at the battle of Easroid. He also reduced to subjection the people of Hy Nial and Brefney, and was victorious over Nial Caille, the Monarch of Ireland. It is said that Feidlim, at the end of his life, being remorseful for the ravages committed by his army in his younger days, abdicated the sovereignty, took holy orders, and became Archbishop of Leath Mogha. He died in 845. Otcobar, son of Clonfadith, and great great grandson of Aodh-Beanrian, being then Abbot of Emly, succeeded to the throne on the death oi Feidlim.

He was of an ambitious and warlike character. He attacked near Cashel and put to flight a large body of Danes and Norwegians under the command of the redoubtable Turgesius, after killing 500 of them. He then followed up his victory, and, in union with the [Rí] of Lagenia, in 849 attacked at Skiath ni Achtair an army of Danes led by Tomar, the hereditary prince of Denmark, and completely routed them.

The Danes lost 1,200 men on the field of battle, including their leader, Prince Tomar. [Rí] Otcobar also fell, as he bravely passed from rank to rank, sustaining by his example the courage of the Eugenian troops.

Passing over the reigns of Otcobar's six immediate successors, Algenan,

Maolgula, Ceanfold O'Maolgula, Donoch, Dublachtna, and Fionnguine, which are devoid of special interest, we come to that of Cormac MacCullinan, Archbishop of Cashel, and [Rí] of the two Munsters. Cormac, who was descended from Breasail, a younger son of Aongus, the first Christian [Rí], was born in 837, and was educated in the Abbey of Dysart Dermod (still called Castle Dermot), in Leinster.

Devoted to study from his earliest years, he acquired a profound knowledge of theology, ecclesiastical history, and human sciences. He will ever be remembered by the celebrated "Glossary" called by his name, which is the earliest attempt at a vernacular dictionary in any European language, and is a monumental store of learning. Of his other great work, the Psalter of Cashel, only a fragment now remains, though from the accounts of three great scholars of the 17th century, i.e., Keating, Colgan, and Ware, it must have been extant in their time. This work is also attributed to St- Benignus, who lived more than three centuries earlier than Cormac....

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster. [In the 18th century Munster had almost a monopoly of the Gaelic poets, whose genius, learning, patriotism and itinerant propensities, furthermore, saved the Irish language from utter extinction in the South—samples of whose writings and some account of those of their number who belonged to the County Cork appeared in the early numbers of this Journal, and now form a separate volume, still to be had of Messrs. Guy and Co., Cork. In the 19th century the County Cork gave birth to such distinguished writers on Irish subjects as the late Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., the Rev. Thomas Olden, M.A. ; Canon Smiddy, the Rev. E. Barry, and the Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, the lately deceased parish priest of Inniscarra, who brought out the remaining volumes of the Annals of Ulster (the first of which was edited by a Co. Kerry man, the late William Maunsell Hennessy), who, it is said, was to have likewise edited the Annals of Tigernach.

In the present century Munster men again are foremost in the revival of the Irish

language, as, for instance, such writers as the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., and the indefatigable Canon P. O'Leary, P.P.; the Rev. Professor O'Hickey, and the Rev. R. Henebery, who belong to the Co. Waterford ; Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, of Co. Limerick, and Mr. P. J. O'Shea (Conan Maol), now of London, who hails from the Ríocht of Kerry.

from O'CALLAGHAN. 1724.
Aoghán Ó Rathaille, remixed

the brain of Fodla,
her inmost breast ;
Throughout five Cúige
The flower of Momonians !
The darling of Banba !
Their only hope, their love, their confidence,
Their hound in combat...
The heir of Ceallachan of Cashel, the modest and valiant,
The beloved of three Territories, the prince of high princes,
The darling of Erin, the hero among champions,
His coat of arms, drawn in golden colours :
A wolf, fierce, violent, impetuous,
Issuing from the wood's border in rapid race,
And going forth to hunt in the plains of Fodla,
...Son of Eibhear Glunfionn, the cheerful and strong,
Son of Adhnamhain, the fortunate, the generous, the subtle, the wise,
Son of Eibhear Scot, from across the sea, the modest, the ambervisaged,
Son of Lamhfionn, the cheerful-hearted, the handsome,

Son of Sru, son of Easru of the hosts,
Son of Gaodhal Glas, who was a champion in battle,
Son of Niul, son of Fenius, the powerful, S
on of Beath, who was not wont, to swear,

Son of Magog the gentle, son of the sprightly Japeth,
Son of Noah, who found protection and shelter in the ask,
Son of Lamech, whose life was long on earth,
Son of Metusalem, who was long in mortal shape,

Son of Enoch, the gentle, who deserved not the reproach of his neighbours,
Son of Japeth, son of Malalel, the sprightly,
Son of Enos, son of Seth, whose garments were not short,

Son of Adam the wise, who conceived great evil.

There is no link to record from Adam to Domhnall,
But ollam rígs, who ruled the world,
Rí of countries, Rí of provinces,
Generous chieftains, lords, and heroes.

THE EPITAPH.
Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without sorrow.
The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem,
The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength
——O stone.

"The royal foot transfixed, the gushing blood
Enrich'd the pavement with a noble flood."

..According to the 11th-century Lebor Gabála Érenn, the 14th-century Auraicept na n-Éces, and other Medieval Irish folklore, ogham was first invented soon after the fall of the Tower of Babel, along with the Gaelic language, by the legendary Scythian [Chief], Fenius Farsa. According to the Auraicept, Fenius journeyed from Scythia together with Goídel mac Ethéoir, Íar mac Nema and a retinue of 72 scholars. They came to the plain of Shinar to study the confused languages at Nimrod's tower (the Tower of Babel). Finding that they had already been dispersed, Fenius sent his scholars to study them, staying at the tower, coordinating the effort. After ten years, the investigations were complete, and Fenius created in Bérla tóbaide "the selected language", taking the best of each of the confused tongues, which he called Goídelc, Goidelic, after Goídel mac Ethéoir. He also created extensions of Goídelc, called Bérla Féne, after himself, Íarmberla, after Íar mac Nema, and others, and the Beithe-luis-nuin (the ogham) as a perfected writing system for his languages. The names he gave to the letters were those of his 25 best scholars. Wikipedia

James Joyce, Ulysses [Ní Hansa]... Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah...and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their archeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures

comprising the works of rabbis and culdees...

For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irish-men, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday.
An Leabhar Eóghannachta, Lives of the Saints

Though Keogh, Threlkeld, and other Irish botanists, assert that the Scamar oge, or Shamrog, is indeed the Trifolium repens; and Threlkeld expressly says, that ' the trefoil is worn by the people in their hats upon the 17 th of March, which is called St. Patrick's Day, it being the current tradition that by this three-leaved grass he emblematically set forth the Holy Trinity.
Popular Songs of Ireland By Thomas Crofton Croker Routledge, London, 1886 THE SHAMROCK.

...[St. Patrick] picked up a shamrock...sacred to the druids, and asked
"Is it one leaf or three?"
"It is both one leaf and three," was their reply. Gaelicmatters.com

My next exposure to Eriugena was thanks to my Dublin colleague and friend, Dermot Moran, in an essay he had written for a book I edited on The Irish Mind (1984). Moran taught me how boldly heretical Eriugena was in his ...views on God as a live power in the natural world: 'The accusation of heresy excluded Eriugena from the main western philosophical tradition for many centuries. Yet even in his own time he was regarded as an outsider, a vir barbarus, as the Vatican librarian terms him, an advena ... a''famous Irishman'' (Scotum illum)...
Ireland....Eriugena was a key figure of the Celtic intellectual diaspora of medieval Europe. In the ninth century he left Ireland for Laon in France, where he spent many years at the court of King Charles the Bald, writing his great theopoetic treatise on Nature (the Periphysion). His impressive [work] also counted a significant body of poems (full of Celtic puns and hilarities) as well as his monumental translation of the Patristic mystic, Denys the Areopagite, from Greek into Latin. But he was not alone. His...included many other Irish scholars, amongst them Sedulius Scotus, Martin Hiberniensis, and Fergus of Laon.

...The overall import of Eriugena's message is, I believe, that the divine is not to be understood as a static metaphysical Idea—hiding away in some transcendental heaven —but as an integral part of all created things: theopoetics incarnate.

Literature & Theology, Vol. 33. No. 3, September 2019, pp. 233–240
doi:10.1093/litthe/frz019 MY WAY TO THEOPOETICS THROUGH ERIUGENA
Richard Kearney

'There is an extensive and varied extant corpus of medieval Irish theological material, both in Latin and the vernacular, from the seventh century onwards. Yet, apart from Eriugena and his rough contemporaries at the Carolingian court, the philosophical significance of pre-scholastic Irish contributions to the development of Christian theology has been almost completely neglected.... In The Prologue to Senchas Már, the high-[chief], Loegaire, following St. Patrick's defeat of his magi (druid)[The standard Latin translation of 'drui' (i.e. druid) in medieval Irish literature is 'magus'.] in a contest of miracles, assembles the best of the men of Ireland to discuss their laws. Before Patrick arrives, those assembled express their fear that moral and political chaos will result if the 'Law of Forgiveness' (cain dilguda), preached by Patrick, is adopted.

They resolve to pay a man, Núadu, to kill a member of Patrick's household, intending to accept Patrick's 'Law of Forgiveness' if he forgives the crime, and to reject it if he does not.11 Patrick's reaction is to look up to heaven, after which earthquakes ensue, causing the men of Ireland to plead the forgiveness preached by Patrick. But he refuses to make a judgement on the matter himself, rather entrusting it to the 'royal-poet' (rígḟiled) of Ireland, Dubthach. Patrick lays hands on Dubthach, so that he may judge the matter by means of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.13 However, there is another sense in which Dubthach was already thus inspired. He was chosen for this task as a representative of the 'righteous poets and judges of the men of Ireland',14 through whom the Holy Spirit revealed the 'Law of Nature' (recht aicnid),15 in a manner comparable to the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture. The 'Law of Nature', made known through these righteous poets and judges, is contrasted with the 'Law of Scripture' (recht litre), which has now been made known to Ireland through Patrick. Neither Dubthach nor Patrick are able to conciliate the apparent conflict between the respective Laws of Nature and Scripture on their own, since each is limited to one side of the dilemma or the other. However, when, at Patrick's hands, Dubthach also receives the Holy Spirit as it is manifest according to

the Law of Scripture, he comes to occupy a position that is beyond the difference between natural and scriptural, secular and ecclesiastical forms of revelation. His transcendence of their mutual distinction allows him to judge the entirety of pre-Christian Irish learning in relation to that of the Church, thus distinguishing what truly belongs to the Law of Nature from what does not, so that the Law of Nature, thus defined, may be incorporated into a single law together with the, now reinterpreted, Law of Scripture. This is further defined as a determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful...'
A Law beyond Grace in The Prologue to Senchas Már
Daniel James Watson Maynooth University

Irish Chiefs and High-Chiefs Francis John Byrne, 1973
The Old Irish poem on the Passion by Blathmac mac Con Brettan ... describes Christ as:
ferr fáith, fisidin cech druí
rí ba hepscop, ba lánsui

Better he than prophet, more knowledgeable than any druid
A king who was bishop and full sage More excellent his form than that of any human being, more vigorous his stout vigour than that of any wright, wiser than any breast under heaven, more just than any judge. ...

...[Christ's] hospitality is extolled in legal phraseology ; this was a virtue held in high esteem by poets: 'He used to go about for the good of all ; he was affable, gentle in manner; in the face of any affliction he did not inflict abusive rejection (etech n-aíre) or repulse (essáin).

...The [Aboriginal Irish Orthodox Catholic] church...fitted so well into Irish society that it was hardly tempted to change it. It owed little to the princes of this world, and was not inclined to help advance their prestige or prerogatives.

When the paschal controversy was discussed at the synods of Mag Léna and Mag nAilbe in or about the year 630, no king presided over their deliberations.

That Colmán should have withdrawn in dudgeon from Northumbria after the 'Synod' of

Whitby in 664, almost certainly reflected his distaste for the settlement of an ecclesiastical dispute by an earthly ruler.

St. Wilfred was indeed soon to be made aware of the political effects of his victory. Nevertheless a movement towards increasing the royal power did begin to make itself felt within the Irish church. It may possibly have originated among the Romanizing party in the seventh century, since these must have wished to abolish ... portions of the brehon laws.

The late Middle Irish introduction to the Senchas Már ascribes to St. Patrick himself an unsuccessful attempt to establish capital punishment for manslaughter instead of composition by payment of éraic to the victim's kin.

More significantly, when the church of Armagh asserted its primacy it began to favour the idea of a national monarchy, a high-kingship of Ireland, which could support its position and guarantee its privileges throughout the country. But it was not until the twelfth century, by which time Irish society had moved a long way along the road to feudalism, that powerful provincial kings and pretenders to the high-kingship lent active support to the pioneers of church reform and helped to set up the new territorial dioceses....

OF VISIONS FORETELLING THE BIRTH OF COLUMCILLE AND OF MARVELS BEFORE HIS BIRTH 44. 'The druids of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, did thus foretell the coming of Colmcille afore his birth ...Betha Colaim chille.

“How can I be aware
Of where we are
When all our history
Doesn’t seem to be
Taught to children righteously?”
Bobby Ó Sullivan, Big Book

“None of us can help the things life has done to us. They’re done before you realize it, and once they’re done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you’d like to be, and you’ve lost your true self forever.” — Eugene O'Neill, Long Day's Journey Into Night

St. of Egypt Anthony said, "A time is coming when men will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad, they will attack him saying, 'You are mad, you are not like us.'"

[O'Brien,]“You are a slow learner, Winston." "How can I help it? How can I help but see what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four." "Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane.”— George Orwell, 1984

They laugh at me because I'm different; I laugh at them because they're all the same.
Kurt Ó Cobain

:“As I walked out the door toward the gate that would lead to my freedom, I knew if I didn't leave my bitterness and hatred behind, I'd still be in prison.”
Nelson Mandela

Paired opposites define your longings and those longings imprison you.
Dune, Frank Herbert

“You build on failure. You use it as a stepping stone. Close the door on the past. You don't try to forget the mistakes, but you don't dwell on it. You don't let it have any of your energy, or any of your time, or any of your space.” — Johnny Cash

These are some old sayings which my mother told me she often heard. "You have the wrong sow by the lug this time." "I am bigger standing like a dog sitting." "The fat is in the fire." "A crow in peacock's feathers." "Sure man a live ." " "Many are called but few get up." "I will do it with a heart and a half." Eileen O' Keeffe, Mullenoran Bridge, Co. Westmeath duchas.ie

from Tomás Ó Cathasaigh of Harvard University, Coire Sois, The Cauldron of Knowledge: A Companion to Early Irish Saga ...Cath Maige Tuired 'The Battle of Mag Tuired' (Gray 1982), which is by common consent the most important of our mythological tales.

...In Cath Maige Tuired, Lug comes as a stranger to Tara, traditionally the seat of the [chiefs] of Ireland, and seeks admittance to Núadu's court. He is opposed by an official of Núadu's, who asks him repeatedly to name a skill that would entitle him to enter Tara. Lug names a remarkable number of skills, one by one, and is told each time that there is already a practitioner of that skill in Tara. He is not to be bested, however: he asks whether there is anyone in Tara who possesses all of those skills, and of course there is no such person. The [chief] then decrees that Lug should be admitted to Tara. At first Lug sits in the sage's seat, but Núadu decides that Lug will be just the one to liberate the Túatha Dé Danann from the depradations of the Fomoiri. He therefore changes places with Lug, who thus becomes [chief]. Lug's father was Cían of the Túatha Dé Danann and his mother was a daughter of Balor of the Fomoiri. Balor had a destructive eye that would disable an entire army if they looked at it. In the decisive act of the battle, Lug casts a sling stone at Balor's eye that carries it through his head, so that it is the Fomoiri that look at it. Balor dies, and by killing his own maternal grandfather, Lug ensures victory for the Tuatha Dé Danann. He goes on to spare Bres's life, and in return Bres has to reveal the secrets....

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh
Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh
Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás
'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag

2018 Céilí dance, Maurice O'Keeffe Fiddle Festival.
Daughter of Maurice O'Keeffe:
So you think you're Ó Keeffe do you?
I explained my mother as the seventh daughter of Rita Kieff Brown.
We had a [Chief] of Munster once, she says.
More than once, I replied.
He'll do, she replies.

"Calvin O'Keefe: Your family, you're all... something... I don't know what.
Meg Murry: We're mostly just ordinary.
Calvin O'Keefe: No, I don't think so. Not as ordinary as you think."
Madeleine L'Engle, A Wrinkle in Time

“There’s something wrong in not appreciating one’s own special abilities, my girl. Find your own limitations, yes, but don’t limit yourself with false modesty.” —
Anne McCaffrey, Dragonsinger

Contention of the Bards
Offer your prayers, then, to God with pure contrition,
and I pardon you now all you have done to me ;
and I ask you to pardon me so that we may win the peace of God
through being at peace with each other in this vale of tears,
and that we may not walk the path of folly...
It is certain that the men of earth are going to be judged by Thee, O Christ !

"It is necessary that the Holy Spirit enter our heart. Everything good that we do, that we do for Christ, is given to us by the Holy Spirit, but prayer most of all, which is always available to us.'' St. Seraphim of Sarov

CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL
1912 T. O'donoghue, Selected and remixed.

Give thanks to God; it is not too much, o [chief];
it is your duty, o [chief]; offer [God] thanks for every benefit.
Of the Clann Eógain, without concealment, whether freeman or active stranger,
honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince.
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, of Thy Ríocht,
O Prince, come valiantly to my aid in all the sufferings of my soul.
For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth,
I pray Thee, O Christ of my heart, that the Ríocht of Heaven may be for my soul.
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, protect me against all iniquity, lest,
O Heavenly Rí, the temptations of demons or men destroy me.
For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, come forthwith to my aid; before I go from the living world take from me every unrighteousness.
Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee.

The Angel exclaimed to her, full of grace:
Rejoice, O pure Virgin! Again, I say rejoice!
Your Son is risen from the grave
on the third day and has raised the dead!
Let all nations rejoice!
Shine in splendor, O New Jerusalem [a Mhagda Mhuire],
for the glory of the Lord is risen upon you, O Zion.
Sing with joy and rejoice, and you - pure Mother of God -
Rejoice in the Resurrection of your Son! Amen.

Byzantine Catholic Prayer for the Home
"The Angel Cried"

Iarla Fitzgerald

The prophecy of the return of Geároid Iarla,

source: Voices from the Dawn

...Many of the stories of the enchanted Lough Gur center on the life and legends of Gerald, or Garrett, Fitzgerald... the scion of the Munster branch of the Hiberno-Norman Geraldines.

He died (some say he disappeared) in 1398. The island near the east shore of Lough Gur, Garrett Island, is named after him. He is known locally as Geároid Iarla, or Earl Gerald, in legend the son of the [Bean Sí] Áine from nearby Knock Áine.

From his mother he gained his powers of [poetry]. Geároid lives there in the under-lake world to this day, awaiting the time of his normal return to the world of men.

But once in every seven years, on clear moonlight nights, he emerges temporarily, when the Lough Gur [daoine] see him as a phantom mounted on a phantom white horse, leading a phantom or [Duine Sí] cavalcade across the lake and land.

The locals would explain to any visitor that Geároid, "...must continue this until the silver shoes of his horse wear out." ... Geároid, who was the Chief Justice for Ireland in 1367...composed poetry in both Irish and French.

According to Michael Dames, Geároid the man "came to emulate Lugh's and Finn's roles at Lough Gur in joining the world of men to that of the [heroes]."

Geároid, son of an invader, a foreigner, was taken to the heart of the Lough Gur myth cycle, and installed there by local people as 'an enchanted [druid]...a lost leader whose return is awaited, and a feared [Chief] of the [Banshee] host [An Slua Sí].' 'I am the son of the [Chief] of the [Norman [Túatha Dé Danann]] sung in Co. Limerick in 1879... http://www.voicesfromthedawn.com/lough-gur/

Angela Gallagher of the Slivervoice blog provides the following description of the process Heralding their arrival by loudly playing the bodhran (an Irish drum) as they make their way towards the door, and with barely enough time to shut the startled dogs away, the door is opened wide and the musicians stream in. Dressed in old clothing, mostly in white, with assorted bits of tinsel, straw and holly attached to hats of all descriptions, they file in and proceed to entertain us with a few songs, some traditional airs expertly played on fiddles, bodhrans, accordions, tin whistles and flutes, and Irish dancing. The entire performance lasts less than 10 minutes, and they play themselves out again, back into the night! The modern wren tradition now also incorporates street parades. The straw boys often take part in the parades and other organised Wren Day events. In Dingle the wren tradition also incorporates A pantomime-type horse with a wooden head, snapping jaws and a body made from cloth stretched across a timber frame, it is worn on the shoulders of one of the members of the Wren – who whirls and capers at the head of the parade (Woods 1997).

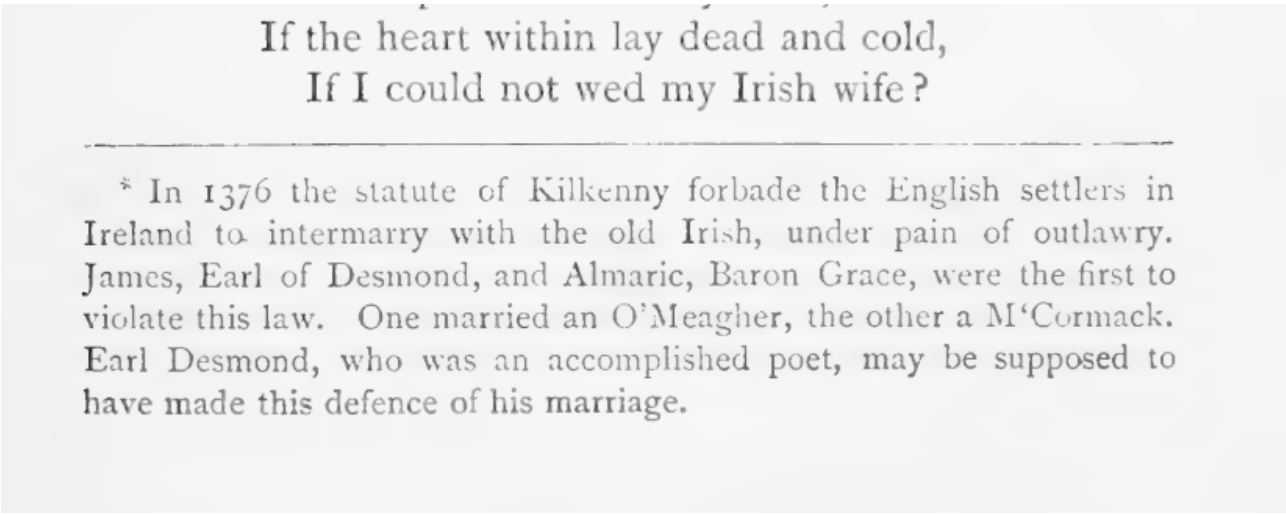
Lá an Dreoilín by Louise Nugent, pilgrimagemedievalireland

Irish Minstrelsy, Sparling, 1888

O what would be this home of mine?
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face!
What comfort in a mine of gold,
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.



If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

* In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under pain of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher, the other a M'Cormack. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may be supposed to have made this defence of his marriage.

Gearóid Iarla was so...highly regarded as a poet that he was also referred to as Gearóid Filid (Gerald the Poet). The bulk of his [obair] was composed in Irish, but he also wrote in Norman French....

That he acquired both the proficiency in the language and the interest in and respect for the native culture to compose poetry in Irish is one of the least surprising aspects of Gearóid Iarla's story: by his time, the process of the Hiberno-Normans becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves" was irreversibly underway...

...Much of Gearóid Iarla's Irish poetry is collected in a work from the fifteenth century called Duanaire Ghearóid Iarla (the Poem-Book of Earl Gerald). In modern times the Duanaire has been published by Gearóid Mac Niocaill in Studia Hibernica (3[1963]: 7-59).

...from Gearóid Iarla's darkest hour. During a series of battles with the O'Brien clan who ruled some of the parts of Munster that he did not (the [chiefing] of Tuamhain, Thomond in English with means "north Munster"), the earl was captured and taken to Ennis, the O'Briens' capital, where he was imprisoned for a year.

With much time on his hands while waiting for his family to stump up a ransom for him, Gearóid Iarla turned to poetry for solace. It was in Ennis, in Brian O'Brien's Clonroad castle by the river Fergus, that the Earl composed his most celebrated poem "Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh" ("Speak not ill of womankind"):

1] Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh!
2] bheith dá n-éagnach ní dáil chruinn,
3] a bhfuaradar do ghuth riamh
4] dom aithne ní hiad do thuill.
5] Binn a mbriathra, gasta a nglór,
6] aicme rerab mór mo bháidh;
7] a gcáineadh is mairg nár loc;
8] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
9] Ní dhéanaid fionghal ná feall,
10] ná ní ar a mbeith grainc ná gráin;
11] ní sháraighid cill ná clog;
12] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
13] Ní tháinig riamh acht ó mhnaoi
14] easbag ná rí (dearbhtha an dáil),
15] ná priomhfháidh ar nách biadh locht;
16] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
17] Agá gcroidhe bhíos a ngeall;
18] ionmhain leó duine seang slán,—
19] fada go ngeabhdaois a chol;
20] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
21] Duine arsaidh leathan liath
22] ní hé a mian dul 'na dháil;
23] annsa leó an buinneán óg bocht;
24] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh!

Speak not ill of womankind,
‘Tis no wisdom if you do.
You that fault in women find,
I would not be praised of you.

Sweetly speaking, witty, clear,
Tribe most lovely to my mind,
Blame of such I hate to hear.
Speak not ill of womankind.

Bloody treason, murderous act,
Not by women were designed,
Bells o'erthrown nor churches sacked,
Speak not ill of womankind.

Bishop, [Rí] upon his throne,
Primate skilled to loose and bind,
Sprung of women every one!
Speak not ill of womankind.

For a brave young fellow long
Hearts of women oft have pined.
Who would dare their love to wrong?
Speak not ill of womankind.

Paunchy greybeards never more
Hope to please a woman's mind.
Poor young chieftains they adore!
Speak not ill of womankind.
Gearóid Iarla and Ennis https://ucronin.wordpress.com/ 2017

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.
William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar

Is maol guatha gan bráthair
's is mairg bhíonn gan dearbhráthair
i n-am tagartha an ghlóir mhir
is mall agartha an éinfhir

'Bare is the shoulder without a cousin near
and woe to him that wants a brother dear
In time of boastful words the hand is slow
That strikes in battle with a single blow'

You speak an infinite deal of nothing.
William Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC. " THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

" ...The days of the Reformation followed. In them, Ireland became a pawn in a great political game. Little piece that she was, she was sacrificed...So it came about. At first, the chieftains were angry at Adamnan's new law, but, in the end, the Saint prevailed.

After a time, securities and bonds were given to him " for the freeing of women," and the guarantors gave three shouts of malediction on every man who would kill a woman with his right hand, or his left, by a kick, or by his tongue, so that his heirs are the alder, the nettle, and the corncrake."

This curious old story, which seems something more than a mere legend, goes on to say : " Now after the coming of Nm. Adamnáin, no woman is deprived of her testimony, if it be bound in righteous deeds.

For a mother is a venerable treasure, a mother is a goodly treasure, the mother of saints, and bishops, and righteous men, an increase of the [Ríocht] of Heaven, a propagation upon earth.
Adamnan suffered much hardship for your sakes, O women, so that ever since Adamnan's time one half of the house is yours, and there is also a place for your chair in the other half, so that your contract and your safeguard are free.

And the first law made in Heaven and on earth for women is Adamnan's law."

...The Cain Adamnan goes on to give details of the punishments to be inflicted for the killing of a woman, or even for [physical abuse], or an insult [verbal abuse].

St. Adamnan, the northerner, the prince of the Hy-Neil, lives still in his Law. Never did man make a better, nor a law better obeyed.

In no country do women receive more honour and reverence than in Ireland. At all periods of Ireland's history, even in the darkest, the women of Ireland have ever been held in the highest esteem. In the famous records, such as The Annals of the Four Masters, The Annals of Lough Ce, the Chronicon Scotorum, the names of illustrious women are chronicled side by side with those of men. And these names are not few. ...

Eirinn the Mother, renews her youth in her worthy children. It is the young, fleet of foot, and quick of brain, with the light of morning in their faces, and their hearts full of hope and courage, who must carry on the torches of faith, endeavour, and high ideals.

Their way has been smoothed now by the passage of many feet. Old difficulties have been worn away, or removed. Maybe other difficulties different have arisen.
But the qualities which make men and women great and good remain the same. The women whose stories are told ...were not all good and great. Some were saints, some sinners.

Some, like ourselves, were made up of the characteristics of both. They were shaped and moulded by the lessons of life on earth long ago. Each was the product of her particular period, and upon that period, for good or for ill, each left her mark.

These earthly lives of theirs have their lessons to-day. An old proverb says : "To-day is the Child of Yesterday." This is true, but to-day is ours. What are we going to make of it ? What kind of a Yesterday is this To-day of ours going to make for those who follow us ?

The answer in the main lies with the daughters of this Mother-land of ours whatever their lot in life, and wherever they may be. Their traditions of Womanhood are high. Their ideals must be even higher...

Mary McCarthy "The labor of keeping house is labor in its most naked state, for labor is toil that never finishes, toil that has to be begun again the moment it is completed, toil that is destroyed and consumed by the life process."

"I would suggest that a feminism which does not also seek to alter the exploitation of poorer women is not feminism at all, but is simply a varient for of upper-class politics &

selfprivileging.” Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals: The Wetiko Disease of Imperialism, Exploitation and Terrorism

“As usual, in every scheme that worsens the position of the poor, it is the poor who are invoked as beneficiaries.” — Vandana Shiva

“The children of Lir remained that night in the ruins of the palace—the home of their forefathers, where they themselves had been nursed ; and several times during the night they chanted their sad, sweet, [Duine Sí] music. Early next morning they left Shee Finnaha, and flew west to Inis Glora, where they alighted on a small lake.

There they began to sing so sweetly that all the birds of the district gathered in flocks round them on the lake, and on its shore, to listen to them ; so that the little lake came to be called the Lake of the Birdflocks. During the day the birds used to fly to distant points of the coast to feed, now to Iniskea of the lonely crane,* now to Achill, and sometimes south wards to Donn's Sea Rocks,+ and to many other islands and headlands along the shore of the Western Sea, but they returned to Inis Glora every night.” • Iniskea ; a little rocky island near the coast of Erris, in Mayo. " The lonely crane of Iniskea" was one of the "Wonders of Ireland."

According to an ancient legend, which still lives among the peasantry of Mayo, a crane —one lonely bird—has lived on the island since the beginning of the world, and will live there till the day of judgment. + Donn's Sea Rocks—called in the text Teach-Dhuinn, or Donn's House, which is also the present Irish name ; a group of three rocks — from The Fate of the Children of Lir, OLD CELTIC ROMANCES TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., T.C.D. ; M.R.I.A. London, 1879 pp29-30

Which bird can carry the heaviest weight? The crane. —As told by James O’Keeffe to Patrick O’Keeffe

from The Ritual of the Crane Dance Curse in Irish Mythology Ali Isaac I was most intrigued when researching the Mythological Cycle of Irish mythology ... a...rite performed by Lugh, ...prior to the Second Battle of Moytura.

Lugh was heartening the men of Ireland that they should fight the battle fervently so that they should not be any longer in bondage.

For it was better for them to find death in protecting their fatherland than to bide under bondage and tribute as they had been. Wherefore then Lugh sang this chant below, as he went round the men of Erin, on one foot and with one eye closed....

(Lugh circles his own hosts. on one leg, with one eye closed, one hand behind his back (a form of ritual known as "corrguíneacht" or "crane- prayer") and chants this rosc. (Corrguíneacht is usually associated with cursing, but in this case Lugh uses it instead as a blessing for his own troops' victory).

The ritual position itself is known as glám dícenn. (meaning 'satire which destroys'). "

Corrghuíneacht Lugha
Ár a thraí cath co-mhart ann. Isin cath iar ngall ro bhris comhlonna for sléacht slúaigh. Silster ria slúaghaibh Síabraí, íath fir fomnaí, cuifí ciathaí, fir gan rogain. Léantar gala. Fordám aisid, fordám cloisid, forandíchráighid. fir duibh. Béic finn nointam! Fó Fó Fé Fé Clé a m'áinsí! Noífit mann íar néalscoth trí a treanncheardtaibh druag Ním' chreadhbhadh catha fri críocha Nísitmeata m'itge for neamairches for lúachair loisces. mart alt shuides, mart orainn trogais. An comair sídh fri gach nae
go comair Ogma sáchu go comair neamh agus talamh agus muir go comair grian agus gealach agus réaltaí. Dreim niadh mo dhream-se dóoibh Mo slúagh-sa slúagh mór muireach mochtsáileach bruithe neartóireach ro gheanaius agus tocraí atá for róe cath. Co-mhart a thraí. ár a thraí.

Finola from Roaringwaterjournal
He seems to have been remarkable even before he was born and could speak through his mother's womb! Aged seven, he was sent to be educated at the Abbey of Bangor. His fiery temper proved too much and he was expelled, taking with him a bell which would ring when he arrived at his destiny.

The bell rang as he neared [Brigown] and here he built a monastery. Many extraordinary tales are associated with him including one where the Rí of Déisi came to see him and

asked if he could guarantee him a place in Heaven by swapping his good soul for his bad one. Fanahan agreed and offered the Rí his own place, already guaranteed. To re earn his place in Heaven, he commissioned seven smiths to make seven sickles.

He then spent the next seven years hanging from them in penance. He rewarded the smiths by calling the place Brigown – Bri Goghann, the Smiths' Hill. He did descend once though for he was called upon to help the children of Niall of the Nine Hostages against foreign attackers. Later, once released from the sickles, he seems to have been often called upon to lend his weight in battles.

He led from the front, literally breathing fire – sparks bursting from his teeth which caused the shafts of his enemies' spears to burn! His weapon of choice was his crozier, Cennachathach – head battler, reputedly later kept as a relic in the round tower until this fell down in the 18th century!

...This extract from the School's Folklore Collection sums everything up rather well and adds a few more interesting details: A short distance outside the town of [Brigown], Co. Cork, there stands in the centre of a graveyard the ruins of an old church. They are all that now remain of the once extensive abbey founded by St. Fanahan, the Patron of the Parish of Brigown...

The ruins are plain and rough, but the church was earlier than the churches of Cashel and Holycross — in fact it was one of the earliest churches built in Ireland. In the east of the town and reached by Mulberry Lane, so called because of the mulberry trees planted there for the silk industry many years ago, and then through a shaded path four hundred yards long is St Fanahan's Blessed Well. The well is very neatly kept, and some years ago a statue of St. Fanahan was erected there. ...

...The water from the well is supposed to possess great healing power for any bodily complaint either internal or external, and on the feast of the saint — 25th November ...

...To the Well are taken the sick and infirm and wonderful are the cures credited to the Saint and numerous and striking are the favours granted through his intercession.The Well is situated in a little grove, through which runs a path and culchies tread this path when making their "rounds". The "rounds" consist of three circuits of the Well with a

pause during each circuit of the Well. A decade of the Rosary is said during each round and a Pater, an Ave, and a Gloria are said kneeling during each pause. When the three rounds are made each person finishes the Rosary at the third pause. Then he blesses himself with the water of the Well and takes a drink of the water. It is customary with many clients of the Saint to pay a visit to the Blessed Well each day for nine days preceding his Feast Day or the nine days after the Feast of the Saint. Each person takes some of the Well water with him. ...
...As we left a local man stopped for a chat and told us about the Mass path and the eel, and the annual Mass. He also explained that St Fanahan was patron saint of blowins ..

Betha Finnchua Bri Gobunn Inso LIFE OF FINDCHUA OF BRÍ-GOBANN THIS THERE was once a famous hospitaller in Ulaid of the Mugdoira was he in especial to wit, Findlog, son of Setna, son of Abrann, son of Branan, son of Dubda, son of Oengus, son of Ere the Red, son of Brian, son of Eochaid Muigmedon. He had a wife for the space of thirty years, and death then over- took her, even Cóimell, daughter of Aed Fogart of Fir Breg. His friend and his own foster-brother, even Fiacha Suigde, son of the Rí of Ireland, enjoined him to go and woo another wife, so that he might not continue in wasting disease, as he was, owing to grief for his own wife. And that (other) was Idnait daughter of Flann Redside, of the Ciannacht of Glenn Geimin from Comar Cinn Sle'ibe.

So Findlog woos that girl till she became with child by him. Now Findlogwith his people instigates his fosterbrother, and Fiacha1 Suigde, to practise treachery on the Rí of Tara, even on Blathmac son of Aed Slaine....

The treachery is perpetrated, and Diarmait son of Aed Slane takes the Ríocht of Tara after his brother. Then from the north the traitors are expelled, even Fiacha son of the Rí of Tara, and Findlogh his foster-brother, and a thousand . . . with him....

Then came Mael-tuile son of Cuilche, Findlog's soul-friend 2 , and it is revealed to him that the girl was pregnant, and that the child that lay in her womb would be a famous child, of whom the. lips of the men of Ireland would be full. And Maeltuile said: He will attack the valourous, He will overwhelm the guilty, He will seek crowned Chiefs, He will be the tree of Tara's correction, Who will benefit Liffey. (And) profit Leinster.

Then the cleric asks that the child which lay in the girl's womb might be offered to God and devoted to study; and they promise that to him.

Then they are bestowed on the Rí of Connaught, on Eochaid Dryflesh, and they are bestowed by Eochaid on the Rí of Munster, that is on Oengus Mac Natfraich to Cashel, and he ordains a land for them in the province of Mugh Ruith *, and he marks out a wonderful rath there, even Rath Hua Cuile. Then his household make a great banquet for the Rí of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], that is for Mellenn, son of Tore, on the height to the west of Rath Húa Cuile. Findchua's mother, during her pregnancy, went and asked a drink of the ale from the brewers, for desire of the ale seized her, and she was refused. The child that lay in her womb spake....

Then the girl went home, and straightway the hoops slipped off the vats and the ale went abundantly throughout the floor. The Rí of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], even Melenn, came to the house in which the ale lay, and when he heard the story, he gets him with his band with him on the track of the girl to slay her. But through the grace of the child that was in her womb a cloak of darkness is put round the girl, so that she reached Rath Hua Cuile in safety. After that the girl's time came to her, and the pangs come to attack her, so that she brought forth the innocent child that lay in her womb. ,

After that the prophesied child is taken to Ailbe of Imlech Ibair to be baptized, and a scruple, that is seven pennies of gold, is given to him for baptizing the child. Ailbe then blest the child, and a name, even Findchua, is conferred upon him ; and Ailbe said that he should be devoted to study at the end of his seven years. So the folk of the baptism 3 went away, taking the boy with them to Rath Hua Cuile.

Afterwards messengers come from Cumuscach, Rí of the men of Teffia, himself the son of Findchua's sister, to ask for the child to be fostered ; and it is given to him, and the child is reared up in Cumuscach's house on Ard na R*graide over the brink of Lough Rf, to the end of seven years. When Comgall went on a circuit of the Children of Niall and came to Cumuscach's house, and saw the perfect child in a house ahead of him and a spirit of an angel guarding him, Comgall gave love to him and asked who he was. ' That is Findchua,' say they, 'the son of Findlog.' 'And it was I that fostered him/ saith Cumuscach, 'and Ailbe baptized him.' Comgall asks the child from his foster-father, and it is assigned to him. The boy gave love to Comgall and goes with him to his residence,

to Bangor of Ulster, and studies there with him like every other pupil....

...Thereafter during Findchua's time the clans of Niall of the North come to seize the Ríocht of Munster, for they had heard of the land in its 'fatness, and that Hugh's Half was in woe concerning its Chiefs and its lords, and had no proper Rí over it....

Ó Riada's Vision Iarla Ó Lionáird 1 Iúil 2006, The Journal of Music As a child, singer Iarla Ó Lionáird witnessed the extraordinary impact that Seán Ó Riada had on Cúil Aodha in the Irish-speaking area of Cork in the 1960s. On the 75th anniversary of Ó Riada's birth, Ó Lionáird teases out the composer's vision as represented by the choir he founded, and the song the choir constructed in the wake of Ó Riada's death – 'Sé Mo Laoch, Mo Ghile Mear...', the 'laoch' (hero) representing Ó Riada himself... In the winter of 1964, in what used to be Irish teacher Domhnall Ó Ceocháin's house in Muirneach Bheag, Cúil Aodha, about 50km from the city of Cork, a raggle-taggle group of singers gathered in a small sitting room facing the keys of a modified Steck pianola. The hands on the keys on this inauspicious occasion were those of composer Seán Ó Riada. But this would be the first of many such musical evenings that would transform the musical landscape of this area and for some of those present mark the beginning of a seven-year quest that would transform their musical world. If through his experimentation with Ceoltóirí Chualann and his wider involvement with the traditional idiom Ó Riada created a template which has lived on through many artists and groups, his actual engagement with the keepers of the Irish tradition was however to be tragically cut short. By the time of his death in 1971, Seán Ó Riada had formed close bonds with many in his adopted community, but in particular the members of the Cúil Aodha choir (Cóir Chúil Aodha), which he founded. Ó Riada's initial aim was the establishment of a choir that would perform a mass he intended to write which would be performed in the local village church. He had the backing of the local curate, an tAthair Donnchadha Ó Conchubhair, and the tacit knowledge that a choir singing in their own linguistic vernacular would garner approval in the post-Vatican II environment. In this regard he would prove to be ahead of his time. In Cúil Aodha he found the raw materials necessary to the task. Those present that evening could hardly be regarded as trained singers in the generally accepted sense of that term; they were, in essence, a random collection of individual voices most of whom were highly regarded locally as performers of traditional songs. All were native Gaelic

speakers and some were experienced composers and performers in the public sense, having attended competitions such as the Oireachtas, singing songs from the local sean-nós repertoire as well as newly written lúibíní (a dialogue sung by a duet in the sean-nós style), amhráin saothair (work songs) and so forth. The sound produced by this gathering of native voices singing for the first time in unison would necessarily have had a raw edge to it, but this of itself may have been the source of its appeal and efficacy, particularly to those directly participating in the choir. The notion of a thicker, stronger weave of sound coloured with their own musical fingerprint would, I believe, prove influential both in the continuation of the choir and in their choice of material.

Ó Riada's arrival

The arrival of Ó Riada to this remote corner of Ireland in the 1960s was opportune. In Cúil Aodha at the time he found a society under considerable economic stress with no local industry to speak of and a population whose younger generation, though brought up in an environment of traditional values (which included a latent religiosity and arguably a linguistic and cultural insularity), were beginning to see and move outside it. It was a society, to those within it, whose cohesion was fraying at the edges under pressure from forces much more powerful than it could on its own muster. Many of the younger singers were toying with the showband phenomenon and habitual speaking of Irish was on a steady decline. Ó Riada's arrival, however, heralded a deliberate re-activation of the local music culture. This involved an intensive trawl of old collections, the tape-recording of venerable singers such as Pádraig (Peaiti Tadhg Pheig) Ó Tuama, the learning and adaptation of archive material, and then the exposure and celebration of these renascent musical artefacts in public performance, not only in the church but also in halls throughout the country. Cúil Aodha would eventually come to be seen as the last step in Ó Riada's cyclic development as an artist; a journey that brought him from a familial traditional-music background, through the explorations in serialism of his nomoi compositions, and back again – transformed by the spectacular success of his film music settings for Mise Éire and Saoirse to that of a public figure experimenting with and extolling the virtues, as he saw it, of a native, ancient and noble music culture and language. For some, particularly those who looked to Ó Riada as the key hope for the development of Irish art music, this atavistic migration would come to be interpreted as a catastrophic failure and betrayal of his true gifts. For the formerly solo singers of Cúil Aodha, however, who were mostly drawn from small farming backgrounds, his philosophical and musical about turn would be a cultural and

economic renaissance. In time, Ó Riada's reputation and panache secured new industries for the region, and gave its music culture a platform and confidence it had never before experienced. This confidence also fed off the other sources, most notably the re-emerging nationalism evoked by the Northern troubles and a latent re-inscribed sense of nationhood as prescribed by Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League. These were not difficult energies to harness, since the regions surrounding Cúil Aodha had, a half-century earlier, been hotbeds of guerrilla insurrection prior to the establishment of the Irish Free State. A cultural re-enactment of the sort promulgated by Ó Riada found easy reception in the fertile ground of a place which Republican ideologue and martyr Pádraig Pearse had called 'the capital of the Gaeltacht' in An Claidheamh Soluis in 1908. A new song After Sean Ó Riada's untimely death in 1971, the choir continued under the direction of his then seventeen-year-old son Peadar and it continues to this day. Domhnall Ó Liatháin, well known in Cúil Aodha as a local poet and retired teacher, has a longstanding association with the choir. He was one of the initial members and was appointed as treasurer of the choir by Ó Riada in the early days. But it is Ó Liatháin's role as editor and scribe of the choir that shows his greatest importance and talent. Ó Riada's death cast a pall over the little village in which he lived and one can imagine the blow it must have been to his colleagues who had for so many years seen him as a leader and guide. A year or so after his father's death, Peadar called a choir practice to begin work on a new song, for which the initial point of departure was a tape recording. According to Ó Liatháin, in an interview I carried out with him, We were gathered in the Ó Riada house – Maidhci Sullivan was there as were Jeremiah Riordan Eugie, myself … Domhnall Eoini and some other of those lads. There may have one or two of the Ó Lionáirds present but they were young and may not have had much to do with things as they were; maybe they were in the kitchen fooling around with the Ó Riada children – it's [difficult] to tell. But we were inside there … and Peadar had this tape and he put it on and on it was a man, if my memory serves me correctly, whose name was Domhnall Ó Buachalla. … You could recognise from the tape that his was an old voice. [Peadar] told us that this was a tape that his father had collected from the man in question and he played us a song from it, and I think that the verse that affected me most was

Gile mear sa seal faoi chumha Gus Éire go léir faoi chlocaí dhubha Suan ná séan ní bhfuaireas féin Ó luadh i gcéin mo ghile mear.

…I didn't recognise the air at all myself, it was a very muffled recording. But Maidhci and

Jeremiah did recognise it… The next thing that happened … was that Peadar gave it to me saying that we could make a song from this melody. Ó Liatháin did recognise that one of the two verses on the tape came from a poem of Seán Clarach Mac Domhnaill (1691-1754), 'Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló' (I am forever grieving every day) which was a familiar text to those studying Irish poetry in the 1940s and 50s. It concerned the exploits of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his attempt to take the British crown in the 1700s. Although the 24-year-old Prince Charlie's forces were defeated comprehensively in April of 1746, this daring episode of Scottish history was and still remains the stuff of myth, romance and legend. The second verse on the tape has no known written origin but it would subsequently become the last verse of the new construction. A further complication enters the frame, however, as Ó Liatháin decided to incorporate another of Seán Clarach's poems into his construction; this composition, titled 'Seal do Bhíos im' Mhaighdin Shéimh' (Once when I was a gentle young girl) would provide the opening verse for the finished song. Ó Liatháin remained modestly guarded as to the process of selection: I had no plan whatsoever except that I … would take the most beautiful verses … the verses that were… sort of universal as you might say. There really wasn't any difficulty because it was kind of clear that this was the thing you would do…. The words and lines were very nice in the verses that we chose, but … Seán Clarach really was a superb craftsman as regards metre and so forth and you couldn't really find a bad verse where the metre would not be spot on.

There were also some actual textual changes, most notably to the chorus. In its original form it read:

Isé mo laoch mo ghile mear Isé mo Chaesar gile mear Ní bhfuaireas fhéin aon tsuan ar séan O chuaigh i gcéin mo ghile mear.

It would become: 'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear 'Sé mo sheas ar gile mear Suan ná séan ní bhfuaireas fhéin Ó luadh i gcéin mo ghile mear.

Although the poem dealt with a political dimension not immediately relevant to the then Irish political situation it nevertheless communicated to a thawing nationalist Irish psyche. Its layered intertextuality would have been transparent to the choir membership. Their rich imaginations, born of an upbringing steeped in oral retellings of these folk tales, and their closeness to the national struggle, uniquely equipped them to

draw a very real political relevance from the song's deeply allegorical trove. And immediately it began to occupy an important place in the choir's publicly performed repertoire. Prior to its arrival the choir habitually ended a night's song in public performance with a humorous song – 'Scoil Bharr d'Inse'. It would soon be usurped by what was now being called 'Gile Mear' – a Cúil Aodha song! It was accorded an additional life when its air started to be played at funerals as the coffin made its journey shouldered from the altar to the hearse. It in effect became the Cóir Chúil Aodha anthem. Domhnall Ó Liatháin explains:

As time passed it became the song that would be sung at the end of the night and people really loved it. You'd meet people all over the country and they'd be saying …, "Who wrote it? That was a great song," and … we used to always say, "This is how it was always sung in Cúil Aodha" which was not right because it wasn't… it wasn't sung in Cúil Aodha you understand… Well the thing about it was that it was Gaolach [Gaelic in a tribal as opposed to a linguistic sense] and nationalistic and manly and that it consisted of all these things. … the melody itself … had a marching rhythm, there was the sense of … referring back to times of heroism and triumph in Ireland and … I suppose it fitted into the atmosphere at the time since the situation in the North was quite troublesome. And then Ó Riada himself was dead and there was… there was a certain sadness to that period… It is interesting to reconsider at this point the mood in traditional Gaelic circles after Ó Riada's passing and to note that for many who inhabited Ó Riada's musical world during the sixties and in subsequent years, his death marked a breach of incalculable proportions. In 'Mo Ghile Mear' the choir mourned the loss of a great chieftain and also the loss of a shared vision. It is not difficult to suggest that the hero in 'Mo Ghile Mear' – when sung by Cóir Chúil Aodha – was Ó Riada himself, prematurely taken from his people and with him their dreams of a civilisation restored. Accoring to Ó Liatháin: …I saw Ó Riada as a window you understand, who opened for us a light, a vision, a view of the old Gaelic life as it used to be. And he guided us as to how we might revive it again and put it on a sound footing. That was the vision which Ó Riada had … Maybe it was an unattainable vision, perhaps it could not have been put in place in its entirety, but a good deal of it could. This was very evident in Ó Riada's music and there's no doubt that we were following his quest with the song 'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear…'.

In the light of a post-revisionist and post-Good Friday Agreement Ireland (no matter

how tenuous), it is difficult not to level the charge of political naivety against this vision of Irish life, with its obvious historical atavisms. Nevertheless, however easily the forceful surge of nationalistic sentiment stimulated by events at the time can be processed now as historical fact, for the people who lived through those times the reality of the emotion it generated cannot be underestimated – nor can the re-animated self-confidence of the dormant Gael, even if it sits uncomfortably in our contemporary mindset. Ó Riada palpably contributed to this effect upon people of all walks and certainly on his colleagues in Cúil Aodha. The deliberate construction of 'Mo Ghile Mear' as a tool of this vision bears this out. For the marginalised Irish-speaking and traditionally-based communities – such as Cúil Aodha – music and oral culture had for generations been a sustaining force. In Cúil Aodha's encounter with Seán Ó Riada, it reached, for many, a new majesty, an inspiring apogeal orbit.

http://journalofmusic.com/focus/o-riadas-vision

"...There is a legend about Rosnaree which tells of sleeping soldiers. It is a familiar story, being similar to that told about Garrett's Fort at Hacklim, outside Ardee in Co. Louth.

The Rosnaree version of the story talks about a man who encountered a light at a fort near Rosnaree, close to the Boyne. He entered into the fort to find a lot of bags hanging on the walls and one of the bags had a sword stuck in it.

This story was recounted to a collector from the National Folklore Collection in 1938 by Navan resident James Neill (aged 74), who in turn had heard the tale from an elderly gentleman called Johnny Murray:

> He went over and he was lifting up the sword and according as he was lifting it there was a man's head lifted up from this big bag and a horse along with him, and he was riding the horse, and as according as he drew out the sword there were horsemen rising all around the wall.
>
> They were nearly clear out of where they were and he got afeerd and he let the sword drop back in, and as soon as he did he was told, 'Go home, you coward.' I disremember the regiment he'd have lifted out of prison if he

lifted up the sword altogether.

Legends of a sleeping army waiting for a hero to come and rouse them for some great battle are present in other parts of Ireland too (such as at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, and Lough Gur in Limerick). Gearóid Iarla (Earl Garrett, Gerald) is sometimes the one who is the chief of the chthonic army. At Hacklim, some versions say it is Fionn Mac Cumhaill.

The messianic theme of the legend in its various forms is overtly political, the clear premise being that a great leader from the past will return, from a supernatural subterranean domain, leading a great army to restore glory to Ireland. In the context of a country under the sway of foreign rule and oppression, it is no wonder that such tales might have been commonplace in Ireland.

The rousing of the army will happen because a prophesied hero (those who tried and failed are invariably referred to in less than favourable terms, such as "coward") will pull a sword out of a wall or a stone or a bag.

If the sword in the stone sounds familiar, think of [Rí] Arthur and Excalibur! The notion of a hero or [Rí] sleeping in a cave can be found all over Europe and even further afield.

It is so familiar in folklore that it is referred to as the "[Rí] in the mountain" motif ...” — All the dead Chiefs came to me - Francis Ledwidge and the legend of the sleeping horsemen of Rosnaree, Mythical Ireland Blog, Friday, 13 Eanáir 2017

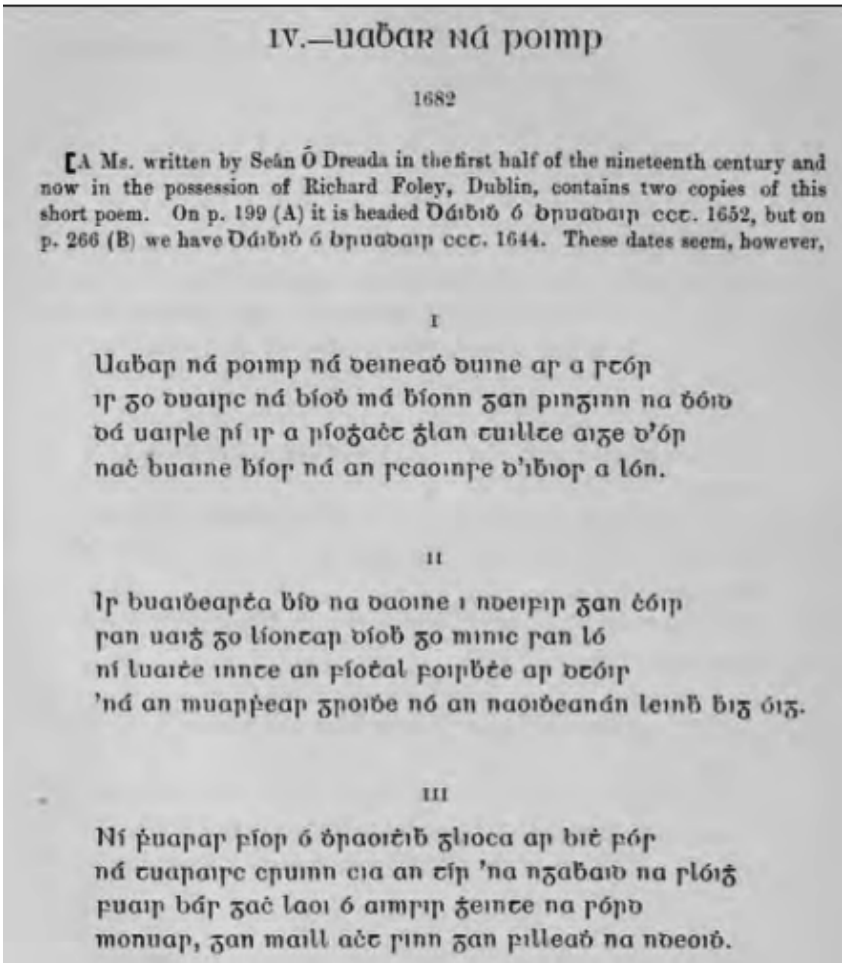
The Malefactor's Bloody Register (English) With regard to murderers, and persons convicted of unnatural crimes, we cannot think of altering the present mode of punishment. 'Him that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:' as to the other wretches, it is highly to be lamented that their deaths cannot be aggravated by every species of torment! — The Malefactor's Bloody Register Details the executions held at Newgate Prison, 1700s-1800s

From poems of Dáibhí Ó Bruadair (1625-1698) From a manuscript written by Seán Ó Dreada in the first half of the nineteenth century with dates on it listing 1644, 1652, 1682.

I Let no person be puffed up with pride or with pomp on account of their wealth,
Or be sad if they happen to be without e'en a penny in hand ;
For the haughtiest king who rules over a kingdom all filled full of gold
No longer doth live than the wastrel whose food consists solely of drink.

II People are annoyed and get angry without any reasonable cause;
Therefore it is that the grave is so frequently filled every day,
The journey to which is no faster for the veriest wretch in the world
Than it is for the mightiest noble or the innocent young little babe.

III I have never succeeded in getting from the cleverest druids on earth
A clear and authentic account of the land to which all the crowds tend
Who die every day without ceasing since the time when the first sword was forged,
And left us, alas, here behind them, as yet unreturned to the earth.



IV.—Uaḃar ná Poimp

1682

[A Ms. written by Seán Ó Dreada in the first half of the nineteenth century and now in the possession of Richard Foley, Dublin, contains two copies of this short poem. On p. 199 (A) it is headed Ḋáiḃiḋ ó Bruadair cct. 1652, but on p. 266 (B) we have Ḋáiḃiḋ ó Bruadair cct. 1644. These dates seem, however,

I

Uaḃar ná poimp ná deineaḋ duine ar a ṡtór
iṡ go duairc ná bíoḋ má ḃíonn gan pinginn na ḋóid
dá uairle rí iṡ a ríoġaċt ġlan tuillte aige d'ór
naċ buaine ḃíoṡ ná an ṡcaoinṡe d'iḃioṡ a lón.

II

Iṡ buaiḋeaṙṫa ḃíḋ na daoine i ndeiṡir gan ċóir
ṡan uaiġ go líontar díoḃ go minic ṡan ló
ní luaiṫe innte an ṡíoṫal ṡoirḃṫe ar dtóir
'ná an muarṙeaṙ groiḋe nó an naoiḋeanán leinḃ ḃig óig.

III

Ní ṙuaraṡ ṡíor ó ḋraoiṫiḃ glioca ar biṫ ṡóṡ
ná tuaraiṡc cruinn cia an tír 'na ngaḃaid na ṡlóiġ
ṡuair báṡ gaċ laoi ó aimṡir ġeinte na ṡórd
monuar, gan maill aċt ṡinn gan ṡilleaḋ na ndeoiḋ.

> The fact that the Irish [generally] took compensation for [civil] murder instead of putting the murderer to death, has been [ignorantly] laid hold of by some English authors and journalists as a national reproach, which, with characteristic courtesy, instead of overlooking as a thing of the dead past, they delight to utilise. It would be foreign to my present undertaking to discuss the abstract question, whether it is better on the one hand when one man has been killed to kill another and make no reparation to the sufferers by the first death, or on the other hand, to make reparation out of the murderer's property and spare his life. — From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894

Wikipedia Claíomh Solais (reformed spelling), Claidheamh Soluis (pre-reform and Scottish Gaelic)[1] (Irish pronunciation: [klˠiːvˠ ˈsˠɔl̪ˠəʃ]; an cloidheamh solais (variant spelling[2]), rendered "Sword of Light", or "Shining Sword", or "a white glaive of light",[3] is a trope object that appears in a number of Irish and Scottish Gaelic folktales.[4] The sword has been regarded as a legacy to the [demon]-slaying weapons of Irish mythology by certain scholars, such as T. F. O'Rahilly: the aaologue in the Irish Mythological Cycle being Lugh's sling that felled Balor, and their counterparts in heroic cycles are many, including the popular hero Cúchullain's supernatural spear Gae bulga and his shining sword Cruaidín Catutchenn. A group of Sword of Light tales bear close resemblance in plot structure and detail to the Arthurian tale of Arthur and Gorlagon.

The folk tales featuring the claidheamh soluis typically compels the hero to perform (three) sets of tasks, aided by helpers, who may be a servant woman, "helpful animal companions", or some other supernatural being. The majority of are also bridal quests (or involve the winning of husbands in e.g., Maol a Chliobain). The sword's keeper is usually a giant (gruagach, fermór) or hag (cailleach), who oftentimes cannot be defeated except by some secret means. Thus the hero or helper may resort to the sword of light as the only effective weapon against this enemy. But often the sword is not enough, and the supernatural enemy has to be attacked on a single vulnerable spot on his body. The weak spot, moreover, may be an external soul concealed somewhere in the world at large (inside animals, etc.), and in the case of "The Young [Rí] of Esaidh Ruadh", this soul is encased within a nested series of animals. The crucial secret to

the hero's success is typically revealed by a woman, i.e., his would-be bride or the damsel in distress (the woman servant held captive by giants), etc. And even when the secret's revealant is an animal, she may in fact be a human transformed into beast (e.g. the great grey cat in "The Widow and her Daughters"). The secret about women is a theme borne in the title "The Shining Sword and the Knowledge of the Cause of the One Story about Women", considered an essential part of the original Irish story according to G. L. Kittredge's stemma of texts, even though "the woman" part is lacking (i.e. lost) in some variants, such as Kennedy's Fios Fath an aon Sceil ("perfect narrative of the unique story"). The "news of the death of Anshgayliacht", which occurs as a quest in another version is also a corruption of this. This reconstruction was made by G. L. Kittredge, who examines a groups of Sword of Light folktales cognate to Arthur and Gorlagon which he edited. A more familiar Arthurian tale which embeds the quest of "What is it that women most desire?" is The Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnelle.

“Conversations and jokes together, mutual rendering of good services, the reading together of sweetly phrased books, the sharing of nonsense and mutual attentions.” — Robertson Davies

“You can’t marry an ungenerous man; there’s no joy in his soul.” — Maeve Binchy, Chestnut Street

Biological Hierarchies As a Groundwork for Morals The Body Knows The Body is a series of shifting priorities

- Priorities are hardwired in relation to biological needs
- There is a set hierarchical relationship of bodily needs
- Human needs are not arbitrary nor coersive nor unsafe
- Human needs are universally experienced
- The body is related to the natural environment

Menstruation The body reprioritises how it encodes pain and suffering in women’s bodies in order to promote fertility. It’s a biological imperative that reveals the already existing burdens and traumas, at least.

What if Justice dispensed with the blindfold & acknowledged trauma & emotional

dysregulation? Would judges prioritise safety, listening, connection & dignity more?? A paradigm shift occurs when front-line practitioners dare to ask a distressed person "what happened to you?" instead of "what's wrong with you?" Working with trauma survivors in a neurodevelopmentally-aware, traumaresponsive way: Ending Sexual Violence and Harassment in Irish Higher Education Institutions, powerpoint 24/01/23 Jane Mulcahy

the thing is, you can't live through the attempted genocide of your people and be the same. There's a ruptured trust in other human beings. You carry that with you and, whether you talk about it or not, it is there. People who go through experiences like this can live in fight or flight. Their nervous system never really settles and it's very unlikely that it will return to its baseline. ...

As Irish people, we have our own historical trauma caused by colonialism and [An Gorta Mór]. I used to roll my eyes when I heard people go on about '800 years of oppression' but it actually does leave a legacy on people. The loss of our language left a huge mark and it has imprinted generationally, whether we realise it or not. 'Trauma is transmitted across generations — we even have our own historical trauma caused by [An Gorta Mór]' Jane Mulcahy Interviewed by Katie Byrne, The Irish Independent · April 2024

Every few years there are new revelations about mother and baby homes and that can be highly activating for people who were adopted themselves or who know their parent had a baby out of wedlock. Every time it's reported, those feelings, and that sense of being devalued by society, flares up again. The rest of us might not think it's directly relevant to us but we don't know that for sure because there is so much trauma there. Just because it's not spoken about doesn't mean it isn't being transmitted ... [Mulcahy]

We conspired, in a sense, with the Church to hurt one another by putting people in mother and baby homes, and allowing babies to be adopted without full consent. It was not that long ago and it is still having an impact on people. There are people who were born in mother and baby homes who did not get loving care [quite the opposite of loving care]. They did not get very attuned caregiving from

anyone [they got abuse]. And we have to remember that babies are most vulnerable and malleable in the first three months of life. This has left a massive, lingering impact on a lot of our population. There are obviously lots of very happy people who have been adopted but it's not well recognised that being adopted, in and of itself, is a form of trauma because of the attachment wound. There is a visceral separation from the birth mother, even if the adopted family have been so loving and welcoming [best case scenario]. But not recognising that there is a visceral sense of abandonment is silencing people. Describing adoption as always having a happy ending can be a form of denial too in the wider community [keep calm and carry on].

Yes, it often is [a happy turnout] but it comes with complicated feelings and we have to recognise them. We're a traumatised species. This trauma often started generations ago yet we don't really take the time to process it...

And by that I don't necessarily mean talking to a psychiatrist or psychotherapist. There are indigenous practices such as drumming [bodhrán] and dancing [céilí] ... that are intrinsically healing and, in the West, we've lost a lot of them. Embodied practices like yoga [or séan-nos dance or Glen Doyle-style Bátareacht or traditional Irish Boxing] and being in nature can really help, too. Jane Mulcahy, The Independent, Byrne Interview

Nuala O'Faolain "It can't be easy to batter someone to death. You have to be raging with hate and fury to do it. But there seems to be no shortage of men full enough of hatred."

June Caldwell In her columns, Nuala's [O'Faolain] supreme achievement was both to explain the huge double standards encrusted in Irish life, and to confront her audience with their complicity. In 1997, for instance, on the death of the paedophile priest, Brendan Smyth, who had raped hundreds of children over the course of four decades, Nuala held up a tarnished mirror to her public. She wrote that "they went on calling him 'Father' in this culture; even though he embodied the worst wickedness anyone could think of, the notion of taking his title from him, or tacitly agreeing not to use it, was not entertained. Denial sustained the

terrible sham of his long career of evil."

Nuala O'Faolain “What makes a woman into a doormat? What makes her see some quite ordinary other person as a looming Goliath? And are not these relationships such an outrage to reality that they cannot last a lifetime?”

Ná glac pioc comhairle gan comhairle ban. Never take advice without a woman's guidance.

Leymah Gbowee of Liberia “When you move so quickly from innocence to a world of fear, pain and loss, it's as if the flesh of your heart and mind gets cut away, piece by piece, like slices taken off a ham. Finally, there is nothing left but bone.”

I mean, if they really understood what was happening in Ireland, they would get themselves sorted out and get on the right side here, because we identify very closely in our struggle for equality and our struggle against oppression... And it looks to us from where we stand at home, that our people are being oppressed with the active assistance of our people. We find that very sad.
— Bernadette Devlin McAliskey

“ Fight well your battles with Munster’s warlike forces
Who shall banish the sons of Loghlin beyond the wave,
Level their stone fortresses, bring back the son of Buadhachan.
Humble the sons of Lochlain, and despise their threats”

A History of the Clan Eoghan or Eoghanachts, descendants of Eoghan More or Eugene the Great Compiled from all the accessible sources of Irish Family History BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864.

Irish Celebration Macklemore & Ryan Lewis
I'm an Irishman Leather weathered Irish skin In the night sky we fly it in Pride for the life we fight to live History, I write with it Spit it with the dialect

And when they pulled up on that shore First generation born Toast to those that made it on a boat to [Algonquin Land before]

And when the English colonizer came They filled up bottles of gasoline, turned 'em into balls of flame And hurled 'em to protect what's ours Don't touch these lucky charms Whole bunch of Irish screaming "Fuck the London Guard"

A great many of those who "debunk" traditional or (as they would say) "sentimental" values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

ADDRESS BY HIM EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE I TO THE UNITED NATIONS Oct. 6, 1963
“Until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned, everywhere is war. And until there are no longer first-class and second class citizens of any nation, until the colour of a [duine]'s skin is of no more significance than the colour of [their] eyes. And until the basic human rights are equally guaranteed to all... there is war.

And until that day, the dream of lasting peace, world citizenship, rule of international morality, will remain but a fleeting illusion to be pursued, but never attained... now everywhere is war.”

I'm ...dissin' London, it's bloody raw Go against the Irish and get a bloody jaw Preaching nonviolence but reminds of the scars UNIFY US!

An té nach nglacann comhairle glacfaidh sé comhrac.

The Tao, which others may call Natural Law or Traditional Morality or the First Principles of Practical Reason or the First Platitudes, is not one among a series of possible systems of value.

It is the sole source of all value judgments. If it is rejected, all value is rejected. If any value is retained, it is retained.

The effort to refute it and raise a new system of value in its place is self-contradictory.

There has never been, and never will be, a radically new judgment of value in the history of the world. What purport to be new systems or...ideologies...all consist of fragments from the Tao itself, arbitrarily wrenched from their context in the whole and then swollen to *madness* in their isolation, yet still owing to the Tao and to it alone such validity as they possess.
C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

"It is indeed one of the grave errors of religious anti-secularism that it does not see that secularism is made up of verites chretiennes devenues folies, of Christian truths that *"went mad,"* and that in simply rejecting secularism , it in fact rejects with it certain fundamentally Christian aspirations and hopes." — Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy
Whoever hammers a lump of iron, first decides what he is going to make of it, a scythe, a sword, or an axe. Even so we ought to make up our minds what kind of virtue we want to forge or we labor in vain.
Abba Antony of Egypt Saying 35 From Apophthegmata Patrum as translated by Benedicta Ward, SLG (Cistercian Publications: 1975)

Medieval Ireland Midterm Flashcards, Monique1751, Quizlet.com
Fidchell A celtic board game. Has a mystical or divinatory aspect to it. battles ebb and flow as the game ebbs and flows.

Firfhlaith A true lord. All but the tarbfhlaith could aspire. Just, merciful, cares, plagues warded off, peace, enemies gone. Respects elders and follows judges.

Brehon Law Early Gaelic Law. Civil rather than criminal. Concerned with the payment of compensation for harm done and the regulation of property, inheritance, contracts. Guided by an oral tradition. Druids and judges

Edna O'Brien "When anyone asks me about the Irish character, I say look at the trees. Maimed, stark and misshapen, but ferociously tenacious."

“I think that at the start of a game, you’re always playing to win, and then maybe if you’re ahead late in the game, you start playing not to lose. The true competitors, though, are the ones who always play to win.”—Tom Ó Brady

“I'd rather be hated for who I am, than loved for who I am not.” ― Kurt Ó Cobain

“When I was young, I had to choose between the life of being and the life of doing. And I leapt at the latter like a trout to a fly. But each deed you do, each act, binds you to itself and to its consequences, and makes you act again and yet again. Then very seldom do you come upon a space, a time like this, between act and act, when you may stop and simply be. Or wonder who, after all, you are.” ― Ursula K. Le Guin, The Farthest Shore

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from [difficult] times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. ― Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh

We have to realize there’s a level of documentation that’s just chatter, it’s noise, and beyond that, people who are truly documenting are going to have to find a way to puncture that.” ― Ian Mackaye, Soldier Fugazi
https://www.spin.com/2013/05/fugazi-ian-mackaye-library-of-congress-lecture-punk-archive/

"There is a lack of order in this composition. The ideas, fundamental and subordinate, are jumbled together without method, but there is no doubt as to the meaning: the filé [poet] is the Word of Science, he is the god who gives to man the fire of thought; and as science is not distinct from its object, as God and Nature are but one, the being of the filé is mingled with the winds and the waves, with the wild animals and the warrior's arms." ― Marie Henri d'Arbois de Jubainville on Song of Amergin

“Knowing that we can be loved exactly as we are gives us all the best opportunity

for growing into the healthiest of people." — Fred McFeely Rogers

"Kindred spirits are not so scarce as I used to think. It's splendid to find out there are so many of them in the world." — L.M. Montgomery, Anne of Green Gables, deg-scél good news

For in truth it is the height of inhumanity that those who do not have enough even for basic necessities should be compelled to seek a loan in order to survive, while others, not being satisfied with the return of the principal, should turn the misfortune of the poor to their own advantage and reap a bountiful harvest.
--St Basil's homilies on the Psalms, and taking Ps 14.5 LXX as its text, is entitled, 'Against Those Who Lend at Interest.' St Basil the Great, On Social Justice, tr. Fr C. Paul Schroeder (Crestwood, NY: SVS, 2009), p. 90.

Trí ní is deacair a thuiscint; intleacht na mban, obair na mbeach, teacht agus imeacht na taoide.
Three most challenging to understand properly;
the intellect of women, the work of the bees, the ebb and flow of the tide.

The Sharp-Witted Wife J. Gregorson Campbell The Scottish Historical Review Vol. 12, No. 48 (Jul., 1915), pp. 413-417 (5 pages) Published by: Edinburgh University Press, written about 35 years before 1915 according to a note, This old wife, Beura or Bheura, whose name means 'shrill, sharp, cutting' is probably of Irish origin. She is associated with places along the whole west coast of Argyllshire, each district claiming her as a native, and pointing to the spots she frequented. Sometimes the Beur wives are spoken of in the plural number, as staying in lochs and among rushes, and as having been very dangerous to come near. A tall reed found beside lochs is called 'the distaff of the Bera wives,' and a species of flag or waterplant 'the flag,' and sometimes 'the staff' of the same sarcastic dames. The word beur is not in ordinary use. It is applied to a razor in the expression : 'Like a razor keen and cutting,' and to a woman who uses bitter and piercing words, in Ross's 'Ode to the Toothache' ; 'Many a sharp, satiric old wife and sportive hussy Require to have their jaws and gums grievously afflicted.' On the lands of Knock in Mull (an cnoc Muileach), at the point of Sròn na Crannalaioch, near Loch Ba, there is a well, reputed to be the 'Well of Youth.' Thither Bera went regularly at

'the dead of night,' before bird tasted water or dog was heard to bark, and by then drinking from it kept herself always at sixteen years of age. At last, when making her way to the well on a calm morning (and such mornings are very beautiful in the West Highlands), she heard a dog barking. She exclaimed: 'Little knows any living wight, When mischance may befall him ; For me early has the dog called, In the calm morn above Loch Ba. I had enough of spells To serve the seed of Adam, But when the mischance was ripe It could not be warded off.' Having said this, she fell, crumbling into dust. She lived so long that she had above five hundred children. These were buried in her 'Burial Place of Hosts' in Ireland, according to one version of the
rhyme, and according to another in Cill-mo-Neacain in Iona. She buried 'Nine times nine times seven, In the Burial Place of Hosts in Ireland. The latter place is said to be the same as the stony patch of ground, not far from the cathedral, called Cill-mo-ghobhlainn or Cill-mo-ghobhannain. The last of her numerous children was the most cross-grained and peevish of the lot, but when she had none left but him she said, 'I am thankful tonight for little Churl' (Is buidhe leam a nochd Doirbhein)...

Excalibur Caladbolg ("[strong] cleft", cognate with Middle Welsh: Caledfwlch in medieval Welsh literature and Excalibur in the Matter of Britain; the name appears in the plural as a generic word for "great swords" in the 10th-century Irish translation of the classical tale The Destruction of Troy, Togail Troí), sometimes written Caladcholg ("[strong] blade"), is the sword of Fergus mac Róich from the Ulster Cycle of Irish mythology. wikipedia

Different version of that legend. From Issue #1 The Wild Goose: A Collection of Ocean Waifs, a handwritten Fenian newspaper published by aboard Convict Ship "Hougoumont", 1867, heading to Australia, written by imprisoned men including John Boyle O'Reilly, John Flood, and John Casey: Queen Cliodhna and the Flower of Erin:

Queen Cliodhna and the Flower of Erin
Chapter 1. — Queen Cliodhna.
Cap 2.—The Dance.
Chapter 3.—The Barrachan Girl

Chapter 4.—Conall Age.

Issue #7 of the prison newspaper has a note note: We regret that the indispositions of the author of our first tale "Queen Cliodhna," has deprived us of the pleasure of giving its conclusion to the readers.

...The druid, after hearing his story and his description of the young girl with whom he danced, said he must have been enchanted by the spells of Queen Cliodhna, and that she must have taken him away to her rocky palace. He also said, that, if she could keep him for fourteen clear days from the hour of taking him away, no power on earth could release him from her toils. "There is not in Ireland," said he, "any such enchanter who can free him from her witchery except the Old Hag of Ulster, who lives on the shores of Lough Swilly. I would, therefore, advise you to repair with all possible speed to her, and that she consents to come with you, all may yet be well, provided you arrive in time; otherwise your efforts are fruitless, and you will never again see your son."

> **...Hastily proceeding home, he chose a few valuable presents to propitiate the good graces of the Old Hag, and, saddling his fleetest steed, he set off for Ulster.**

Barrachan girl is grandaughter of old Cailleach and agrees to help, we can only assume the help

sounds a little different than the love story version

> **Because of the one-pointed Time awareness in which the conventional mind remains immersed, humans tend to think of everything in a sequential, word-oriented framework. This mental trap produces very short-term concepts of effectiveness and consequences, a condition of constant, unplanned response to crises. —Liet-Kynes, Dune, Frank Herbert**
>
> **Sir Edward Herbert, to whom a grant was made in this district, that " traitors were as plentiful in the court of England as in his woods of Durrow,**
>
> **THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 WOODS AND FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F. HORE, ESQ.**

CUISLE MO CHROIDHE.*

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises!
An emerald set in the ring of the sea!
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west! the world's *Cuisle mo chroídhe.*

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with *Cuisle mo chroídhe.*

Thy sons they are brave; but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says *Cuisle mo chroídhe.*

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin!
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *Cuisle mo chroídhe.*

John Philpot Curran.

But one thing is certain now ; knowledge was concealed from their prophets, on this occasion, and delusive omens were presented to their diviners ; and fortune had hardened their senses ; and pride deceived their understandings; and anger and inordinate ambition intoxicated their chiefs; and fury precipitated the [chiefs] upon this impetuous march. — Cath Mhuige Léana

Eoghan numbering but a few brave men at this time ; such of them as had not been slain being dreadfully wounded, the great preponderance of the contest fell upon him, and all his foes wreaked their battle fury upon him, who had no other assistance than the nobleness of his blood, the hardiness of his heart, the height of his spirit, and his excessive bravery and power of endurance. — Cath Mhuige Léana

It was a Leannan Sighe that rescued Eoghan Mor (Eugene the Great), Rí of Munster from his opponents, and deluded them into the belief that the rocks and upright stones on the field of battle were the forces of Munster, so that they commenced to hew the stones instead of their opponents.

Her name was Eadaoin of Inse Cregaire, as we find in an old MS. account of the battle of Moylena :
near that place, who was most learned in the arts of the druids ; — she was Eadaoin of Inse Cregaire. She, in person, and a large host of champions, came during the night to give the valour of their hands to him (Eoghan). When she found Eoghan before her in that imminent danger, she went to aid him, on the spot where he and Goll were engaged in combat, she came with the shades of night, and rescued him and all the Clann Deirgthine from their danger, unknown to Goll Mac Moirne. When Eoghan thus effected his escape, without knowing where he went, their eyes were so bedimmed and their intellect benumbed, through their madness and angry wrath, that they mangled the firm rock and pillar-stone that were close by, being under the impression that these were Eoghan. They did so, because, by a spell of druidism, they so appeared to them.

They all, thereupon, attacked the stone, mangling it with their swords, so that the name of the stone to this day is Clock Beartha (the mangled stone), in consequence of the mangling and hewing they gave it with their swords and [strong]-tempered sharp weapons....

The Irish have traditional records of the [Duine Sí] chieftains of their respective provinces : The name of Mananan Mac Lir... will not be easily forgotten... he left Ireland in disgust, and retired to his favorite country Armenia.

The palace of Mananan is said to have been on the brink of a lake at Enniskeen, in the county of Monaghan. The Chief of Ulster who succeeded Mananan was Mac Moineanta, who had taken up his residence at Scrabey in the county of Cavan, Crop is said to be the present chief of the Connacht [Túatha Dé Danann] ; Donn Firinn of the Munster invisibles....

...The peasantry assert that periodical contests have been always carried on between the provincial [Túatha Dé Danann], and when the crops suffer from blight, high winds, and the like, they attribute it to the fact, that the [Túatha Dé Danann] of the province where such calamities happen, have been overcome by their opponents. They also say that such injury to the corn, fruit, &c, does not extend to the whole island, but is confined to that pro vince only, and that the victorious party carry with them what is valuable, when returning to their own home.

The Irish held the belief that the Red Wind of the Hills, as they called the blasting wind, against the influence of which they had a potent charm, was caused by the rapid evolution of [Túatha Dé Danann] through the air, while engaged in their battles. There was another species of blast which was supposed to destroy fruit and cereal crops as well as having power to injure man and beast ; this was caused by the ashes of the dead deposited in foreign countries returning on the breeze of summer to settle in the ancestral place of burial, and whateTer object came in contact with this dust in the course of its transit, sustained more or less injury. The dust raised by a species of whirlwind is still popularly believed to be caused by [Túatha Dé Danann], especially when they are at war among themselves, or when they design to do some mischief. If any person will have the courage to cast a small portion of the earth found under the right foot into the passing body of dust, then the [Túatha Dé Danann] must relinquish all claims to any human being they may be carrying away at that time....

...Aoibheall of Carrick-lea is said to have fallen in love with a young chieftain of Munster, and to have assumed the shape and appearance of a cowherd's daughter, named Sheela Ni Maranan, the better to accomplish her desire. She served some years in the capacity of cinderwench, kitchen-maid, cook, and at length rose by her assiduity and good conduct to the important station of lady's-maid, in which position she obtained the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the object of her love.

So in order to show you kind of how it ends, we'll do a a reading of the the poem

Cleena: A Legend of the South by Rebecca Scott from her book of poetry Echoes from Tyrconnel, 1880 Instead of the little Barrachan girl coming to save Cormac Art, we have Aileen O'Brien coming to save her Gerald Fitzgerald. Same Leannán Sí story type.

And trembling on the confines of the grave, I seemed to stand, fate drew my feeble feet To Kerry's wilds, where yawned a wizard's cave, And there, by wizard's magic arts, I learned That, captive by the mighty Cleena's spells, Amid the splendours of her palace home, And loved by her, my long-lost Gerald dwells. "And so I followed, most benignant queen, In the dear hope that thou would'st set him free, Even could'st thou gain it for thy very own, Oh, what were mortal's short-lived love to thee ? One joy but added to a life all joy, One bud among a gorgeous wreath of flowers, One star amid a galaxy of stars, One fading bloom 'mong bright and fadeless bowers, One gem among a wealth of priceless gems, One soft sweet chord but mingling with the strains Of glowing harmony, which ceaseless rings Within thy halls, and echoes to the plains ! But, Oh ! to me 'tis life, and light, and joy, The one sweet strain amid the ceaseless strife, The only star that shone upon my path, The flower that sweetened all my dreary life, The precious pearl deep hidden in my heart, My soul's one treasure, all my hope, my bliss, My dearer life, Oh, stony-hearted queen, Say, what were life itself bereft of this ? What, silent still ! and must I plead in vain ? Then here upon this rock my seat I'll take, And pour my woes in such enchanting strains That spellbound Gerald from his trance must wake, My love shall teach me such impassioned words, Such matchless music, that my dying breath Shall reach his heart, and tell my mournful tale, His Aileen's constancy in life and death.

CLEENA 1406 Forbear, rash girl, thy wild impassioned threats ! The matchless constancy which thou hast shewn, Joined with thy pensive beauty, touch my heart, Have gained thy suit, thy lover is thine own. Come, rest awhile within my palace home (Fitz-Gerald waits thee in my charmed halls) Until thy new-found rapture to thy cheek Its wonted roundness and its bloom recalls ; Then, blest with Cleena's best and choicest gifts, Together to thy home thou shalt return, Where, while thy term of life on earth shall last, The light of happiness shall ceaseless burn ; — There shalt thou find, by Cleena's sovereign will, The deadly feud between thy sires shall cease, And all the bitter past forgot, henceforth Thy kindred dwell in harmony and peace.
Echoes of Tyrconnel, Rebecca Scott

The old man appeared to be plunged in the deepest grief, and gave utterance to his feelings in loud lamentations, whilst the little girl appeared to be less affected, though her grief partook more of feeling of anger and impatience than sorrow. Conall Age, after curiously surveying them, asked what was the case of their great grief.

"Oh!" said the old man, "my darling son, Cormac Art, I will never see again."
"Who," said the youth, "is Cormac Art? Is he the great Kerry hurler?

ORATORY OF GALLARUS
(PP. 24, 25, 28).

To face

Then he agrees to help them get the Cailín Feasa to Clíodhna in time.

11 Therefore keep watchful service in the company of strangers; let no man bow to our prince; difficult is the knowledge of (men's) natures.
A PORTRAIT. From an unnumbered loose sheet of MS. in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin. By J.G. O'Keeffe, 1912, for Kuno Meyer Gaeilge: https://archive.org/details/cu31924026503148/page/n267

432 Aengus of Munster baptised by Nm. Pádraig
476 Goths, Germanic tribes, take Rome
495 Viking raids begin on Éire
522 Eochaid mac Óengusa, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
500s- Iona and other christian monasteries founded around Ireland and Scotland, begin missionary outreach to Europe. Clonard, founded by Finian, Clonfert by Brendan, Bangor by Comgall, Clonmacnoise by Kieran, Killeaney by Enda, Cloyne by Colman Mac Léníne; and, in the 600s, Lismore by St. Carthage and Glendalough by St. Kevin.
542 Crimthann Srem mac Echado, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
565 Death of Justinian, East Rome gives up on West Rome
568-774 Lombards conquer Rome/Italy with help of 20,000 Angles and Saxons
577 Coirpre Cromm mac Crimthainn, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies.

Champneys, Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture

Kilmalkedar and the district in general are associated with St. Brendan, the founder of Clonfert, born near Tralee, who died at a great age in 577. But the name means 'the Cell (or church) of Maolcethair,' whose death and his connection with the place are attributed to the year 636.[2]

With round-headed windows and squared stone, even though no mortar is used, we seem to be getting to or beyond the borders of the primitive Irish architecture. Ireland, as we have seen, was long cut off, to a very large extent, from the general influence of Europe; but this isolation began to pass away before the end of the VI century. About 585 St. Columban went with his twelve companions (of whom St. Gall was one) to Gaul, preached in Burgundy and in what is now Switzerland, and founded the monastery of Luxeuil, and later on another at Bobbio in Italy. St. Gall, left behind in Switzerland, founded and governed the monastery called by his own name. In England, after 635, St. Aidan's Irish monks (for Hy or Iona was practically a part of Ireland) came in contact with old Roman buildings and with churches built in stone "after the Roman fashion" at York and at Lincoln.[3] And

597 Angles and Saxons converted to christianity? by Irish Monks

foreign monks settled in Ireland, drawn there by the reputation of its monasteries for piety and learning, though, as a rule, we do not know at what precise dates—like the "VII Romani" commemorated on their tombstone in St. Brecan's churchyard on the Aran Islands, and the many foreigners mentioned in the Litany of Oengus the Culdee, including more Romans, Italians, Gauls, Saxons (*i.e.* Englishmen) and "seven Egyptian monks."[1] The intercourse of Ireland with England and with the Continent henceforth never ceased altogether, and is marked, among many other proofs, by the letter which Alcuin, the Northumbrian of York, 'minister of education' to Charlemagne, sent to Colcu or Colga, chief professor of the school or university of Clonmacnois, with presents from himself and his master (some of which were for the anchorites connected with the monastery) and requests for prayers.[2] It was therefore possible that at any time after about A.D. 600

Champneys Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture.

602 Columbanus is persecuted by Roman Latin Bishops about differences of Irish christian practice

627 Cathal mac Áedo, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies.

Champneys

this renewed intercourse with England and with the Continent was made more easy as the Irish gave up the most prominent signs of their insularity—their different time for keeping Easter, inherited from earlier ages, and their different tonsure—a process which began about 630 in the south of Ireland and took somewhere about a century to complete.

635 Sasanach/Anglo-Saxon chief Oswald invited the Irish bishop Aidan from Iona into his [chiefing], and Aidan founded the monastery at Lindisfarne on the coast of Northumberland.

640 Cuana mac Ailcene/son of Ailcen, Laech Liathmhuine/Hero of Liathmhuine, An Draoi Ruadh, noted for unbounded generosity, dies.

MÓR MUMAN OCUS AIDED CUANACH MEIC AILCHINE.

LL 274a; Book of Fermoy, fo. 17a.*

1. Aed Bennāin rī Irlochra. Dā *m*aic dēc lais 7 teora ingena. Senḟocal[1] leo: "nī am*ail fo*racaib Aed Bennāin[2] a maccu." Mōr Muman ingen Aeda Bennāin. Robūi[3] admilliud[4] f*ur*ri i[5] tossa(i)g. Nithcissed[6] *acht* co dorus tige.[7] "Rotmairg[8] a Mōr," ar in guth assind aer[9] uāstu.[10] Robatar im*orro* rigrad hErend oca cungid[11]-si. Laa n-and[12] d*in* cocuala inn[13] guth. "Rotmairg,[8] a Mōr." "Ba ferr lim dobertha oldaas[14] a bithtarṅgire."[15] "In ba i tossaig[16] *no* fain derind?"[17] "I tossaig[18] im*orro*," or sisi.[19] Doratad[20] iarsin fualaṅg fōthe[21] coroliṅg dar dua ind liss.[22] (fo. 274b) Conafeis[23] cia du do dech*aid*.[24]

2. Coros*h*ir[25] Her*i*n*n*[26] da bl*iadain*.[27] Corodnbui f*r*i *gr*ein *ocus* gāit*h*[28] hi certib[29] *ocus*[30] lothruib.[31] Conatarlai[32] do C*h*assiul. Fingen m*acc* Aeda[33] is ē[34] ba rī andsen.[35] Ingen rig na ṅDesi[36] leis. Bōi[37] oca cairib[38] side tri thrāt*h*. Laa n-and[39] luid issa rigt*hech*[40][as]sind[41] ingariu[41] condatarlaic frisin tenid.[42] Curid,[43] or Fingen, in[44] cale ucut[44] immac*h*. Rotbia mo

* The variants are from F, with a few, where stated, from H, unless stated to be from L, in which cases F is in text.

659 Marmoutier Abbey, Alsace Saint Leobard (d. here in about 680) in 659, was a community of Irish monks under the Irish Rule of St. Columbanus. In 728, it changes to Holy Roman Rule of St. Benedict

664 Synod of Whitby, Irish missionaries have authority and practices unseated by Holy Roman ways

665 Cathal Cú-cen-máthair, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies

697 Cáin Adomnáin upheld by Irish (not Roman) Synod of Birr in Offaly, upholding Ancestral Irish protections and sureties in christian system, aimed at lessening brutality of christian war, ensuring safety and rights for non-combatant women. "Law of Innocents" HISTORY IRELAND, 'The Irish Geneva Convention'
701 Ailill mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies
742 Cathal mac Finguine, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies

> **The Chiefs of Caiseal appear to have put forward no claims to the monarchy of all Ireland till the year 709, when Cathal, the son of Finguine, ancestor of the family of O'Caeimh (O'Keeffe), and Rí of Munster, plundered the plain of Breagh or Bregia, and compelled Fearghal, the son of Maelduin, monarch of Ireland, to give him hostages ; in consequence of which he was looked upon by his own people as monarch of Ireland till his death, which occurred in the year 742. But the northern writers do not acknowledge him as monarch**
> **Odonovan Lebor na Ceart notes**

> **"The four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention. For example: The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra[Glenore, Gleaniúir]. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.**

Aislinge Meic Conglinne trans. Kuno Meyer
https://archive.org/stream/aislingemeiccong00meye#page/64/mod e/2up

" Well, Cathal," said MacConglinne, " a vision has appeared to me, and I have heard that thou art good at interpreting a dream." " By my God's Doom!" exclaimed Cathal, " though I should interpret the dreams of the men of the world, I would not interpret thine."
An Cloidheamh Soluis Agus Fios Fáth an Aon Sgéil ar na Mnáibh...

Then the Wizard Doctor spoke to his people : ' A troublesome party approaches you to-night, my friends,' said the Wizard Doctor, ' viz., Aniér MacConglinne of the men of Munster, a youngster of deep lore, entertaining and delightful. And he must be well served ; for he is melancholy, passionate, impetuous, violent, and impatient ; and he is eager, fond of eating early ; and he is voracious, shameless,greedy; and yet he is mild and gentle, . . . easily moved to laughter. And he is a man great in thanks-givings and in upbraidings. And no wonder; for he has wit both to censure and to praise the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle, fine, mirthful house with a meadball...

https://archive.org/stream/aislingemeiccong00meye#page/82/mode/2up

法儀: 然則奚以為治法而可？故曰莫若法天。天之行廣而無私，其施厚而不德，其明久而不衰，故聖王法 之。既以天為法，動作有為，必度於天，天之所欲則為之，天所不欲則止。然而天何欲何惡者也？ 天必欲人之相愛相利，而不欲人之相惡相賊也。奚以知天之欲人之相愛相利，而不欲人之相惡相賊 也？以其兼而愛之，兼而利之也。奚以知天兼而愛之，兼而利之也？以其兼而有之，兼而食之也。
On the necessity of standards: What then should be taken as the standard in government? Nothing better than following Heaven. Heaven is all-inclusive and impartial in its activities, abundant and unceasing in its blessings, and lasting and untiring in its guidance. And, so, when the sage-chiefs had accepted Heaven as their standard, they measured every action and enterprise by Heaven. What Heaven desired they would carry out, what Heaven abominated they refrained from. Now, what is it that Heaven desires, and what that it abominates? Certainly Heaven desires to have men benefit and love one another and abominates to have them hate and harm one another. How do we know that Heaven desires to have men love and benefit one another and

abominates to have them hate and harm one another? Because it loves and benefits men universally. How do we know that it loves and benefits PEOPLE universally? Because it claims all and accepts offerings from all.

尚賢中: 子墨子言曰：「今王公大人之君人民，主社稷，治國家，欲脩保而勿失，故不察尚賢為政之 本也。何以知尚賢之為政本也？曰自貴且智者，為政乎愚且賤者，則治；自愚且賤者，為政 乎貴且智者，則亂。是以知尚賢之為政本也。故古者聖王甚尊尚賢而任使能，不黨父兄，不 偏貴富，不嬖顏色，賢者舉而上之，富而貴之，以為官長；不肖者抑而廢之，貧而賤之以為 徒役，是以民皆勸其賞，畏其罰，相率而為賢。者以賢者眾，而不肖者寡，此謂進賢。然後 聖人聽其言，跡其行，察其所能，而慎予官，此謂事能。故可使治國者，使治國，可使長官 者，使長官，可使治邑者，使治邑。凡所使治國家，官府，邑里，此皆國之賢者也。

Exaltation of the Virtuous...:
Mozi said: Now, in caring for the people, ruling the state, and governing the country, the rulers desire permanency and stability. But why do they not learn that exaltation of the virtuous is the foundation of government?

How do we know exaltation of the virtuous is the foundation of government? When the honourable and wise run the government, the ignorant and humble remain orderly; but when the ignorant and humble run the government, the honourable and wise become rebellious.

Therefore we know exaltation of the virtuous is the foundation of government. The ancient sage-[Chiefs] greatly emphasized the exaltation of the virtuous and the employment of the capable. Without special consideration for relatives, for the rich and honoured, or for the goodlooking, they exalted and promoted the virtuous, enriched and honoured them, and made them governors and leaders.

The vicious they kept back and banished, depossessed and degraded, and made labourers and servants. Thereupon people were all encouraged by rewards and threatened by punishments and strove with each other after virtue. Thus the virtuous multiplied and the vicious diminished in number. Such is exaltation of the virtuous.

Then the sage-[Chiefs] watched their words and observed their conduct, found

out their capabilities and carefully assigned them their offices. Such is employment of the capable. Accordingly those who were capable to govern the country were made to govern the country, those who were capable to administer the court were made to administer the court, and those who were capable in managing the districts were made to manage the districts.

All those who had charge of the country, the court, and the districts were then the virtuous of the land.

"Good governance never depends upon laws, but upon the personal qualities of those who govern. The machinery of government is always subordinate to the will of those who administer that machinery. The most important element of government, therefore, is the method of choosing leaders." — Frank Herbert, Children of Dune

"The chain is only as strong as its weakest link, for if that fails the chain fails and the object that it has been holding up falls to the ground." — Thomas Reid, Essays on the Intellectual Powers of [Daoine]

"Governments, if they endure, always tend increasingly toward aristocratic forms. No government in history has been known to evade this pattern. And as the aristocracy develops, government tends more and more to act exclusively in the interests of the ruling class -- whether that class be hereditary royalty, oligarchs of financial empires, or entrenched bureaucracy." — Frank Herbert, Children of Dune
"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." George Orwell, Animal Farm

Fair is foul, and foul is fair, hover through fog and filthy air. Willam Shakesphere, Macbeth

"Major flaws in government arise from a fear of making radical internal changes even though a need is clearly seen.

Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

795 Vikings begin full invasion of Ireland at Rathlin island, 'Silk Road' book specifies they traded in Irish slaves in this era. Flemish Celts also mentioned.

A Tale of Two Civilisations: The Viking and the Muslim [Slavery] Civilisation

Discover the golden age of Muslim [Slavery] civilisation. **Published on: 16th February 2016**

From the eighth to the eleventh century, the [Slave-trading] Vikings were renowned for roaming the world and covering large distances...Their expeditions are said to have extended from Western-Europe to Central Asia, it is from here that sources indicate the extent to which the [Slave-trading] Vikings had contact with the [Slave-trading] Muslim World during Ancient Times.

Though the [Slave-trading] Vikings had sacked several cities in Western and Eastern Europe, historians outline that it was in [Slave-trading] Muslim ruled lands...that the [Slave-trading]Vikings found "[Slave-trading]emporiums beyond their wildest dreams."

...Evidence of exchanges between King Charlemagne and [Mu slims] revealed they had good relations. Some sources hold the belief that relations between [Muslims] and King Charlemagne were progressive to such an extent that [Muslims] gifted many presents including several types of perfumes along with his own personalised water clock. [Bromance]

This appears to be in contrast with King Charlemagne's relations with the [Slave-trading] Vikings who is believed to have held them in such disdain that he "wept bitterly" at the thought of "what evil they will do to [his] descendants and their subjects". The [Slave-trading] [Muslims] however may well have taken this opportunity to build strong ties with the [Slave-trading] Vikings, developing mutual bonds between traders and [Slave-trading] merchants as a result.

What is more, similar to traders and [Slave-trading] merchants from the Muslim world, Viking traders also appeared to exhibit a barter system for trading goods...

This was in place of the prized and costly silver...

"Viking traders brought [Moslem] silver coins in great quantities to [Slave-trading] Scandinavia...

...Professor Thomas S. Noonan also highlights that it was a cache of dirhams (Arabic coins) "that helped fuel the [Slave-trading] Viking Age".

What is more, the dirham was said to be considered to be of such might that in Viking York and [Viking] Dublin between the 10th and 12th centuries it was used as common currency

Noonan continues to state that it was in the quest of these silver dirham, the [Slave-trading] Scandinavians resorted to venturing East in the first instance. ...

Akin to the [Slave-trading] Viking, voyagers and scholars from various [Slave-trading] Muslim dynasties were also familiar with travelling on behalf of their [Big Boss]. It was during their visits to established trading centres such as Kiev and Novgorod, part of the "Volga Trade route"[13], [14], where they are believed to have first began noting down their observations regarding the [Slave-trading] Vikings, or Rus as they were referred to in Arabic.
...
Historians from the [Slave-trading] Muslim world...and other lands had given the [Slave-trading] Vikings a reputation of primarily being "merchant warriors whose primary focus was on trades" ....

.. ... "Tentative Global Timeline of Contacts between the World of Islam and Western Europe: 7th -20th Cent" outlines:
"A Viking fleet sacks ...

In retaliation, the [Muslims] trap the Viking fleet on the River...destroying 30 ships and killing 1,000 Vikings. Most of the 400 captured Vikings are executed.

[Slave-trading] Vikings would make numerous raids against... the Iberian Peninsula. Eventually, a community of settled [Slave-trading] Vikings, who

converted to Islam...

In addition to the above statement, John M. Riddle wrote:
"In response, the [Slave-trading] Vikings raided _____. After reeling from the first raids, the [Slave-trading] Muslims ...learned to cope by fighting them to a [Slave-trading] standstill.

As the [Slave-trading] Vikings marched back to their ships with loot and prisoners to be sold as slaves...

... the [Slave-trading Vikings raided the shores of northern Africa, where they rounded [Africa Unite] and sold them as slaves in [Viking Wars era] Ireland and elsewhere. [Our patron Saint Patrick was enslaved in like fashion, by Patsies]...

In pursuit of slaves and wealth, some Vikings (such as Halfdan) made it to Italy...

It should be noted that the [Slave-trading Vikings were also mercenaries who fought for different nations. For example..."the Varangian Guard – an elite Viking unit of the Byzantine Army"

...the [Slave-trading Vikings... have been hired by Muslim armies also...

In 1041 CE, a Viking expedition ... against Muslim nations resulted in a strong defeat. This led historian... Jonathan Clements to note :

the [Slave-trading "Vikings left the Muslim world alone, preferring instead to serve as mercenaries in its armies, or trade with it in valuable commodities such as slaves –

they may have been [Slavery] raiders at the European end of trade route, but at the Middle Eastern end they were [Slave-trading] merchants". Once again, demonstrating the connection ...between the Vikings and Muslims over time.

..The majority of the Vikings however continued to practice their traditional [Slave-trading] beliefs, which ... great respect was accorded to [the] [Real

Bosses] ... who have authority over the [Slave-trading] ruler 'as if they themselves were masters', and can summarily order the sacrifice of man or beast. That the ruler was essentially a figurehead is suggested...

... trade, political envoys, war and immigration ... made between the [Slave-trading] Viking and the [Slave-trading] Muslim world ...

" [Muzlim] observation of the [Slave-trading] Vikings might be a kin to a city dweller visiting another continent and writing down their views...a ...privileged young emissary originating from ... prosperous [Slave-trading] city such as Baghdad, a city heralded as the "centre of the [Slave-trading] Golden Age" of its time...

This was not the case however for another Muslim geographer. According to him, they were "handsome, clean and well-dressed"[Bromance] and he praised them even further:

They keep their clothes clean and the men adorn themselves... gold. They treat their servants... exquisitely because they are such keen [slave] traders... They are generous to each other [and their] guests...

... praised them as being "perfect physical specimens" and described them as "tall as date palms", which this comparison could be said to have been one of the highest compliments one could receive from an [Slave-trading] Arab in those times:

...Each [Slave-trading] man has an axe, a sword, and a knife, and keeps each by him at all times. Each [stolen] woman wears on either breast a box of iron, silver, copper, or gold; the value of the box indicates the wealth of the [owner]. ... Their most prized ornaments are green glass beads. They string them as necklaces for their [stolen] women..."

...some historians noted that the most common artefacts found from the [slave-trader] Viking Age pertains to combs....accompanied by other ... grooming items like razors, tweezers and even ear spoons ...

Unfortunately, there is a period of a 1000 years missing from Western educational systems…. there exists a jump from the Greeks to the Renaissance, usually referred to as the "Dark Ages"….This amnesia affects the minds of present and future generations…[When did Mohamit arrive]
…HRH Prince Carl Philip of Sweden officially…noted the following:
…It complements the western writing of history and accentuates_____the [slave-trader] Muslim civilization. It shows us how indeed we share a … very important precondition for development: the openness to input and influences. …

To support this case … this important note made by Dr Anne-Maria Brennan:
Europe is inundated with …Islamic culture…
Take a closer look and we see … Europe –
all beautiful reminders of a Golden Age of Islam.
The presence …how prolific … [slave] trade
and education were …[slave-trader] Muslim Civilisation.
https://muslimheritage.com/vikings/

"Where there is ruin, there is hope for a treasure." Rumi

"Make no judgments where you have no compassion." — Anne McCaffrey

An áit a bhuil do chroí is ann a thabharfas do chosa thú.

Ní bhrisfidh siad mé mar tá an fonn saoirse agus saoirse mhuintir na hEireann i mo chroí. Tiocfaidh lá éigin nuair a bheidh an fonn saoirse seo le taispeáint ag daoine go léir na hEireann ansin tchífidh muid eirí na gealaí.
If they aren't able to destroy the desire for freedom, they won't break you. They won't break me because the desire for freedom, and the freedom of the Irish people is in my heart. The day will dawn when all the people of Ireland will have the desire for freedom to show. It is then we'll see the rising of the moon. — Bobby Sands, 5 Bealtaine 1981

George Bailey: What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You want the moon? Just say the word and I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey. That's a pretty good idea. I'll give you the moon, Mary.

Mary: I'll take it.
It's a Wonderful Life (1946)

“I’m not from these parts. I’m from a little place called England – we used to run the world before you lot.” – Ricky Gervais 2004 Golden Globes

Father Ted: The Plague (#2.6)" (1996) Father Dougal McGuire: C'mon Ted,think. Where's the last place you'd think I'd put them? Father Ted Crilly: Well, I suppose that the last place I'd think you'd put them would be... would actually be... Bishop Brennan's room. Father Dougal McGuire: Bingo! Think about it Ted- I put the bunnies in the last place he'd ever expect to find them! In his own room- he'd never look there!

Jacques Ellul 1912-1994, Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes

“To the extent that propaganda is based on current news, it cannot permit time for thought or reflection. A man caught up in the news must remain on the surface of the event; be is carried along in the current, and can at no time take a respite to judge and appreciate; he can never stop to reflect. There is never any awareness -- of himself, of his condition, of his society -- for the man who lives by current events.

Such a man never stops to investigate any one point, any more than he will tie together a series of news events. We already have mentioned man's inability to consider several facts or events simultaneously and to make a synthesis of them in order to face or to oppose them.

Never trust anything you can count on.
. Never walk from a Dogfall Fios Rhince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha
This position of Monarch of Ireland, ollam ríg.

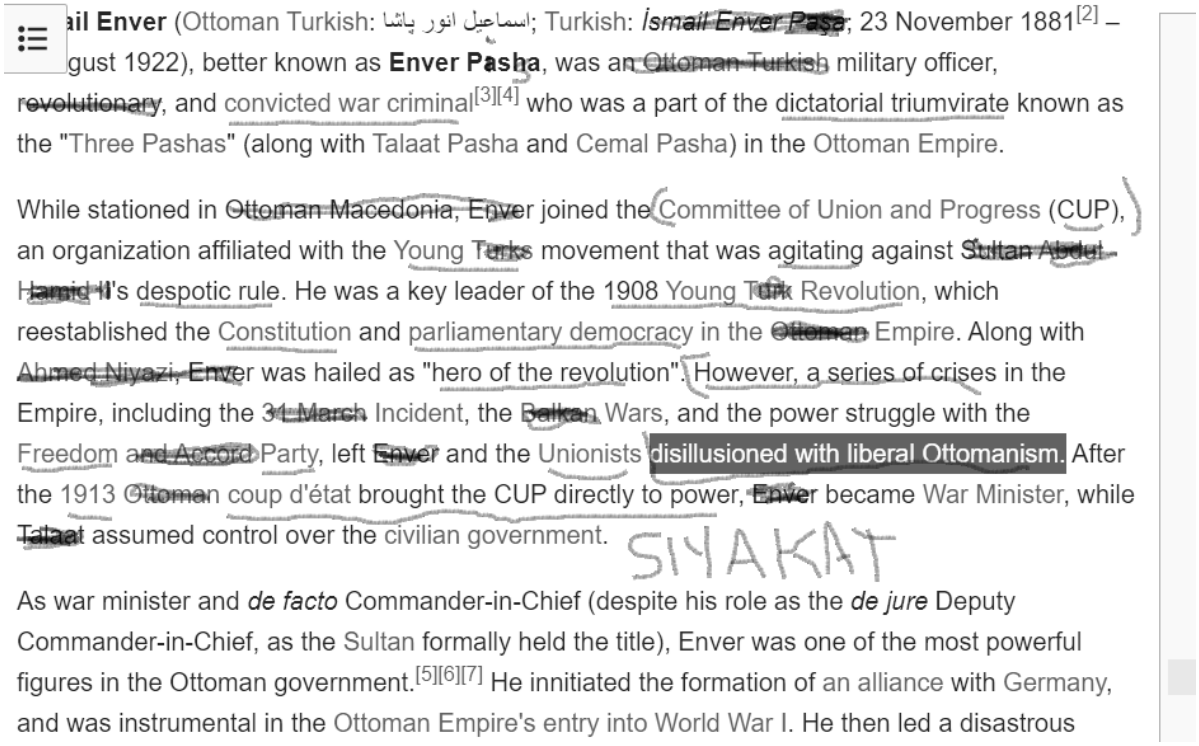
Author of 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

Pete Seeger, October 18th, 1979, Rolling Stone
"I still believe the only chance for the human race to survive is to give up such pleasures as war, racism and private profit.

Obviously, various attempts to solve these problems haven't met with the success I thought they might. But you never can tell. I've never been overoptimistic.

“I was about twelve when I read H.G. Wells' saying that it was a race between education and disaster. I had no reason to think he was wrong...

“Once the soul awakens, the search begins and you can never go back. From then on, you are inflamed with a special longing that will never again let you linger in the lowlands of complacency and partial fulfillment. The eternal makes you urgent. You are loath to let compromise or the threat of danger hold you back from striving toward the summit of fulfillment.” Is fearr go mall ná go brách
— John O'Donohue, Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom



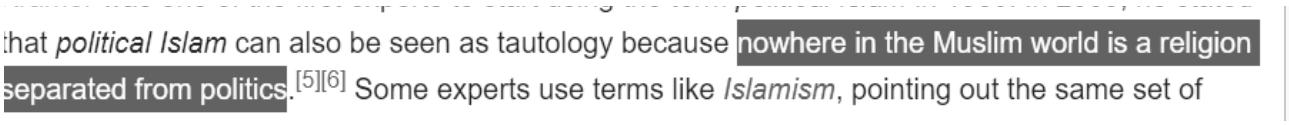
ail Enver (Ottoman Turkish: اسماعیل انور پاشا; Turkish: *İsmail Enver Paşa*; 23 November 1881[2] – gust 1922), better known as **Enver Pasha**, was an Ottoman Turkish military officer, revolutionary, and convicted war criminal[3][4] who was a part of the dictatorial triumvirate known as the "Three Pashas" (along with Talaat Pasha and Cemal Pasha) in the Ottoman Empire.

While stationed in Ottoman Macedonia, Enver joined the Committee of Union and Progress (CUP), an organization affiliated with the Young Turks movement that was agitating against Sultan Abdul-Hamid II's despotic rule. He was a key leader of the 1908 Young Turk Revolution, which reestablished the Constitution and parliamentary democracy in the Ottoman Empire. Along with Ahmed Niyazi, Enver was hailed as "hero of the revolution". However, a series of crises in the Empire, including the 31 March Incident, the Balkan Wars, and the power struggle with the Freedom and Accord Party, left Enver and the Unionists disillusioned with liberal Ottomanism. After the 1913 Ottoman coup d'état brought the CUP directly to power, Enver became War Minister, while Talaat assumed control over the civilian government.

SIYAKAT

As war minister and *de facto* Commander-in-Chief (despite his role as the *de jure* Deputy Commander-in-Chief, as the Sultan formally held the title), Enver was one of the most powerful figures in the Ottoman government.[5][6][7] He innitiated the formation of an alliance with Germany, and was instrumental in the Ottoman Empire's entry into World War I. He then led a disastrous

The Sayfo (Aramaic, Syriac) the language Jesus spoke lit. 'sword'),
the Assyrian Catholic Genocide, the Genocide of the Family and friends of Jesus who still speak the language Jesus spoke
The Assyrians were divided into mutually antagonistic churches
The empire's nineteenth-century centralization efforts led to increased violence and danger for the Assyrians.
The Sayfo occurred concurrently with and was closely related to the Armenian genocide the desire to appropriate their land
Although several countries acknowledge that Assyrians in the Ottoman Empire were victims of a genocide, this assertion is rejected by the Turkish government.
Sayfo or Seyfo (lit. 'sword'), which, since the tenth century, has also meant 'extermination' or 'extinction'. wikipedia


that *political Islam* can also be seen as tautology because nowhere in the Muslim world is a religion separated from politics.[5][6] Some experts use terms like *Islamism*, pointing out the same set of

800 Charlemagne solidifies feudalism and church/state control is crowned emperor of Frankish "Holy Roman Empire"

800s Trecheng Breth Féne (The Triads of Ireland) Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. "The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge."

821 Artrí mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies. His great grandson Art Caemh was ancestor of the Ó Caiomh (O'Keeffes) of County Cork.

Monasticon Hibernicum

829. Died Subneus, the son of Farnech; he enjoyed his dignity only two months; he had been abbot of Darinis.[g]

Kethernac, the son of Dunchan, divinity lecturer and presbyter of Armagh, died the same year; he was honoured with the epithet of THE WISE.[h]

831. Died Rectgal, the son of Subney, and a presbyter of Armagh.[i]

832. Died the abbot Artrigius;[18] he was the son of Conchovar.[k] Farannan succeeded him. And this year the Danes plundered the town thrice in one month; they carried away the reliques and all the other treasures, and obliged the abbot to seek an asylum in Munster.[l]

834. Died the abbot Eogan.[m]

Colgan says, that Farannan of Rath-mic-malus was chosen

841 Norsemen attack what becomes called Normandy (Norse-man-dy) make deals with the Holy Roman Empire, become the Normans 841 Norsemen attack Baile Átha Cliath founding Dyflin/Dublin 901 In Cashel were 5000 students and six hundred Conventual monks; the like number were in Lismore and Dun-da-leathglass. These are the Celtic Church, the Irish Orthodox Christians

902 Fionguine (Son of Gorman) chief of Mumhan dies 908 Art Caoimh, from whom the name Ó Caoimh comes, son of Fionguine chief of Mumhan, slain

923, 944 Donnchadh son of Caoimh, commands the forces of Mumhan to rescue Callaghan, chief of Mumhan, from the treachery of the Lochlannach Sitric. A sea and land victory at Dún Dealgan. Three champions bearhug three champions, and pull them under the waves. Navy led by McCarthy,
Failbhe Fionn under orders from Donnchadh, An Draoi Ruadh.

1013. A great fleet of the Danes came before Cork, and destroyed the town by fire.[d]

1025. Dungal ua Donchadha, King of Cashel, who had forsaken the world, and dedicated himself solely to God, died in this abbey.[e]

1026. Cellach O'Selbac, comorb of St. Barr, and esteemed chief among the sages in Munster, died this year in his pilgrimage.[f]

1027. Died Neil O'Mailduibh, comorb of St. Barr.[g]

1028. Died Airtri Sairt, comorb of St. Barr.[h]

1034. Died Cahal, the comorb.[i]

1057. Mugron O'Mutan, comorb of St. Barr, was murdered in the night by his own people.[k]

1080. The town was destroyed by fire.[l]

1089. Dermot, the son of Toirdhealbhach O'Brien, spoiled and plundered the town of Cork, and carried away the reliques of St. Barr.[m]

1028 The diocese of Dublin was formally established by Lochlannach Sigtrygg (Sitric) Silkbeard, Rí of Dublin. Diocese is Roman, reports to Canterbury.

1054 Great Schism between Eastern Holy Roman Frankish Latin/ and Eastern Roman Orthodox Churches

1063 "Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite [semi-monastic attached to a church], died."— From the Four Masters

1066 Lochlannach/Viking/Norman William the Bastard conquers England 1070 Scots (Irish) Monastery built at Regensberg, Germany

1084 Normans Sack Rome

1095 First Crusade

1100 Scots (Irish) Monastery at Regensberg, Germany begins major expansion because influx of presumably refugee monks because there's a clearance going on as you can tell by the next item.

1101 Muirchertach Ua Briain sells Cashel, sovereignty of Munster, to Norman Roman Catholic Church

1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster

1124 Rí David I of Scotland adopts Lochlannach/Norman Feudalism for Alba. His sister, Good Queen Maud, was Henry I wife and he grew up in his household, adopting Norman values and traits. “He introduced a feudal system and granted land to Anglo Norman incomers who soon anglicized the lowlands in Southern Scotland. Norman English became the dominant language of court while Gaelic was spoken in the Highlands and Norse in the far North and Isles…”

“Loclu|nduic co lâ|dir,
Air ḟearaiḃ Éirionn uile;
Zo t-tânaic Lúġaḋ Lâṁḟada,
Re tuzaḋ caṫ Muizi Tuiri.”

Sgiath na h-Eamhna.

The Lochlanachs held potent sway
Over all the men of Ireland,
Until Lughadh Lamhfhada came
And fought the Battle of Moytuir.

1130 circa 1130, Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchad [son of Caem], O descendant of beloved Ailill, that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity— without deceit —And that the Lochlannachs [both Normans and their Viking cousins] should carry off their cows?

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain; at least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. William Shakespeare, Hamlet

It’s possible to like bad people, but liking them doesn’t make them good. Elizabeth Moon, The Deed of Paksenarrion

1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Norman Catholic bishop of Armagh

It is much more likely that this poem was written and circulatedat a much later period, when the Christian Danes refused to submit to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction or authority of Armagh [St. Patricks church] ; and when it was found useful by the Danish party to have it believed that their ancestors had been settled in Dublin as early as the fifth century, and converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, immediately after his having cursed Teamhair or Tara. The Danes of Dublin, on that occasion, placed themselves under Anselm, [post 664 Roman] Archbishop of Canterbury ...

...The blessing of Patrick—The writer says, that after the cursing of Teamhair, the blessing of St. Patrick was transferred to Caiseal, which had never been cursed. He next insinuates that the race of Conn would not be worthy to re-erect Teamhair, and consequently that the race of Olioll Olum, who would one day restore the royal seat, would become the dominant family of Ireland ; but this has not been granted, as the southern annalists do not even iiretend to have had any monarch of the race of Olioll Olum after the nod of the cursing, except Feidhlim Mac Criomthain and the renowned Brian Borumha.

Ó Donovan, Leabhar na gCeart intro, 1847.
Beannacht ort, a Mhogh Roith,
Bíodh a ráidh ar áth féim a chomhailfeat frium chlana Eoghain ann.
Cineadh Fiachach feirt a ndine a n-ólt gan ríghí, gan reacht (ríocht).
-Millteoireacht le Mogh Ruithe ar nDaoithe an Ardrí

Tugadh ansin a sheithe thairbh mhaoil odhair go Mogh Roith
chomh maith lena éanchealtair alabhreac lena heití foluaineacha
agus an chuid eile dá threalamh draíochta.
Beirid tríst agus mallachtain nóem nÉrenn!
Bad nenaid co bráth a lucht!
Ní raib clann ná cenélach, Rub dérechtach díbdathach!
Mallacht a gaiscid fair!
Nach faicear toradh ad im, no ìm ann ad bhainne.

D’fhiafraigh Mogh Roith: “Conas atá na tinte?”

Balor of the Evil Eye: This is bad. The prosperity of your culchies should have been more important to you than your own position. Their blessing would have been better than their curses...What you lost through injustice you shouldn't regain through injustice!" [M Heaney]

A PORTRAIT. From an unnumbered loose sheet of MS. in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin. By J.G. O'Keeffe, 1912, for Kuno Meyer Gaeilge: https://archive.org/details/cu31924026503148/page/n267
1 The mind of my dear comrade seek ye not for fear of reproach; even were it possible to find it tis certain its like could not be found.

2 Reserved is the mind of Ua Fiachrach. ever -gentle, soft-spoken youth; friendly towards all to whom he comes, yet loving not one in twenty.

3 A trick at each corner of the board even to the extent of changing the chessmen; as he places his snares destruction is certain that is the secret of my companion's gambling.

4 A fickle man who is of us and of you, a hand with every hand that is strongest even to the extent of throwing the dice; the most faithful man in the world.

5 Of the Ulstermen in the hour of their strength was this well -beloved friend; of the Plain of Meave at another time, until the hour when it was put to shame.

6 At once a Dubhghall and a scion of Gaedhal Glas, from the Moy, the Nore, the Fergus; a Munsterman, yet a Meathman, out of Moylinny, Looney and Leinster.

7 He, though a Meathman, is of Hy Maine; a Dalton and a Dillon, two men in one, from the Bann and from Berehaven, a Burke, a Barry, a Butler.

8 The Sinon of the ancient isle of the Finns, Judas of the land of Erin, certain ill-luck to his race; a Conán who injures his own people.

9 Never was there created under the cover of the clouds a flock of which he was not a bird — except alone the flock from which he is; 'tis a miracle if that bond of love is a bond.

10 Now or last year seek him not two nights on the same hill; every hill that is nearest the sun is the hill of the fellow from the black mountain.

11 Therefore keep watchful service in the company of strangers; let no man bow to our prince; difficult is the knowledge of (men's) natures.

A PORTRAIT. From an unnumbered loose sheet of MS. in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin. By J.G. O'Keeffe, 1912, for Kuno Meyer Gaeilge: https://archive.org/details/cu31924026503148/page/n267

Uproot your questions from their ground and the dangling roots will be seen. More questions! —Mentat Zensufi, Dune, Frank Herbert

O Kieffe Family history

Sloinne.ie Ó Caoimh, Male (married & unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, Female (married) Ní Chaoimh, Female (unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, House

Surname History: Descendant of caomh' (beautiful, noble, gentle, loveable). the o'keeffes, who are of the royal race of munster and of the same stock as the maccarthys and o'callaghans, derive their name and descent from art caomh who was son of fionghuine, Rí of munster, and flourished in the 10th century. donnchadh Ó caoimh, the first to bear the surname, lived in the reign of ceallachan of cashel. the o'keeffes were originally seated at glanworth and possessed the district now called roches' country, in the barony of fermoy; but they were driven thence shortly after the anglo-norman invasion, when they settled in a district in the north-west of the barony of duhallow, to which they gave the name of pobble o'keeffe, and where they maintained themselves as a distinct clan [kept to the ancestral structures] down to the end of the 16th century [seems like it's more like the end of the 17th, possibly, or maybe we still are?] (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Cáem, cáoimh from eDil.ie1114 dear, precious, beloved; belonging to the family im chorpu aiso coim `of their loved ones' dear, precious, valuable fair, beautiful, lovely Of speech: coil ¬ cóim `simple and beautiful' fitting, suitable, appropriate : ma do ti dam caem, caomh prompt, ready, willing friend, relation; comrade noble, aristocrat blaī būaid cuirm- thige co coīmaib the privilege of the ale-feast with nobles (one of the occasions on which a lord is exempt if subjects are hurt) banchóem noble woman fair or beautiful object or person (of a flag). 'na chaomh béime a beauty of a stroke Compds. Of family relationships: caomhathair, caomh- mathair, caomhaide, caomhmuime, caomhbhrathair, caoimh- siur, caomhaindear, caoimchele, caomcomalta, go mba hógh go lúi lethdire, dia mbeid aoinbheóil aoinchiche etc.., Ériu xiii 16.14 . ben cen caemchéile spouse, CCath. 2233 . dia chaomh chenel fein, FM iv 1374.1 . ní fhágfadh ben dinn 'ga coimhfher mate, Ériu i 16.12 . ón ti is comfocus do da caimfine, Laws ii 284.15 Comm. accomul a comuir doib re caemfine, 358.19 Comm. manid gau dó tria choemcheilg because of his lucky snaring im chóemchostud na fledi fair arrangement of the feast in cú ruadh . . . / comad táisech caemchuaine leader of a fair pack (used ironically) nírop seóta sír-thaiscius / sernas do cách caémhratha `who apportions good grants to

everyone' no co cumad a caemrus (:tūs) `compact' cia crabud nar caemfhuill `did he not lovingly increase' fon sruth coemcoisrectha duly consecrated

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908
The Irish ... of co. Cork are : O'Callaghan, O'Cowhig or O'Coffey, O'Crowley, O'Daly, O'Donovan, O'Donoghue, O'Driscoll, O'Dwyer, O'Flynn, O'Haly, O'Hea, O'Hennessy, O'Kearney, O'Keeffe, O'Leary, O'Lyon, O'Lehan, O'Mahony, O'Riordan, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy-Reagh (princes of Carbery), MacCarthy MacDonough (princes of Duhallow), MacCarthy (lords of Musketry), McAuliffe, Meagh, etc. ...By Irish custom all land was the common property of the sept, the chief being the " oldest in descent and worthiest of the blood."

MAP SHOWING THE DIVISIONS OF COUNTY CORK
Prior to confiscations extending from Elizabeth to defeat of James II.

from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence. The O'Keeffes were hereditary marshals of the forces of Desmond [or another way to look at that is we were the go-betweens trying to influence the occupiers], and by O'Heerin they are styled chiefs of Glen Amhan, which was, according to Dr. O'Brien, the country around Glanworth, in the barony of Fermoy, and county of Cork, and hence they are sometimes styled chiefs of Feara-Muighe, also of Irluachra, in the barony of Duhallow, and county aforesaid, the chiefs of which are designated as follows by O'Heerin :
"O'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows, Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands."
A large division of Irluachair, called Poble O'Keeffe, belonged to a senior branch of this family; it contains about 9000 statute acres, the greater portion of which is comprised in the now parish of NohovalDaly, in the barony of Magohiny, and county of Kerry, and the remaining part in the barony of Duhallow, in the county of Cork.

The first battle that I can give an account of where the inhabitants of said two counties were engaged was at the first invasion made by the Danes into Ireland, in the west of Munster, about 900 years ago, where they were defeated by the King of Cashel, Artre, of the progeny of Heberus fionn.

Secondly: They were engaged in the defeat given by Felim McCrefin, Bishop of Leahmogha and King of Munster, to the Danes who made the second invasion into the Kingdom, and that in the west of Munster in six years' time after.

Thirdly: The said two counties' inhabitants showed their loyalty and forwardness in the pursuit of Ceallachan Cairil[63] King of Munster, in conjunction with the Eugenians, i.e., the descendants of Eugenius Magnus aforementioned, and Dalgassians, etc., etc., all under the command of Donagh O'Caiv, to Dundalk, where they had the melancholy sight of seeing their said King bound to the mast in one of the Danish ships ready to sail for Norvegia, but soon had the great pleasure of seeing him relieved and rescued by the Momonian fleet of seventy sails, under the command of Falvy fionn, ten whereof belonging to the aforesaid two counties and by them man'd, which in said sea fight behaved well. I forgot above to mention in its proper place that the said Donogh O'Keef and his party in their march to said Dundalk stormed Ardmagh and put all the Danes therein to the sword.

Fourthly: In the great battle of Clontarf, fought by the renowned monarch Brian Boroive, where the Danes were totally defeated, about 720 years ago, the behaviour of the county of Kerry and Desmond men, in conjunction with the aforesaid Eugenians from all other parts of Munster, headed by Kian MacMaolmuaidh, King of Ralahig, and son-in-law to said monarch, deserved notice, where the two courageous princes of Kery Luachra and Cnochta Logha lane. As for any other skirmishes

This wild district is ... known as ... Poble O'Keeffe

The chief residences of the lords of this country were Drumsicane castle, which stood on the northern bank of the Blackwater, and about equidistant from Drishane castle, one of the strongholds of the Mac Carthys; Dromagh castle; the castle of Du-Aragill; Drumtarifi'e castle; and the castellated mansions of Ahane, Cullen, and Ballymacquirk. A.D. 92. Donogh O'Keeffe, marshal of the forces of Munster, defeated the Danes at Dundalk; see article on Ceallachain Cashel. A.D. 1135. Finghin O'Keeffe, lord of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] Feine, was slain. A.D. 1063. Ceallach O'Keeffe, an auchorite died. A.D. 1161. Hugh, lord of FearaMuighe-Feine, or [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], died. - A.D. 1583.

Illustrations, historical and genealogical, of Rí James's Irish army list, 1689 by D'Alton, John, 1792-1867 Captain Art O'Keeffe This ancient Sept of Munster derives its descent from Art Caemh...who was himself the son of Finguine, a Rí of Munster, whose death in 902 the Four Masters record, as they do that of Ceallach O'Caemh in 1063. At 1135, they have a notice of one of those unfortunate engagements in the County of Tipperary... in which Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach (Glanworth in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]...) was slain. In 1161 Hugh O'Keeffe, Tiarnach (Lord) of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] was slain. During these centuries... this family was territorially possessed of a wide district, from their settlement called Pobble O'Keeffe...By the native annalists they are sometimes styled Princes of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], and were hereditary Marshals and chief leaders in Desmond. In the latter capacity, it is recorded that Donogh Mac Kieffe, Prince of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], commanded the Irish forces of Munster in 924 Danes into Ulster, obtained a signal victory over them at Dundalk. ...they had castles and estates at Drumsicane, Ductregill, Dromagh, Droumtariff, Cullin, Ahane, Ballymaquisk, &c.

Pobal Uí Chaoimh Annals of the Ríocht of Ireland, Four Masters, O'Donovan, vol V, 1856 Pobal-Ui-Chaoimh. {Pobal- Ui-Chaoimh, now Pobble-O'Keeffe, situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, about ten miles distant from Castle-Island on the west, and from New Market and Kanturk on the east. This tract of land extends about seven miles in length from north to south, parallel with the Blackwater (by which it is in a great part bounded on the west), and about two miles and a quarter in breadth from west to east, on which side it is bounded by the Ownaglyn, a mountain stream

flowing into the Blackwater.

"Dr. Albert Casey, in Vol. 1 of "O'Keif, Coshe Mang and Upper Blackwater", lists nine sources, by means of which the O'Keeffe ancestry was traced back to 52 B.C. (to Felim, [Rí] of Munster). Surnames, generally adopted in the 10th Century have been extended back to the beginning of the family line for orientation. One prominent member of the clan, Crevan the Great, [Rí] of Ireland (366-378) was the most illustrious [Rí] of the Eoghannachta, as he obtained sway, not only over Ireland, but over Alba, Britain and France as well. (This may now sound rather farfetched, but if Niall Naoi nGiallach was able to go ravaging abroad in St. Patricks time, why not Crevan, 70 years before!). He was poisoned by his sister, who wanted to make her own son [Rí].

The O'Keeffe line proper begins with Lughaidh O'Keeffe (308-353), uncle of Crevan.

Prominent in this line were Aeneas (411-489) [Rí] of Munster who was baptised by St.Patrick: Eugene (442-523), Crevan (473-543), Hugh (538-592), Cathal (569-621), Arthur (725-806) son of Cathal, [Rí] of Munster, who is considered by some British authors, as possibly the Arthur who was also [Rí] Cardigan in Wales.

Keeffe O'Keeffe (865-937) was the first to adopt the surname "O'Keeffe" Doncha O'Keeffe commanded the Irish forces in Munster in 924, and after pursuing the Danes into Ulster, obtained a signal victory over them at Dundalk.

Hugh O'Keeffe, son of Doncha, was slain at the Battle of Clontarf (1014) Ceallach O'Keeffe, an anchorite, died on 1063. The names Eugene, Conn, Fineen, Hugh, and Manus, occur regularly down the line until 1700. ...
http://okeeffeclans.com/briefhistory.html

Pobal Uí Chaoimh
"It is claimed of the O'Keeffe family, that there were 22 Chiefs of Mumhan in direct male line in the family. Ten other Chiefs of Mumhan were brothers, and

four who were first cousins. During the tenure of members of this dynasty (one of the longest in world history), Mumhan was not subjected by any foe. The O'Keeffe family does not emerge as an identifiable family unit until the time of Aodh, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in 1014. According to the Annals of the Four Masters, Aodh's great-grandfather, Fionguine, was slain by his own brother, Ceilecher in 902.

Fionguine had a son called Caoimh, who gave his name to the family, and had a very large territory comprising what later became the Baronies of Fermoy, Clangibbon and Condons in Co Cork. Caoimh was slain in battle on August 16th, 908, leaving a son Donnchadh, who commanded the forces of Mumhan under Callaghan, Rí of Mumhan, against the Danes in 946. Donnchadh's son Aodh, was the first to assume the name O'Caoimh (from his grandfather), pursuant to the edict of Rí Brian Boru in 1004 which stated that all clans should have a distinctive family name, crest and coat- of-arms. The family remained in undisputed control of their lands around [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], until the Anglo-Norman invasion, and for many years afterwards, until the Roches, the Condons and the Fitzgeralds made gradual encroachments on their territory and eventually, the family retired to the territory in Duhallow, near the river Blackwater, where they settled on a large tract of country, which became known as Pobal Uí Chaoimh." — Eddie Horgan, published in Seanchas Duthalla 1986, Okeeffeclans.com

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes

The reigning house is the family of Uí Chaoimh,
Strong Dragons of many and great riches;
People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir,
The mighty defenders of Cashel.

II A conquering party that committed no mean action,
Natives that were of late exiled;
By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh (Dublin area),
Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors.

XXIII If the children of Éibhear had not lost
The sovereignty of the famous Cashel,
The family of O'Keeffe would not rest
Without claiming its undoubted right.

The rest lists by name all the chieftains in succession and such.

Castles

Trí na chéile a thógtar na cáisléain. In our togetherness, castles are built.

De réir a chéile a thógtar na caisleáin. It takes time to build castles.

Dromagh Castle Drom Ath: The Ridged Country The remains of Dromagh Castle of the O'Keeffes are impressive. Four round towers about 50 feet high guard a square court facing east, at which side there is an entry arch. The south-east and north-east towers are perfect externally - except that the roofs are gone. The flooring is gone in each case. There are indications of an attached building with a 'V' shaped roof at the north-east tower. The battlements of the tower to the south-west are gone and the north-west tower is covered in ivy. There was formerly a five storey tower house, as the mian building, in the centre of the yard, but there is no trace of this now. The yard is about 50 yards by 35.

The ruin lies up a driveway to the right of the road from Banteer to Boherbue. There are two entries - just before and just after a church at the side of the road not quite half way between the two towns mentioned. The O'Keeffes had castles also at Duarigle and Drominagh, and fortified homes at Ahane, Ballymaquirk and Cullen, although some doubts are expressed about the latter location: they may have had a fortification over Nohaval Bridge. These are all commented on separately. The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eoghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds. They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caoimh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [Túatha Dé Danann]. In truth the family history of the O'Keeffes, even in the seventeenth century, is somewhat confused, and disagrees about who was what, and when. It does emerge that Art O Caoimh, who owned Duarigle, got a regrant of his lands in 1582. Dromagh appears to have been built

around this time. They did not support the Desmond rebellion, and it is recorded that Aodh O Caoimh died in pursuit of the Earl. Shortly after the chieftain Art (son of Donal, son of Art) was killed and Art Oge (d. 1610) succeeded his father. Donal, son of Manus (d. 1636) succeeded him. This Donal of Ballymaquirk was very active in the Confederate War; backing Ormond against the disastrous policies of Rinnucini, the Papal Legate. His brother Hugh, nicknamed 'Paschalis', appears to have been the chief at that time and also had an adventurous life. It is said of him that when captured by the Cromwellians and having given his word not to escape, he stood up one morning and saying 'Gentlemen, I give you notice - "I'm off"', jumped out of a window to freedom, considering that the 'notice' cancelled any previous undertakings! He was governor of Dromagh in 1652 at its capture by Cromwell, when he was allowed to march out fully armed to join the dying cause of Muskerry. The property was attainted but restored to Donal's son, also Donal, by Charles II, who was aware of the support given to him on the continent by the O'Keeffes. The family history is a little contradictory at this point, but there were a succession of 'Daniels' and 'Donals' and events become a little confused. It would seem that the third Daniel was killed fighting at Aughrim for James II, and his son, another Daniel, was taken to France as an infant.

A family member 'Donal a Rasca' lived as a rapparee in a cave until he was betrayed by his female companion Maighread Ni Ceallaigh. When learning of the betrayal he stabbed her, and their story has becomed part of local lore. At any rate following the Jacobite period the lands were finally lost to the family. Lord Muskerry marched out of Dromagh Castle to encounter Broghill at the fateful battle of Knocknaclasy, where the last spark of hope for the Confederate Irish was quenched in 1651. Both sides sought to get to the siege of Limerick each hoping to swing the battle there to advantage. Limerick capitulated soon after, and although Muskerry was not to surrender until the following year at Ross Castle, Killarney, the fight was to all intents and purposes over. The battle was fought mainly to the south of the Blackwater, near Ballymaquirk. ...A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family forture was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found. The land is farmed by the O'Leary family...
http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles

of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

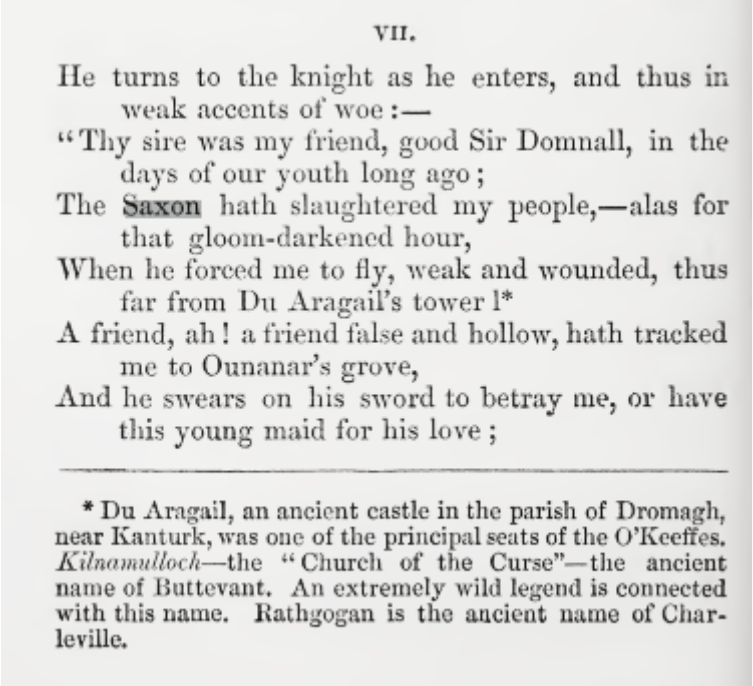
"I think of the women in my life struggling just to survive. I call them my mothers, my sisters, my friends, who endure tremendous acts of violence against them," Ms McCarthy said. "With broken limbs, busted faces, amputations and sexual assaults - I stand here with you."

Malarndirri Barbara Anne McCarthy (born 19 April 1970) is an Australian politician and former journalist who has been a Senator for the Northern Territory since 2016...she is descended from the Garrwa and Yanyuwa peoples, whose traditional lands straddle the McArthur River and the Gulf of Carpentaria. Her father, originally from Sydney, is descended from an Irishman who arrived in Australia in 1842. ...Ms McCarthy began her speech in Yanyuwa, her mother's language spoken in the gulf country around Borroloola - some 1,000 kilometres south-east of Darwin.

Derrick Ó Keeffe Red River Métis
Red River Valley Bridie Gallagher

MacCarthy mór Castle (Killarney Castle) from okeefeclan.org McCarthy MÓR CASTLE is situated on the eastern shore of Loch Lein or the lower lake and gives its name to that portion known as the Bay of Castlelough. In early times this district was known as Eoghanacht Loch Lein. The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants to-day are known by the family names of McCarthy, Ó Sullivan, Ó Mahony, Ó Keeffe, Ó Donovan and Ó Donoghue. Dubh-aireagal "Duarrigle Castle was erected in 1806 by Thomas Justice, and incorporates remains of a towerhouse built by the O'Keeffes in the sixteenth century. Its remains stand by the edge of a steep cliff over the river Blackwater ... In older days it was one of the castles of the O'Keeffes, who also owned Dromagh and Dromsicane nearby, and they appear to have built it in the sixteenth century. In 1576 it was owned by Art O'Keeffe, chief of the clan, who was succeeded by Art Oge (died 1610): Manus (died 1636) and then Daniel. The latter lost the lands in 1654: recovered them on the Restoration, but unfortunately died

before he could take them over. The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company.



VII.

He turns to the knight as he enters, and thus in weak accents of woe :—
"Thy sire was my friend, good Sir Domnall, in the days of our youth long ago ;
The Saxon hath slaughtered my people,—alas for that gloom-darkened hour,
When he forced me to fly, weak and wounded, thus far from Du Aragail's tower !*
A friend, ah ! a friend false and hollow, hath tracked me to Ounanar's grove,
And he swears on his sword to betray me, or have this young maid for his love ;

* Du Aragail, an ancient castle in the parish of Dromagh, near Kanturk, was one of the principal seats of the O'Keeffes. *Kilnamulloch*—the "Church of the Curse"—the ancient name of Buttevant. An extremely wild legend is connected with this name. Rathgogan is the ancient name of Charleville.

Ballymaquirk Castle Baile Mac Quirk: The Townland of Quirke's Son According to an article in the Duhallow Magazine of 1978/9 by Mrs Stephen 'the O'Keeffes had Castles at Dromagh, Drominagh and Duarigle, as well as castellated mansions at Ahane, Cullen and Ballymaquirk.' This would seem to express the position in a phrase, although there is little trace of any of them apart from Dromagh. This proud Gaelic family almost disappeared from their position of power after the Confederate War. The family of Ballymaquirk seem to have descended from Daniel the son of Art O'Keeffe (1547- 1616), whose wife Honora daugheter of Dermot MacCarthy of Enniskeane. ...

MacCarthy mor Castle (Killarney Castle) from okeefeclan.org History of the MacCarthy mor Castle McCarthy MOR CASTLE is situated on the eastern shore of Loch Lein or the lower lake and gives its name to that portion known as the Bay of Castlelough. In early times this district was known as Eoghanacht Loch Lein. The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants today

are known by the family names of McCarthy, O'Sullivan, O'Mahony, O'Keeffe, O'Donovan and O'Donoghue.3

Uí Chaoimh Fir Maige Féne First Nation
Dromagh Castle Drom Áth:
The Opening Wave [teanglann.ie Do dhroim a chromadh, to bend one's back; to get down to work.
Prov:Chrom Dia an ~ don ualach, God fitted the back for the burden, gave us the capacity to work.
Duine a chur ar dhroim an bhóthair, an bhealaigh mhóir, to drive s.o. out of house and home.
Ar dhroim talún, an domhain, on the face of the earth.
droim toinne, crest of wave. Ar dhroim na bóchna, out on the ocean.
droim sléibhe, ridge of mountain.
Gaoth ag teacht de dhroim sneachta, wind blowing from an upper region of snow.
Duine a chur de dhroim tí, to drive s.o. out of his house.
Cuireadh de dhroim an tsaoil iad, they were wiped out of existence.
Dul de dhroim bacainní, to cross obstacles.
Tháinig sé de dhroim cúinne orm, he came at me round a corner.
An t-áth a fháil ar dhuine, to outmanoeuvre s.o.; to get on the soft side of s.o.
Bhí siad ag gearradh na n-áthanna ar a chéile, they were vying with one another to get there first.
Fágadh cosaint an áth a orm, I was left to hold the fort.
Prov:Mol an t-áth mar a gheobhair, judge things as you find them. Spawning bed (in river).
Opening. áth uaimhe, poill, the mouth of a cave, hole.

The remains of Dromagh Castle of the O'Keeffes are impressive. Four round towers about 50 feet high guard a square court facing east, at which side there is an entry arch. The south-east and north-east towers are perfect externally - except that the roofs are gone. The flooring is gone in each case. There are indications of an attached building with a 'V' shaped roof at the north-east tower.

The battlements of the tower to the south-west are gone and the north-west tower is covered in ivy. There was formerly a five storey tower house, as the main building, in the centre of the yard, but there is no trace of this now. The yard is about 50 yards by 35. The ruin lies up a driveway to the right of the road from Banteer to Boherbue. There are two entries - just before and just after a church at the side of the road not quite half way between the two towns mentioned. The O'Keeffes had castles also at Duarigle and Drominagh, and fortified homes at Ahane, Ballymaquirk and Cullen, although some doubts are expressed about the latter location: they may have had a fortification over Nohaval Bridge. These are all commented on separately. The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eoghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds. They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caoimh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [Túatha Dé Danann]... ...A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has

never been found. The land is farmed by the O'Leary family.

“Well, Well, Well,” Danny O'Keefe/Bob Dylan Until you’ve paid the price you can’t know what it’s worth The air and water, the fire and earth Dig a hole in the ground straight down to hell Till there ain’t no more water in the well, well, well When you’re down on your knees with nothing left to sell Try diggin a little deeper in the well well well

The O'Keeffes were Eoghanacts. Their original place was near Fermoy but were displaced soon after the Norman invasion cir. 1200 A.D. They held out somehow up to 1690 A.D. The three castles ... Duarigle, Dromiscane and Dromagh were erected by them. A remarkable man of the O'Keeffe stock was Donnall na Cásca who kept worrying the planters after 1690 but at last was betrayed by Maigréad Ní Cheallaig.

“He thought that he was sick in his heart if you could be sick in that place.” — James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Cullen Castle Cuileann Ui Chaoimh: O'Keeffe's Corner A Statement in Cronnelly's Irish Family History,issued last century says that the O'Keeffes had castellated mansions at Cullen as well as at Ahane and Ballymaquirk. This statement has been accepted by other writers since then, who also msntion their principal castle at Dromagh, and the others at Drominagh and Duarrigle. I visited Padraig O hlochadha and his brother near Cullen, both very knowledgeable on the district. They were of the opinion that it is unlikely that there was ever a separate castle at Cullen, apart from Ahane, which is reasonably near. They fell Cronnelly may have meant Duarigle... ...Cornelius Oge O'Keeffe of Cullen was attainted in 1641 (the parish might of course have been meant) and the Petty Map immediately after that period does show a large building which appears to be either a castle or a castellated mansion. In an inquisition of 1638 Cullen is listed among the lands of Art O'Keeffe.

Irish Minstrelsy, Sparling, 1888

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonised by the English. On the 20th of June 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for that purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted, and executed for the crime. This poem will have a special interest to many readers as the last written by Thomas Davis.]

Ahane/Athan: Little Ford There must be some doubt as to whether Ahane was ever a castle: local opinion is that it was no more than a mansion lived in by the O'Keeffe's after they were forced westwards. O'Riordans now live on the farm - the house of which is said to have been partly built from the old castle or house which lay further towards the Owentaraglin River in a field approaching a tall cliff. No trace remains, and there is no local idea of what the building looked like, and it has been gone, as far as memory goes, for over a hundred years. It was in all likelihood no more than 'a castellated mansion', as is suggested by Cronnelly in his Irish Family History, of the O'Keeffes. The leaders of the family, or branch of them, resided here after leaving Dromagh and Drominagh during the middle of the 17th century (see also Cullen and Duarrigle). The O'Keeffe lands at Ahane had in fact been confiscated after the Desmond rebellion, but the family lived on as tenants until well into the 19th century in diminishing splendour. When the last meber lay dying in Millstreet Union Work House, as told to me by the Hickey brothers of Cullen, dogs were heard crying. This was said to be the case when any member of the family was about to die. They were fond of their dogs, and insisted on taking them into the church at Cullen during Mass until the priest denounced them from the alter. They were so enraged at this that one Sunday after Mass they followed him from Cullen to Nohavaldaly to kill him: but his horse jumped over a stream at Nohaval and sudden flood prevented them from following

Ballindura Castle The Townland of the Monuments The castle when in existence was held by the O'Keeffes. After the Confederate War the O'Keeffes lost their land, which had stretched from Templemichael to Glenville and much of it went to the Barrys. Some was also reclaimed by MacCarthy, Earl of Clancarty as head landlord. Finghin Mac Airt Ui Chaoimh has been mentioned as having been in possession after the Desmond rebellion of 1583. Local historian John Healy told a story of one Caol MacArt O'Keeffe, who lived the life of a rapparee. On his death bed the local priest told Caol MacArt that he would never see the gates of Heaven. After Caol died the priest, traveling on a lonely road at night, heard the sound of whirlwind and suddenly saw Caol mounted on a white horse on the ditch above him. 'How fares it?' said the priest, 'since you led the life of a robber?' Caol answered that he only robbed the rich in order to give to the poor, and he then vanished. The story is of the time following Cromwell's devastation when many dispossessed Irish gentry who scorned a move 'to Hell or Connaught' were supported by the country folk and lived as outlaws.

Dunbulloge Castle Dun Bolg: the Fort of the Bag(?) It was held, as were the castles at Ballindura and Ballyvorisheen by branch of the ancient Gaelic family of the O'Keeffes of Dromagh who had been thrown west from their settlements around Fermoy at the time of the Norman advance. In this area their land extended north to Glenville. Fineen MacArt O'Keeffe of Dunbulloge, together with Art MacDonal MacArt O'Keeffe of Glenville, and Thady O'Keeffe of Knocknahorgan took part with James Fitzmaurice in the first Desmond rebellion, and, with the Barrys of Poulacurry and Rahinisky, they were attainted.

However they seemed to have lain low after this for Dunbulloge was one of the places plundered by O'Neill in 1600, following the refusal of David Barry of Barryscourt to join him. IN 1619 Art O'Keeffe, a cousin of Art of Dromagh, was granted 'the castle and mills of Dunbullog' with other various lands. They were havily involved in the Confederate War of 1641-52 however, on the Irish side, and failure here swept the O'Keeffes, as powerful landlords, out of the area. Caol Art O'Keeffe (see Ballindura) is a semi-legendary figure of the countryside. He is said to have possessed Dunbulloge, which was felled by Cromwell, and he continued his existence as a rapparee after the family was dispossedded. He is recorded as having been involved in a battle near Castlelyons against the Barrymores (possibly in Castlehaven's advance) and to have been buried in

Bunbulloge graveyard. There is the not unsual story of a 'churn of gold' being buried by Caol, also in the graveyard; and the O'Keeffes were said to have made wine in caves in the vicinity (possibly at Ballindura).

“Small souls who seek power over others first destroy the faith those others might have in themselves.” — Frank son of Ms. McCarthy Herbert

Mac Carthy's Treasure from duchas.ie as recorded by Helen Clancy from Mrs Ellen Linehan in Blarney, Co. Cork Duchas.ie Everyone who knows the history of Blarney Castle should know about Mac Carthy’s Treasure. When Cromwell attacked the Mac Carthys they (the Mac Carthys) went through a tunnel which led to a lake about 30 acres in area into which they threw all their jewels so that Cromwell would not get them as well as the Castle. Here is a Legend connected with the lake – Every May a woman riding w white horse appears on the lake. And if the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys is there when she appears she will give him the treasure... Many tourists come to visit the Castle and maybe some day one of them will be the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys. If it is we hope that he will come on a May morning and that he will visit the lake and by such means receive the treasure of his ancestors.

The Blarney Stone The most traditional story of the famous Blarney Stone involves Clíodhna. Cormac Laidir MacCarthy, the builder of Blarney Castle, being involved in a lawsuit, appealed to Clíodhna for her assistance. She told him to kiss the first stone he found in the morning on his way to court, and he did so, with the result that he pleaded his case with great eloquence and won. Thus the Blarney Stone is said to impart "the ability to deceive without offending". He then incorporated it into the parapet of the castle. To be fair, Clíodhna does not take
credit for all the blarney of the MacCarthys. Queen Elizabeth noted in frustration that she could not effect a negotiation with Cormac MacCarthy, whose seat was Blarney Castle, as everything he said was 'Blarney...

The Banshee of the O'Keeffes

Cliodhna was the banshee of the O'Keeffes and she haunted the famous rock Carraig Cliodhna which is well known by all the old people of the district. It is in the parish next to this - Kilshannig. There is a rampart of rocks there with one large one in the centre.

There is a big opening among the rocks and into that Cliodhna went, when going into here palace under the hill. That underground palace was believed to be the meeting place of the fairies of Ireland, it was their "seat of government" but the district around the rocks is so lonely that even in the middle of the day you'd be afraid to be there alone, you'd feel that it was enchanted.
It was no surprise long ago to see Cliadhna leading the May Eve dance of her followers in the light of the moon and it is said that O'Keeffe, the chieftain, came there very often to ask the help of the [Túatha Dé Dánann] queen to whom people
said she was married. Cliadhna deserted him and after that his spirits sank and he died while he was still a young man.
His eldest son inherited his chieftainship and property of Fermoy, and his descendants continued to hold it for the next 500 years. They were finally dispossessed by English adventurers in the time of Cromwell, and the only remaining portion of their inheritance, called Pola Ua Caomh[?], was given by King William III to one of his mercenaries, and anglicised Williamstown, which name is now applied to a village in the district of North Cork.
Cliadhna was a powerful witch or enchantress and put many people under her spell. After a time, however, she lost her wand and was unable to free anybody from the spell of her dark art.

Thade Horgan, duchas.ie

Baile Atha Ó Henegan: The Townland of Henigan's Ford (also known as Ballyhandle or Ballyhenley Castle) The old castle of the O'Keeffe's stood on the left bank of the Funcheon river between two fords. There is not a trace left... ...The remains of the castle were picked up and carted away by the O'Keeffes some thirty years ago and the site laid out in keeping with the rest of the field. It was mentioned by Windele as having been 'an arched Medieval Peel House'. The O'Keeffes were at that time still strong in the area, and descendants are still there.

Cullin Tower Cillin: Little Church of the Child's Burial Place Many of the earlier writers described the tall slender tower which was said - probably erroneously - to have been

'lived in by an Earl of Desmond'. This was also called 'Caislean Caoimhin', or 'the Castle of young O'Keeffe'. It proably was originally a form of watch tower or guard house to the Franciscan Friary which once graced the place. It is now incorporated into the rear portion of the Catholic Church, where it can be recognised on a clear inspection, although it was freshly pointed and was cleverly incorporated into the 19th century church by the architect Charles Cotterel. Richard R Brash commented: 'Its position shows it to have occupied the external angle of the square plan of which all the Franciscan houses are constructed. One or more towers are generally connected with monastic edifice in this country, as at Ballbeg and at Bridgetown, both in this neighbourhood. In factmany of our ecclesiastical buildings were strongly fortified - of which Cashel in an illustration - a precaution rendered necessary by the troubled stare of the country during the middle ages.' This is sometimes referred to as 'Killenns Castle'.7

Duarrigle Castle Duth Aireageail: The Countryside of the Oratory In older days it was one of the castles of the O'Keeffes, who also owned Dromagh and Dromsicane nearby, and they appear to have built it in the sixteenth century. In 1576 it was owned by Art O'Keeffe, chief of the clan, who succeeded by Art Oge (died 1610): Manus (died 1636) and then Daniel. The latter lost the lands in 1654: recovered them on the Restoration, but unfortunately died before he could take them over. The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company. Abraham Dickson was the purchaser and in 1712 he left it to his grand-nephew Hugh Dickson. By 1728 they were owned by Henry, Bishop of Cloyne who made them over to James Maule. After that they passed to Henry Wrixon who gave a lease to Thomas Justice.

> [Nohaval Castle Nua Chongbhail: New Settlement The view from the spot immediately over the river to the north, where I imagine a castle would have been, is magnificent, and would give all that a guardian fortress at the edge of a territory would need to provide. The Paps of Dana form the central point of this spectacular view. This particular site bears all the evidence of being in an old lios, which tends to make the site a likely one. The bridge below is also called Duncannonbridge after this old lios or Dun. The castle if it existed, and I feel despite the lack of local knowledge or documentation that it must have done, whould have been of the O'Keeffes; but up to the time of the finalisaiton of my notes I have nothing absolutely positive, beyond the fact that an inquisition of

1639 described Art O'Keeffe of Dromagh as being owner of the land. Despite the name the O'Daly land would, at that later stage at least, have been on the other side of the river, in Kerry. It is possible of course that at one time they may have held land under the O'Keeffes.

> voicesfromthedawn.com Minard Castle, Ring Fort, and Holy Well, Annascaul, Co. Kerry. "The precariously balanced ruins of Minard Castle dominate the hillock at the western end of the bay, with a fine view across the water to the Iveragh Peninsula on the other side. This rectangular tower house, which originally may have been four stories tall, is now a tottering three-story pile, its outside dimensions measuring 15.2 m x 12.3 m (50 ft x 40.3 ft), with walls up to 3.35 m (11 ft) thick.... due to widening fissures in the walls they should not be entered in person. This former stronghold of the Knight of Kerry was one of the last of the Fitzgerald castles constructed on the peninsula, probably in the late sixteenth century. When Oliver Cromwell set his sights on the rebellious native Catholic Irish in this part of Co. Kerry, he found his foe in Walter Hussey, head of one of the leading Anglo-Norman families in the region. Cromwell's forces, led by Colonels Lehunt and Sadler, pursued Hussey across the mountains from Castlegregory. Hussey decided to make his stand here at Minard Castle, and by the time the battle was over his battered body was recognizable only because of the single red sock that he wore.
>
> The better-armed Cromwellian forces placed their cannon at the opposite end of the bay, inside the Iron Age ring fort Cathair na nAcrai. Their firepower decimated the castle's defenders and caused critical breaches in the east wall. When the British noted that the besieged Irish had run out of regular ammunition and were, in desperation, firing their guns with bullets cast from pewter, they felt it safe enough to bring in sappers, who planted gunpowder under all four vaults of the castle. Walter Hussey and most of his remaining defenders were crushed in the explosion as the upper stories of the castle collapsed. The few who survived were put to the sword as the British charged in. All were buried in shallow graves where they fell. An author in 1845 recounted her conversation with the local customs agent: "He told us that in clearing the rubbish out of the castle, they had found a

human skeleton of immense proportions, with a large sword beside it; he thinks the man was standing up close against a wall, when the castle was blown up. When they touched it, it crumbled to ashes."

The Cromwellians may have modified the Iron Age ring fort from which they rained their cannon fire down upon Minard Castle, but it was much more severely damaged by the local Council in the nineteenth century when the stone walls of the fort were removed for use in road building. Perhaps had the council members heard from Dingle local John Williams, they might not have been so cavalier in using the fort as a quarry. In a 1979 interview (below, right) Williams explains what happened to a man who decided to take stones from a fort:.: They got that house, underground house Well he was up and in it the other day Up in it he did the quarrying he had the quarry open And he had his old greyhound with him

So, the dog started barking, And he jumped out to see the course to view the chase He's after the hare He was no sooner out of the quarry When it caved in That was his second chance of it He's right to leave that place alone. So he went away over to ventry, anyway, A place called Malmanory. And he started over, looting a lios (fort). That man died after a week. He got a rat bite! That was his third chance. That's as true as I'm sitting down here. Interviewer: Cuz that's his uncle John Baker Joe Williams: That's true. Old John Baker: If you lived here you'd be young forever. This is the land of youth.

On a hill above the beach only the foundation remains from the Church of St. Mary, which was destroyed along with Minard Castle. Below it, however, St. John's Holy Well continues to draw pilgrims to this day. This well, at the end of a path about 180 m (200 yds) west of the castle, was formerly the site of a "pattern" (pilgrimage) day on the 29th of August. Pilgrims would make their rounds about the well, reciting decades of the rosary and—perhaps unique to this well—throwing in one of the blackberries growing on bushes nearby. The well was reputed to contain a golden fish; the pilgrim lucky enough to spot him would enjoy great fortune. Its water, said to cure bodily ills, was imbibed, and was also used to wash the face and

hands. A pilgrim once claimed to have a vision of the head of St. John the Baptist close to the well...

“Politics: the art of appearing candid and completely open while concealing as much as possible.” — Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

The Mac Auliffes were chiefs of Eas-Ealla, a territory in the province of Munster, comprising “ all the wild, moun tainous, and heathy districts lying between Newmarket and the boundaries of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, where the rivers Feale and Blackwater have their sources;” and they are mentioned as follows in the topographical poem of Giolla na neev O’Heerin, who wrote in the 15th century : “Far beyond the bountiful river Allo, And westward of Glen-Selcain of stately trees, Is a fair country of great prosperity, It is the domain of the princely M'Auliffe.” The chief residence of the head of this sept was Castle-Mac Auliffe, near Newmarket, in the barony of Duhallow, in the midst of “ Mac Auliffe’s dark mountains,” a name by which the ancient possessions of the family is now known. “ Castle Mac Auliffe,” says a. writer in the Irish Penny Journal, “ formerly the seat of the chiefs of Clanawly, rose on the bank of the river Dalloo, to the left of the road leading from Newmarket to Millstreet, and about a mile from the former. It was a strong building, and towered proudly on a tall cliff that overhung the stream...
from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864.

Is fearr bothán biamhar ná caisleán gortach. A cabin with plenty of food is better than a hungry castle.

Mogh Ruith

Betha Phatraic Bennacht Dé for Mumain, feraib macaib mnaib, bennacht for in talmain do-beir tarad daib. Bennacht for cech n-indbas gignes for a m-brugaib, cennach fore cobair bennacht Dé for Mumain. Bennacht for a m-benda, for a lecca lomma, bennacht for a n-glenda, bennacht for a n-dromma. Gainem lir fo longaib ropat lín a tellaig, i fánaib i r-redib i slebtib i m-bendaib.

Beannacht Mogha Ruithe ar Mhumhan Tír mhín ainmhéin, tír fhluich thirim, tír aibhinn an-anibhinn, tír fhántach thulchach, tír bhláitheadrocht bhráthar, ní humfhaemú-sa an thír. Clú chathach clonghalach, clú eachtach urbadhach, clú uathmhar aicsineach, clú fhliuch lochanach, lir a conach, lir a húscaí, lir a hantaic géid a hiommaire, lir a catha, lir a haile, lir a heighmhe aidhbhre a huile eile a slada a sáruighte slighí churad clú

Churning "In olden times the people used to churn each week. It was a barrel and a round piece of board and a handle stuck in it the people used. Some of those churns are in my district still. About a hundred years ago a man by the name of James Keogh lived in Ballykenan and he was churning one day. It was on the tenth day of July and one of his friends were dead, and the man was going to the funeral. But his wife made him churn before he would go. He was working [strenuously] when a man came in singing. He walked out again and he met the man's wife. He never spoke a word to either of them. In about twenty minutes the man was finished. Then he went out to the stable and brought out his horse and started off riding him but he was late. When he went down the lane a small bit he saw a big roll of butter on the ground under a Daletree. He went back to his wife and told her. When his wife came out she looked at it and said that it was resin that fell from the tree. The man went on another bit and he saw the churn of butter of butter milk on the ditch. He went back again and told his wife. She came to place and said that it was lime water. The woman left both the butter and the milk on the ditch until evening. When the man was coming home there was the barrel on the ditch and the milk init.

He went for the cows that evening and when the cows were passing the barrel one cow drank some of it and perished that evening. The man died about a week after but his funeral was never seen. The woman never got to churn afterwards." Told by Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

The Glen of the Cow, Collected by Eily Gowen from Patrick Daly 19 Dec 1938 The Glen of the Cow is situated south of Ballyhooly and Fermoy—nearer to Fermoy than Ballyhooly. There is a small stream running from the Glen into the Blackwater. A Druid named "Mog Ruit" got [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] and the country around as a present from a [chief] of Mumhan because he discovered water for the [chief] and his army when they were in want of water one day when passing through. The [chief] told him to find a well. The Druid threw his spear from him and told the [chief] that he would get water under the ground under the spear. This Druid had a cow which every year went to a bull in Dromtariffe west of Mallow. On the journey the cow stayed at some house every night. She was fed by the people of that house. They milked her that night and the following morning no matter how large the milking vessel she filled it. There was great welcome for the cow. One night coming home she stayed in a place now called Knocknamadree in Ballyhooly parish. When going to milk her the man looked for the largest vessel he could find. There was a lady visitor in the house who bet with him that she would find a vessel the cow would not fill. She found a sieve and needless to say she won the bet as the cow did not fill it. It is said the cow did not give a drop of milk from that day out. It is still said in the parish that when a person is milking a cow that gives a great amount of milk —"She has as much milk as the Cow of the Glen."—Duchas.ie

“Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight,
At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,
When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death,
And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again.”
— C.S. Lewis, The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

Catholic Grampa paternal was a tool and Die maker man for Xerox and General Electric. He had a disability, one leg longer than another. Catholic Gramma Ní Dhuinn, a Chief nurse for decades, helped invent interstomal care.

Goibniu was the metalsmith of the Tuatha Dé Danann. He is ... also associated with hospitality...

According to Altram Tige Dá Medar, the feast of Goibniu protected the Tuatha Dé from sickness and old age. He is said to be owner of the Glas Gaibhnenn, the magical cow of abundance. In the St Gall incantations,[4] he is invoked against thorns, alongside Dian

Cecht.

Goibniu may be the same figure as Culann. Wikipedia
Feis Laitiarain Cuilinn Uí Chaoimh.

Glas Gaibhnenn is a prized fabulous cow of bounty (fertility) that yields profuse quantities of milk, and which belonged to semi-mythological characters in Irish oral folktales.

The bovine creature has been described variously as a cow which is "white with green spots" (Mackillop), or "Goibniu's Grey or Brindled (Cow)" (Rhys).

Power listed Glas Gamhain and Bó Bhán "white cow" (associated with Boann) as among names of mythological creatures after which landscape features or bodies of water were often named, while Patricia Monaghan wrote of Glas Ghaibhleann as ... associated with rivers, and that rivers were often seen as embodiments of Bó Bhán.

O'Donovan thought the second part of the name was a corruption of the possessive case of Goibniu "the smith", as Goibniu is Old Irish, pronounced ˈgovʲnʲu or Gaibhne (Modern Irish). But the bovine creature's Irish name can literally be broken down to glas "green, gray, etc." and gamuin "calf, yearling", as have been indicated by the Rev. Patrick Power, church historian and writer on topographical names.

...William Larminie[2]'s collected version of the folk-tale, entitled "The Gloss Gavlen" was published later than the other example, but is discussed first since it retains the name Kian for the protagonist. It has two parts, and begins with a carpenter named Gobaun Seer (Irish: saer "craftsman"; see Gobán Saor) hired to build a fine castle for Balar Beimann to boast. To prevent other lords from hiring the carpenter to build another castle to outdo his, Balar plots the carpenter's death. Gobaun survives thanks to the warnings from Balar's daughter, and now proclaims he cannot perfect his work without his three specially named tools, which he makes Balor's son fetch from his home. Upon receiving this errand-bearer, the carpenter's wife deduces the situation, and slams shut Balor's son inside the tool-chest, and with the boy as hostage demands from Balor due wages and her husband's safe return.

Mac Kineely (who corresponds to Cian) was a lord of some districts and owned the coveted cow, the Glas Gaivlen, which produced milk aplenty. Balor receives prophesy from his druids that he was destined to fall by the hands of his grandson. So he locks away his daughter Ethnea in a tower built upon an inaccessible and towering rockscape called the Tor-More. Balor landed ashore to steal the cow. Mac Kineely had business with the smith, and, out of his usual habit, had entrusted the halter of the cow to his other brother. Balor then came up to this brother (Mac Samthainn) and whispered him a lie that the other two were secretly colluding to use up all his steel to build Mac Kineely's sword, and to make his out of iron," tricking him into rushing off to investigate. By the time the brothers realised, Balor had already rowed halfway down the strait with the cow on his boat. Mac Kineely had a leanan-sidhe (familiar sprite) by the name of "Biroge of the Mountain," and she would assist him in trying to vanquish Balor to recover the cow. This banshee was only able to sow the seeds of Balor's destruction, and it is not clear if the cow was ever recovered.

On the wings of a storm she brought Mac Kineeley, dressed in woman's guise, into the tower where Balor's daughter lived trapped, attended by twelve matrons. Mac Kineely and the maiden fell in love, and she bore him three sons. Balor discovered this and slew Mac Kineely by a certain rock, whose red stains were still visible in the days when the folk tale was recited.

Of the three infants, just one managed to survive, and adopted by the smith Gavida, was raised as his apprentice. One day, Balor appeared on the forge, and ordered some spears to be made when only the apprentice was at the workshop. Balor let slip the fact that he had killed Mac Kineely, not realising the apprentice was the bereaved son (not named, but presumably the equivalent of Lugh). The apprentice, pretending to slave away at the forge, awaited his chance and "taking a glowing rod from the furnace, thrust it through the Basilisk eye of Balor," thus exacting his revenge.

The remains of a dolmen in Shallee, Co. Clare is called the Leaba-na-glaise or the "Bed of the Cerulean Cow" (i.e., bed of Glas the green cow), and is alleged to be the property of a mythical smith, either Mac Kineely (same name as the hero of the prior tale), or Lon Mac Liomhtha (apparently the smith who forged the sword Mac an Luin). In the same county lies Slieve-n-glaise (Slievenaglasha) and one dolmen in particular erected on its

slope was called Carrick-na-glaise, reputedly the abode of Lon mac Liomhtha the smith.

O'Donovan has gathered further Fenian lore, according to which, Lon the smith who took up residence here was said to be a member of the Tuatha Dé Danann. He had an extra pectoral arm for holding his tong ("Two of the hands were in the usual position, and the third, with which he turned the iron of the anvil, while he hammered with the other two, grew from the middle of his breast.") and one leg to hop on (or rather take huge leaps and bounds upon). He was for many years nourished by the cow Glas Gaibhneach which he stole from Spain, and the cow was pastured on the mountain of Sliabh-na-Glaise, not far from the forge, for no other place in Ireland was fertile enough. "This cow would fill with her milk any vessel,.. at one milking". Two women wagering on whether a vessel could be found to outsize her capacity, and when a sieve was produced, the cow's milk caused seven overflooding streams to pour forth.

Also it was said "the hoofs of this cow were reversed", and the backward tracks always fooled the potential cattle-thieves in pursuit. Lon later visited Finn mac Cumhail and challenged the Fianna to a race. The fleet-footed Caílte mac Rónáin outran him in a race to the Leaba-na-Glaise, but Lon revealed the race was a friendly subterfuge to bring him to his forge so he can start crafting superior weapons for his band of Fianna warriors.

The Rev. Patrick Power's Place Names and Antiquities of S. E. Cork (1917) describes several place names in the county popularly associated with a legendary cow, the Bó Bhán (white cow) and Glas Gaibhneach/Gamhain/Gamhnach (he gives these three spellings).

According to Power, in the townland of Foaty (on Fota Island), in County Cork, was a pond known as Loch na Bó "Lake of the Cow", which was "supposed to derive its name from a legendary cow — the Bó Bhán or the Glas Gaibhneach"

And in Ballyoran townland (near Fermoy) is a "Gownach Well" i.e., the well of "Gamhnach = a yearling heifer; the eponymous bovine may be the legendary Galas. G. The well: "Part of the River Ilen to the west of Skibbereen is called "Gownach."

THE GLOSS GAVLEN Narrator, JOHN McGiNTY, Valley, Achill Island, co Mayo. WEST IRISH FOLK-TALES AND ROMANCES, Collected and Translated BY WILLIAM LARMINIE,

1893.

Thee Gobaun Seer and his son went eastward to the eastern world to Balar Beimann to make for him a palace. "Shorten the road, my son," said the father. The son ran out before him on the road, and the father returned home on that day. The second day they went travelling, and the father told his son to shorten the road. He ran out in front of his father the second day, and the father returned home.

"What's the cause of your returning home like that?" said the wife of the young Gobaun. "My father asks me to shorten the road. I run out on the road before him, and he returns." "Do you begin to-morrow at a story he has never heard, and I'll go bail he will not return. And do you never be in any place that the women are not on your side." They went travelling the third day, and the young Gobaun began at a story his father never heard, and he returned no more till they came to the eastern world. Then they made the palace for Balar Beimann, and he did not wish to let them go back, for fear they should make for another man a palace as good as his. "Take away the scaffolding" (said he) ; for he wanted to let them die on the top of the building. Balar Beimann had a girl, who went by under the building in the morning. "Young Gobaun," said she, " go on thy wisdom. I think it is easier to throw seven stones down than to put one up as far as you." "That's true for you," said young Gobaun. They began to let down the work. When Balar Beimann heard that they were throwing down the works, he ordered back the scaffolding till they were down on the ground.

"Now," said the old Gobaun Seer, a there is a crookedness in your work, and if I had three tools I left after me at home, I would straighten the work, and there would not be any work in the world to compare with it. The names of the tools are Crooked against Crooked, Corner against Corner, and Engine against deceit (Or, perhaps, " trick against treachery.") ; and there is not a man to get them but your own son. You will find," said he, " a woman with one hand, and a child with one eye, in the house, and a stack of corn at the door." The father then gave him a ship and sent him over to Erin. He was travelling ever till he found out the house ; and he went into it. He asked if that was the house of young Gobaun. The woman said it was. " He said to me there was a woman with one hand, and a child with one eye in the house, and a stack of corn at the door." " Don't you see," said she, " that I have only one hand, and don't you see this stick in the hand of the child ? I don't know what moment he won't put it in his eye and take the

eye out of himself; and don't you see the stack of corn outside at the door ? " He asked then for the three tools.

" What three tools ? " said she. " They are Corner against Corner, Crooked against Crooked, and Engine against deceit."

She understood then that they (i.e. her husband and his father) would never come home, if she did not understand these words.

"The three tools that are called Crooked against Crooked, Corner against Corner, and Engine against deceit, they are down in this chest." ...

A chaomha Éireann,

Duine a shlánú ar rud.

Shlánaigh sé é féin.

Caill a shlánú.

The Dagda (Old Irish: *In Dagda* [ˈdaɣða], Irish: *An Daghdha*) is the... chief of the Tuatha Dé Danann, with the Dagda portrayed as a father-figure ... and druid.

He is often described as a large bearded man or giant[5] wearing a hooded cloak.[7] He owns a magic staff (*lorc*) of dual nature: it kills with one end and brings to life with the other.[8] He also owns a cauldron (the *coire ansic*) which never runs empty, and a magic harp (Uaithne*).*

The Old Irish name *Dagda* is generally believed to stem from Proto-Celtic: **Dago-dēwos*, meaning "the good god" or "the great god".

The Cauldron of the Dagda is one of the Four Treasures of the Tuatha Dé Danann,[29] of which it was said "an assembly used not to go unsatisfied from it".

...when the Dagda called upon his harp by its two names: "Come Daur Dá Bláo / Come

Cóir Cetharchair / Come summer, come winter.." the harp leapt off the wall and came to him.

...The Dagda had the skill to play the "Three Strains" (joy, sorrow, sleep) which he used to immobilize the Fomorians and escape.

...He possessed two pigs, one of which was always growing whilst the other was always roasting, and ever-laden fruit trees. He is also described as being the owner of a black-maned heifer that was given to him for his labours prior to the Second Battle of Moytura.

Persian

Dadar Daadar	دادار	Divine Creator Creator of Justice
Davar Daavar	داور	Lord of Justice Giver of True Justice
Gar-gar Gar-Gar	گرگر	Master Craftsman Creator of Creators
Gar-a-gar Gar-Aa-Gar	گرآگر	Creator of all Humanity and its actions (Creator of Mankind)

Wikipedia

https://www.quora.com/What-is-the-Old-Iranic-word-for-God

ancient Iranic treatment of the term *daeva*(s), etymologically corresponding to the

Sanskrit term *deva*(s) where it essentially means "[Heroes]", which was in contrast used by the known ancient Iranians to mean "wicked... being(s)" or "demon(s)"

The Old Iranic term *baga*(s) too had etymological and semantic counterparts used among at least some other Indo-European groups, notably the still commonly used Slavic ones represented today for example by the Polish *bóg* ("god"). There is also an etymologically close Sanskrit word Bhaga which, however, is often used as the name of one specific god rather than as a generic term for "god(s)"

Iranic terms for "god" of the present like the modern Persian خداKhoda .

دادارdadar

yahve

Gilaks (Gilaki: گیلکۆن, Persian: گیلک‌ها, romanized: *Gilek'ha*) are an Iranian[2][3] ethnic group native to the south of Caspian sea. They form one of the main ethnic groups residing in the northern parts of Iran. ... **Gilaki** (گیلکي زۆون romanized: *Gilәki Zәvon*) is an Iranian language belonging to the Caspian subgroup of the Northwestern branch, spoken in south of Caspian Sea by Gilak people.

According to the 11th-century Lebor Gabála Érenn, the 14th-century Auraicept na n-Éces, and other Medieval Irish folklore, ogham was first invented soon after the fall of the Tower of Babel, along with the Gaelic language, by the legendary Scythian [Chief], Fenius Farsa. According to the Auraicept, Fenius journeyed from Scythia [overlaps with Persia]... Wikipedia: Ogham

"It isn't Narnia, you know," sobbed Lucy. "It's you. We shan't meet you there. And how can we live, never meeting you?"
"But you shall meet me, dear one," said Aslan.
"Are -are you there too, Sir?" said Edmund.
"I am," said Aslan. "But there I have another name. You must learn to know me by that name. This was the very reason why you were brought to Narnia, that by knowing me here for a little, you may know me better there."
— C.S. Lewis, The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

Many of the Jewish names for God are from Hebrew sources, including the Hebrew Bible. Rabbinic Judaism recognizes seven especially holy names for God.

Often, the phrase *HaShem* (lit. "The Name") is used as a substitution when one is not praying or reading from the Torah.

1. ***El*** **("God")**
2. ***Eloah*** **("God")**
3. ***Elohim*** **("Gods")**
4. ***Shaddai*** **("Almighty")**
5. ***Ehyeh*** **("I am")**
6. ***Tzevaot*** **("[of] Hosts")**
7. **YHWH**
   In Hebrew, this is יהוה, Yod-Heh-Vav-Heh. It is also known as the Tetragrammaton, the Unutterable Name, and the Ineffable Name. This is the name that is given the highest degree of respect in Judaism, and it is not said aloud. The Hebrew word יהוה is related to the word for "to be" and it is thus translated as "I am that I am," signifying the eternal nature of God.

Isaiah 2:3 Orthodox Jewish Bible

And He shall judge among the Goyim, and shall arbitrate for amim rabbim; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; Goy shall not lift up cherev against Goy, neither shall they train for milchamah any more.

O Bais Ya'akov, come ye, and let us walk in the Ohr Hashem.

The Dagda's Work The Third String: Tales from a Dagda Bard blog. Saturday, 27 Feabhra 2016 An Scealai Beag

The ploughshare broke and the field is more rock than not. If I can't plant today the grain will go to rot and my family will starve.

The farmer's plea was pained and the Dagda was moved by his woe. The Dagda looked to see the part furrow the farmer had been working on and the large rock upon which the plough's blade had snapped.

With one large hand he pulled the rock from the earth and tossed it to the other side of the field. Planting his club into the soil, he began to pull the furrow along, his large hands in a vice like grip upon the club wood, his shoulders locked to strain against the earth. What rocks he found were cast aside.

As the noonday sun beat down upon his sweat streaked body the Dagda finished his last pull and the field was furrowed, its rich brown soil bereft of rock. The farmer stood agape to see the feat and went to speak as the stranger approached.

The broad man held up a well-calloused hand and with a quick heft he had the grain sack up on his shoulder.

The Dagda strode the field casting the grain in the tilled earth, with his wide feet kicking the soil to cover. As the day came to an end, and the grain sack to its empty, the Dagda returned to the farmer.

The man was humbled by the work and offered his home and hospitality with but one request. What is your name that I may speak of your deed?

The Dagda heaved a deep breath and pushing his sweat soaked hair from his eyes, he replied. I am but your neighbour and all I ask is that you offer your grain to those neighbours in need.

With that the Dagda picked up his club and moved off into the night.

Treasures of the Tuatha Dé, wikipedia
Falias, Morfessa or Fessus, Stone of Fál (Lia Fáil)
It would cry out beneath the Chief who took the sovereignty of Ireland. It was supposedly located near the Hill of Tara in County Meath.

Goirias or Gorias, Esras,
Spear (sleg) of Lugh

No battle was ever sustained against it or against the man who held it.

Findias or Finias,Uiscias or Uscias
Sword (claideb/claiomh) which belonged to Núada
No one ever escaped from it once it was drawn from its sheath, and no one could resist it. The sword is also described in the Tain legend as "Nuadu's Cainnel"—a glowing bright torch.

Muirias or Murias,Semias,
Cauldron (coire) of the Dagda
No company ever went away from it unsatisfied (also known as the Coire ansic).

The Daghda had many wonderful possessions: his cauldron of plenty, which never ran empty, and could feed as many man as sat down to it; his mighty club, one end of which could kill a man, and the other end of which could restore him to life. But perhaps his greatest treasure was his harp, Uaithne, called the Four-Angled Music. It was made of oak and richly decorated, and only the Daghda could get music from it strings. He could make anyone who heard it laugh for joy, or weep with sorrow, and the playing of this harp made the seasons come in the correct order.
https://bardmythologies.com/the-dagdas-harp/

Uaithne (a) Prop, support; post, pillar. (b) (Of bone structure) a skeleton. 2. Fig: Pillar.
Uaithne Junction, union. (b)Ling: Consonance. (c)Music: Consonance, concord. 2.
~ an chinn, (suture at) back of head.
https://www.teanglann.ie/en/fgb/uaithne

Ná lig don choire cur thairis.
cairi fulocht benar
bas chnoe foisce
frisna laim i saith soi.

The Dagda is the father of the Irish [Ancestors] the Túatha Dé Dánann [The Tribe of Special God-given Gifts].

He is said to have resided in the sacred site of Bru na Boinne. Of all his possessions his

most highly valued possession was his magical Harp named Uaithne.

It was made of wood that came from the ancient and sacred Irish Oak and it was beautifully decorated. Only the Dagda could make the Harp Sound its magical melody.

The sound of Uaithne was said to fill the listeners with the emotions of its melody. This magical harp had the power to control the emotions of anyone who listens to it. It is said that before the infamous Battle of Moytura [Plain of Tories] between the Tuatha de Danann and their bitter enemies The Formorians.

The Formorians stole the magical Harp of the Dagda. The Tuath De Danann won the Battle. When it was discovered that the Harp was missing from Bru Na Boinne, The Dagda, Ogma and Lugh went to retrieve the Harp from The Formorians.

They eventually found the disused castle where the defeated Formorian had retreated to. The 3 members of the Tuath De Danann were outnumbered by The Formorians who were sleeping as the Harp they had stolen hung on the cold stone wall. The Dagda put out his arms and gently called to Uaithne who dutifully went to the arms of his rightful owner The Dagda.

As the sleeping Formorians woke the Dagda obliged the suggestion of Lugh and played the Harp. Controlling the emotion of The Formorians making them laugh, weep and eventually sleep. The hordes of Formorians drifted off into a deep sleep. The Dagda, Ogma and Lugh were then able to make their escape from a very dangerous situation. The precious Harp was never stolen again.
https://myrealireland.com/irish-knowledge/the-harp-traditional-instrument-of-ireland/

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894. This is the title there is in front of this book which shineth to the minds of the readers. This is its name in the Hebrew, Sepher Tehillim...Nebel in Hebrew... Laudatorium or Organum in the Latin..

Question. Whence was that name given to it ? Not difficult. From the harp to which David sang the psalms, to wit, nebel is its name in the Hebrew...organum is a general

name for any musical instrument on account of its excellence. Nebel, however, is not a general name for any harp...

Nebel, however, is a tenfold harp, to wit, it consists of ten strings, it is played with ten fingers, the ten commandments unite on it. Its belly is downward, and it is played from above. Its music is denoted in that. Hence it is transferred, so that it is the name of this book, which consists of the ten strings of the Old Testament, which is inspired de supernis mysterius Spiritus Sancti, that is by the sublime mysteries of the Holy Spirit....

There are, however, four general titles before the psalms, besides the special ones, to wit, psalmus, canticum, psalmus cantici, canticum psalmi.

275. Question. How were they multiplied, and what is the difference between them ? Not difficult. This is what David did during his last days. He selected four thousand chosen men of the sons of Israel to sing and practise the psalms always without any cessation. One third of them for the choir, one third for the harp, one third both for the choir and the harp. The word psalmus applies to what was invented for the harp and is practised on it. Canticum applies to what is practised by the choir and is sung with the harp. Psalmus cantici applies to what is taken from the harp to the choir. Canticum psalmi applies to what is taken from the choir to the harp.
288. As to the special titles, they will be mentioned further on in their special places.
290. Diapsalma and sympsalma, what is the difference between them? If after the opinion of Jerome, diapsalma first, ' semper ' interpretatur, significans alterna esse vicina, sympsalma to teach morality. This is however what Augustine says : 'diapsalma intervallum in psallendo, sympsalma vocum coniunctio,' that is, 'a combination of voices.'

(a ten-stringed member of the lyre family, also known as "King David's Harp")
The **begena**, (Amharic: በገና) is a ten-stringed box-lyre instrument from Ethiopia, and is the sole melodic instrument devoted only to the *zema*, the spiritual part of Ethiopian music.

The instrument's name is derived from *bägänä*, "to buzz, pluck, play;" it is etymologically related to the Hebrew נגן (*nagan*), "touch/play [a stringed instrument]."

Oral tradition identifies the instrument with the *kinnor* of the Israelites played by David to soothe King Saul's nerves and heal him of insomnia, and later brought to Africa

by Menelik I.

The begena was used primarily as an accompaniment during meditation and prayer. It is played in the framework of religious occasions. During Lent, the instrument is often heard on the radio and around churches [6] Begena is accompanied by singing voice only. The singer may compose his or her own texts or they may be taken from the Bible, from the Book of Proverbs, or from the Book of Qine, an anthology of proverbs and love poems. Subject matter includes the futility of life, the inevitability of death, saints, mores, morality, prayer, and praises to God. The song's duration varies according to the text, the audience, and the persistence of the player. Though many texts are of a religious nature, the instrument is not used in the Ethiopian Orthodox church services, even if it is seen occasionally in religious processions outside the church...

The begena has ten strings...The begena is characterized by a very specific buzzing sound, due to U-shaped leather pieces placed between each string and the bridge. The thong for each string is adjusted up or down along the bridge so that the string, when plucked, repeatedly vibrates against the edge of the bridge. **Wikipedia**

Technology, in common with many other activities, tends toward avoidance of risks by investors. Uncertainty is ruled out if possible. Capital investment follows this rule, since people generally prefer the predictable. Few recognize how destructive this can be, how it imposes severe limits on variability and thus makes whole populations fatally vulnerable to the shocking ways our universe can throw the dice. —Assessment of Ix, Bene Gesserit Archives, Dune, Frank Herbert

The Mermaid. Many places in Ireland are named "The cow,"and here is an old story that is told to explain why this is so. Long ago a lovely mermaid arose out of the western sea and came ashore, where she was treated like a queen. After a time she learnt to speak to the people in their own tongue, and she told them that a great spirit had sent her to Ireland to announce the coming of three cows. These were the Bo-Fiomm, the Bo-Rusdh, and the Bo-Dubh.- the white, the red, and the black cow. - and they would fill the land with the finest catyle, so that nobody should ever be in want again.

This was such good news that the people in their delight carried the mermaid from house to house so the she might tell it herself to everyone. They crowned her with flowers, while the minstrels went before her, singing to their harps. While she had been for some time among them, she asked one day to be taken back to the sea, for she had

grown sad at being away so long from her own folk. On May Eve a great throng went with her down to the sea, There, she took leave of them , telling them that on that day year they were all to assemble at the same place to await the arrival of the three cows. She then plunged into the sea and was seen no more. On that day year the people gathered on the shore to watch. They thronged the rocks and the high cliffs from early dawn. Just at noon the waves were stirred up, and three cows came out of the sea, a white and a red and a black, all beautiful to behold, with sleek skins, large soft eyes, and curved horns white as ivory. They stood upon the shore for a while looking round them. The each one went in a different direction, by three roads. The black, went south; the red, went north; the white crossed the plain Ireland to the centre; where stood Chiefs palace Every place to Bo-Fionn went was named after her and every well she drank at was called Soch-nambo or Tobar- Bo Finne- the Well of the
, so that her memory remains to this day. Ita Gormley Girls National School.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4602748/4600773

The Path of St Patrick's Cow This story is not very exciting but it is worth reading. Long ago when St. Patrick was passing through Cappoquin he went down by Mt. Rivers because in his time there was a ford across that way. He had a cow and this cow was after having a calf. This calf was stolen one night. The cow went along a path to find the robber and at last he found him at the end of the bohereen and it is said that he knew it by instinct. That is path is now called "The Path of St. Patrick's Cow."

— As told by Mr J. Flanagan to Alice Flanagan, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford
— dúchas.ie

> “The mistakes of leaders are amplified by the numbers who follow them without question. Charismatic leaders tend to build up followings, power structures, and those power structures tend to be taken over by those who are corruptible. I don’t think that the old saw about power and absolute power corrupting absolutely. I think power tends to attract the corruptible.” — Frank Herbert, TV Interview
> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BEWM7zIIF9c

All through the night I grumble at the lack of light Mumble wrongs,

stumble on rights The Moon loses its Memory — Cormac Ó Caoimh

“Government and religion united, and breaking a law became sin. A smell of blasphemy arose like smoke around any questioning of governmental edicts.” — Frank Herbert, Children of Dune

The same correspondent suggests that the smaller bell was probably the old Mucruss or Oirbealach bell found in 1749, and accounts for the vanishing of the inscription by the bell having been recast, to repair damages caused by time, damp, and tho rough handling of the English soldiers, who probably threw it into the lake in 1649-54. To support this suggestion he adds, that in " the beautifully groined internal arching of the tower of Mucruss Abbey, there is a chasm, through which tradition reports the bell to have fallen when either by accident or violence it was removed from the tower." It is curious that just about the time that the ancient bell was found in the lake, the Mac Carthy Mor, descendant and representative of the founder of tho Abbey, and owner of Mucruss and a few other fragments of his ancestor's princely inheritance (to save them from confiscation probably), married the daughter of Edward Herbert, Esq., of Kilcow, an influential Protestant magistrate, who held Mucruss under a lease. Mac Carthy Mor did not long survive the marriage, and his only son, a posthumous child, succeeded to the title and estates, and was educated a Protestant. In 1770 he died unmarried, on officer in the Guards in London, and under his will Mucruss and the rest of his estate passed to his maternal grandfather, Mr. Herbert, to the exclusion of his Mac Carthy cousins, then living in poverty and obscurity near Killarney, their religion disqualifying them from the succession. The old bell was therefore recovered from the depths of the lake just in time to toll for the funerals of the two last acknowledged Mac Carthys Mor, owners of Mucruss, who were interred in the abbey between 1749 and 1771.
NOTES ON KERRY TOPOGRAPHY. Br MISS HICKSON, Member. p. 44- THE PROCEEDINGS AND PAPERS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND vol. i. FIFTH SERIES Published: Dublin, PONSONBY AND WELDRICK, 1892.

Towards the end of the second century, the power of the Munster Ernains became much diminished. Eoghan Mor, of the Heberian race, after a long exile in Spain, returned to Ireland, and renewed the pretensions of his house to the sovereign authority of the province, from which it had been long excluded.

CAHIR CONRI. By JOHN WINDELE, CORK.

[13] *Cloyne.*—The account given by Archdall of this ancient and venerable see is meagre in the extreme. The see of Cloyne was founded by St. Colman Mac Lenin, who was closely allied by blood with the reigning family of Munster. His genealogy in the Book of Lecan traces back his family to Mogha Nuadhat; but the Martyrology of Donegal leaves us in uncertainity as to whether he was descended from that Prince, or from another distinguished chieftain named Lughaidh Lagha. In his early years he was famed for his rare poetic talents, and was honoured with the title of Royal Bard of Munster. In after times he dedicated his minstrelsy to religion, and composed several poems on sacred subjects—a fragment of one of these, being an elegant metrical Life of St. Senanus—was known to Colgan, who describes it as "stylo vetusto et pereleganti patrio sermone conscriptum." (*Acta SS.*, page 339). In the Book of Lismore, there is another short poem in Irish, composed by St. Colman, in praise of St. Brendan. It thus begins:—

Monasticon Hibernicum

At the request of St. Ita, St. Brendan, on a certain occasion, went forward to meet the youthful Colman, and admonished him to enter on a life of penance, saying "God has called thee to salvation, and thou shalt be as an innocent dove in the sight of God." Colman, throughout the remainder of his life, was docile to the inspirations of grace, and became illustrious among the saints of Ireland by his learning and virtues. Towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage, hearing of the fame of the school of Lough Eirce, he wished, though himself a master in the paths of perfection, to visit that monastery, and to enrol his name among the disciples of St. Finbarr. Our annalists do not mark with precision the year in which St. Colman founded the Monastery of Cloyne. It was certainly not before the year 550, for it is recorded that, at the inauguration of Aodh Caomh, King of Cashel, about that time, our saint took part as the royal minstrel of Munster. There seems, however, no ground for doubting the acccuracy of the statement made by O'Halloran in his History of Ireland (vol. 3rd, page 76) on the authority of the Psalter of Cashel, that Eochaidh, Monarch of Ireland in the year 560, founded the Church of Cloyne for St. Colman.

According to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, St. Colman died in the year 600 (*i.e.*, 601 of our present computation), and the 24th of November is the day on which his festival is marked in all the ancient calendars, and on which it is still observed in the Diocese of Cloyne. Our patron of Cloyne must not be confounded with another St. Colman, who was honoured on the same day: both these saints are thus commemorated by St. Ængus in his Felire, at the 24th November:—

Martyrology of Donegal

Dianbain aindin do bi ronn leta eter Conn acus Eogan .i. go a tuitim ar Mag Léna.	The division of halves between Conn and Eoghan lasted but one year, i.e., to his fall at Magh Lena.

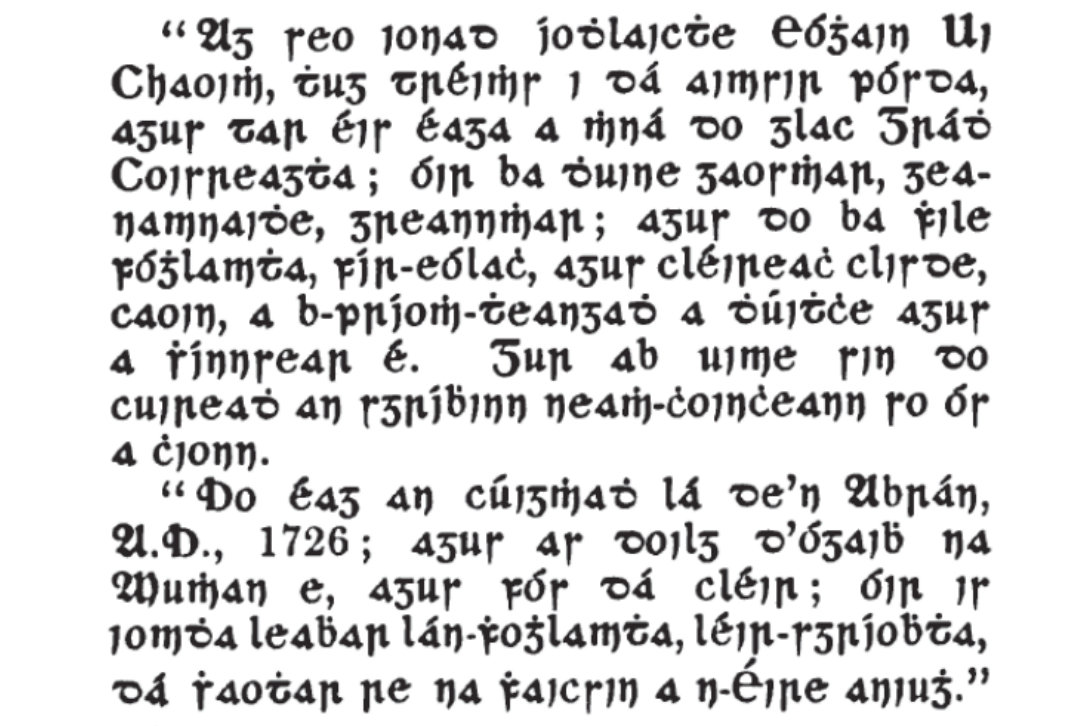
Áine is strongly associated with County Limerick. The hill of Knockainey (Irish: Cnoc Áine) is named after her...She is also associated with sites such as Toberanna (Irish: Tobar Áine), County Tyrone; Dunany (Irish: Dun Áine), County Louth; Lissan (Irish: Lios Áine), County Londonderry; and Cnoc Áine near Teelin, County Donegal.

In early tales she is associated with the semi-mythological [Rí] of Munster, Ailill Aulom, who is said to have raped her, an assault ending in Áine biting off his ear, hence the name Aulom "one-eared".

... by maiming him this way, Áine rendered him unfit to be [Rí]. As an embodiment of sovereignty, she can both grant and remove a man's power to rule. The descendants of Aulom, the Eóganachta, claim Áine as an ancestor.

In other tales Áine is the wife of Gerald FitzGerald, 3rd Earl of Desmond, known popularly as "Iarl Gearóid". Rather than having a consensual marriage, he rapes her (thought to be based on the story of Ailill Aulom), and she exacts her revenge by either changing him into a goose, killing him or both. The FitzGeralds thus claim an association with Áine; despite the Norman origins of the clan, the FitzGeralds would become known for being "More Irish than the Irish themselves."

...In yet other versions of her myth, she is the wife or daughter ...T Manannán mac Lir. ... In County Limerick, she is remembered in more recent times as Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann]
wikipedia
The Book of Munster, including the pedigrees of the leading families of Munster, consists of 260 pages folio, equal to 400 pages of the (O'Donovan) Annals of the Four Masters. I believe there is a vellum copy of it in the Franciscan College of St. Isidore at Rome
JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.



"Az seo ionad íodlaicte Eóżain Ui Chaoiṁ, tuz tréiṁs i dá aimsir pósda, azus tar éis éaza a ṁná do zlac Zráḋ Coisreazta; óir ba ḋuine zaosṁar, zeanamnaiḋe, zreannṁar; azus do ba ḟile fóżlamta, fír-eólaċ, azus cléireaċ clisde, caoin, a b-prioṁ-teanzaḋ a ḋúiṫċe azus a ṙínnsear é. Zur ab uime sin do cuireaḋ an szríḃinn neaṁ-ċoinċeann so ós a ċionn.

"Do éaz an cúizṁaḋ lá de'n Abrán, A.D., 1726; azus as doilz d'ózaiḃ na Muṁan e, azus fós dá cléir; óir is iomḋa leaḃar lán-ḟożlamta, léir-szríoḃta, dá ṙaoṫar re na ḟaicsin a n-Éire aniuż."

Book of Munster, compiled by Fr. Eoghan Ó Caoimh, 1703.

...a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels. Written by Bishop John O'Brien, 1726, on a gravestone in Oldcourt carved by Donncad O'Dailag half a mile west of where the referenced Eoghan O'Keeffe was a parish priest in Doneraile. Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, Volume 3, p. 348, 1894.

The main acts passed against the Catholic clergy under the Penal Laws were (1) The Banishment Act (2) The Registration Act, and (3) The Abjuration Act. The first parish priest of Doneraile enrolled under the Registration Act was Tadhg O'Dálaigh, pastor from 1686 to 1717. He was ordained in Rouen in France in 1669. He lived in Carker, was a Gaelic poet, and, probably said Mass legally on the Mass Rock in Carker Middle. He was succeeded by Eoghan O'Caoimh who was in charge of the parish from 1717 to 17 26. He had been married, and was ordained a priest after his wife's death. Eoghan was an even more famous Gaelic poet and scholar. He is buried in front of the ruin of the old churh of Rossdoyle in Oldcourt graveyard. Three of Eoghan O'Caoimh's successors are buried within the walls of this medieval church. Their names and years of their ministry are: Fr. John Cotter (1739-1784), Fr. James Cotter (1784-1799) and Fr. Lewis Walsh (1799-!815).

This particular Eoghan Mor son of Oilill Olum, had one son i.e., Fiacha Muilleathan (i.e. Fiacha of the Flat head). This son was conceived as follows: one night Eoghan went to the house of Dil of the Crecraighe tribe, before going to the battle of Magh Mucruimbe. Dil then lived at Carn Fhearadhaig in the territory of the Northern Deis. This Dil then had a marriageable beautiful daughter called Muncha. While they were drinking Dil, the Druid, asked Eoghan if he had a family. No, said Eoghan. "Sleep with my daughter tonight," said the druid "and you shall have a wonderful child." Eoghan agreed with this and Dil went to his daughter and said, "Cohabit with Eoghan tonight and there shall be conceived a son and he shall be a Rí and his family and race shall be a royal one afterwards and Eoghan shall be slain in the forthcoming battle of Magh Muchraime. Muncha lay with Eoghan that night, at the druid's directive. Eoghan went off in the morning along with his kinsmen to join forces with Art son of Conn (from Tara) and they went to the battle of Magh Muchruime. Afterwards the druid and his daughter Muncha went to Western Magh Femhin, for there was Eoghan's residence at Knockgraffon. When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be Rí and his descendants shall be a royal race." Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be Rí. The daughter of Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there — she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. “It is time now, O daughter,” said her father, "to bear the child." The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha Muilleathan [Fiacha Flat–head] — father of all the Eoghanachta.

Then the Men of Munster said to Dil:
“Accept our thanks and go at once to ask Mogh Roith if he can help us.”
-Forbuis

Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175. Eógan Mór, having been defeated in the battle of Cloch Barraighe, sailed with the remnant of his army to Spain. He left Great Beare Island utterly in the beginning of August, and after a voyage of nine days reached that country ; the monarch welcomed him, and permitted him and his troops to reside in the west of his territory, allowing them free quarterage. The noble mien and qualities of Eogan won the [chief's] heart, and he gave him his daughter Beara

in marriage, by whom a son and two daughters were born unto him during his banishment.
THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGSBY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY BY ERIONNACH. 1860 Ó Daly

From Eoghanacht Genealogies Book of Munster Trans. Eugene O'Keeffe "Eventually Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eoghan Mor, assumed the Ríocht of the two Munsters and during his reign Cormac Ua Cuind, Rí of Ireland, came (from Tara) with a hosting into Munster, demanding tribute from the two provinces of Munster. Cormac besieged the Momonians at Druim Damhaire (Knocklong); this Rí wielded great power, both by the vastness of his army and the power of his druids. Cormac had British druids weaving their spells against the Munstermen, so that by necromancy they had dried up all the wells and rivers of Munster, so that the people and their lands were in danger of death from the want of water. Then Fiacha Muilleathan sent for Mogh Ruith son of Fergus, the best druid to be found in Ireland. Mogh Ruith then lived in Oile Dairbhre (Valentia Island) in his old age, blind and

decrepit, as he had outlived nineteen Chiefs of Ireland:- from the time of Roth mac Rioghuill (the druid who had trained Mogh Ruith in sorcery) to the time of Cairbre Lifechair son of Cormac mac Airt. Mogh Ruith then came to meet Fiacha Muilleathan and the Munster nobles and they complained about what the druids of Leath Cuinn (Northern half of Ireland) had done to them. He undertook to oppose their magic spells, and he chose the territory of Fir Maige ([Fir Maige Féne First Nation]) as his reward. Mogh Ruith then overcame the druidery of Cormac and they defeated Cormac's forces routing them from Knocklong to Tara with a great massacre. Fiacha Muilleathan the Munster Rí did not leave Leath Cuind until he got hostages and homage from Cormac mac Airt; as the poet Feidhlime mac Crimthann wrote:- Good was the Rí Fiacha Muilleathan A great territory the Half over which he ruled He brought hostages from Tara the Strong To Rathfuim to Rath Naoi Though he was great; Cormac Ua Cuinn He bowed to the Rí of Tir Duinn (Munster)" https://sejh.pagesperso-orange.fr/keltia/version-en/mogruith10.html

monasticon hibernicum

The troops of the monarch, adds the ancient tale, were pursued by the men of Munster, led by their Druid, Mogh Ruth, in his chariot drawn by wild oxen, till driven beyond the borders of the province, and into Magh Raighne, in Ossory. The men of Munster now returned home in triumph, after having repulsed the invader, and called a convocation of the states and people of the provinces to give thanks to their friend and deliverer, Mogh Ruth, after which they unanimously agreed to give and confirm to him and his descendants for ever the possession of the plain and country then called Magh Meine (or the mineral plain) in reward for his great services.

Magh Meine was thus handed over to Mogh Ruth, and hence it was called Fearn Moga, or the land of Muga, as written in some old MSS. His tribe and family, who settled down in this territory, took the tribe name of Fer Mugai, *i.e.*, the men of Mugai, anglicised Fermoy; and the race of Mogh Ruth continue to inhabit there even to this day, in the families of O'Dugan, O'Cronin, and others in that and the neighbouring districts. The following extract from the MS. Book of Lismore further illustrates its names:—

"They then sent for the clay of Comlehaille Meic Con, *i.e.*, the Caile (or land) of Mene, son of Erc, son of Deaghaidh, which is called Fir Mulghe, *i.e.*, Fermoy, to-day. The reason it is called Caile Meic N-Eirc is because his sons dwelt there, namely, Mene, son of Erc, and Uatha, son of Erc, and Ailbhe, son of Erc. Another name for it was Fir Muighe Mene, so called because of the abundance

namely, Mene, son of Erc, and Uatha, son of Erc, and Ailbhe, son of Erc. Another name for it was Fir Muighe Mene, so called because of the abundance of the minerals contained in the mountains around it, and because there are minerals in all the fields around it also. Another name for it was Corr Chaille Meic Con, because it was the patrimony of the Clann Dairine, and it is in it Rossach-na-Righ is, *i.e.*, Ross-na-Righ, the ancient burial place of the kings of Munster,

Rí rogab Mumain mac Crimthain. Luid side fecht and for mórcuairt Muman... ERCHOITMED INGINE GULIDI INSO. There was a [chief] who took Munster, to wit, Fedlimid son of Crimthan. Once upon a time he went on a visitation of Munster and fared westward into West Munster, till he reached Áth Lóche. It was there was the stead of Gulide, the sharpest and bitterest and keenest lampooner that was in Ireland in his time. Now, in the [difficult] time of spring the hosts went westward. Great snow fell on them, so that the hosts were unable to proceed...Fedlimid asked of the guides : ' Who is nearest to us here ? ' saith he. ' We do not know indeed,' said they, ' unless it be Gulide of 'Ath Lóche, thy own friend.' ' Truly I declare,' saith Fedlimid, ' if it is he that is here, he is biting ' and sharp and bitter and is fierce, furious, keen-worded, creditor-like. He is ready to ask anything of anybody, and he himself is not good at giving. And there was no one before them in the stead save only Gulide and his daughter. And Gulide at that time was a withered grey old man, for his seven score years were complete. Thus however had Gulide been, he had been a warrior in warriorship and in prowess, and a champion in championship, and a soldier in soldiership, and a landholder for the land he held, and a satirist for satire, even for sharpness and bitterness and acrimony. Hence (the name) Gulide the Satirist clave to him. Then Gulide arose and resting on his elbow looked around him, and saw no one in the house save only himself and his daughter. ' Well now, daughter,' saith Gulide, ' go out and see who are these hornblowers and trumpeters... Then the daughter rose up and went out. She returned into the house and said : ' Here are great hosts,' saith she. ' It seems to me it is Fedlimid son of Crimthan with the nobles of the men of Munster around him.'

' Well, daughter,' saith Gulide, ' go out to the hosts and make brave words to them to see whether they will pass us by to-night.' Then the daughter rose up and took her dress round her, to wit, a purple cloak, and a finespun smock of silk next her white skin, and a small brooch of red gold in her cloak.... She went till she reached the hosts and said: 'Hail, O Fedlimid, with thy hosts as well...Ye have come at a bad time. The wind is piercing. The front-bridges are miry. The stewards are slow. [The trees are cutdown. The water is poisoned. The oceans are dying. Are we going to run out of air soon?] This is always a high-road for many. Here are forges of smiths, lampooners of the road. It is a church on two ridges. It is as frequented as Armagh. It is grass for a cow of one field, it is a pasture for one goose, it is a honey-ground for one bee. Our fleshforks are raised, our churn-dashes have not been lowered. Our old food is gone, our new food has not come. Ye have come at a bad time,

the time when the old hag shares her cakelet with the girl. The raven's tail stands high with us, the hound's low. The noses of our women are strained. There is water in our milchcows after our heifers have run dry. There is great dryness in our kilns, drought in our mills, dearth in our hounds, our cats are keen and greedy. The grey [uncomfortable] stiff benches are rotten after a long cold night....

Mogh Ruith Genealogy Rawlinson B 502, 157 Z36 Translated into english by Erik Stohellou Mug Roith, son of Fergus, of which come the men of Mag Fene. He went to learn the magic with the Druid Simon. And with him he made the rolling Wheel - which will come to Europe before the Doom - in the year before Simon had a fight with Paul and Peter. And Europe will therefore be addressed because of the pupil from each breed (?), who was with Simon in the fight against Peter. Cacht, daughter of Cathmand, [chief] of the Britons, was Mother of Mog Ruith. Roth son of Riguill educated him. Therefore, it is called Mug Roith. Two sons of Mog Ruith: Buan and Fercorb. DerDraig, mother of two sons of Mog Ruith and the mother of Cairpre Lifechar: two sisters from the Corco Barddeine de Dun Chermna. Dron, however, the daughter of Lairine was the wife of Mog Ruith. And the daughter of Mog Ruith was Tlachtga *** and she was pregnant of the three sons of Simon before she came back from the East, and she gave birth to his three sons. And they brought the pillars of the Cnamchaill viz the only Remnants of the broken Wheel. Everyone blind, shall see it, deaf, hears it, dead, it will fall on him. © Erik Stohellou - 2011

Irish Liber Hymnorum

tlacht, garment ; 111, 19 gl. *etach*, though there does not seem much meaning in the comparison of Brigid to a garment ; 'the *garment* over *coloured* (garments)', or as F says, 'the dress that surpasses every beautiful dress is she' ; cf. Cormac's *inn édach lígda*, p. 26, *sub* 'legam' ; SM. I. 150, 10 ; MR p. 180.

Aided Cuanach mic Ailcine conicisin. GenelacA CuanacA siind. .i. Cuanu mace Ailcin mic Dimai mic Findbair mic Findloga mic Deiche mic Connie mic Cuscraid mic Fiicuile mic

Buain mic Mogaruith mic Fergla mic Eossa ruuid mic Rudraige 7 rel.

Síl Fhergusa CGSH §662.190-202 , pp. 102-3 190 Mochuarocc nachar char crodh Ailbe Imleach mac Olchon do siol Fir Thlachtga trén dóibh mic Fercchusa mic fionnRoigh. 191 Scuithin Slebe Maircce amuicch mac Setna is mic Trebhuicch do Siol Ḟir Thlachtga malle do Scuithin ocus d'Ailbhe. 192 Epscop Erc mac Decch a umdail Brenainn Biorra mac Nemain do siol Chairbre Uluim dóibh mic Fercchussa mic morRoich. 193 Caemhan o Ard Lethain leir mac Taláin aobda airmgeir do siol Dubhthaigh os gach druing 'ga ccomraic siomh fri Brenainn. 194 Deruisi Sinech, Criadha trí hógha nar ainiardha, Clann Earnain mic Colmain chain do siol diograisech Dubhthaigh. 195 Brenainn mac Fionnloga os druing is Mochuda mac Fionndaill dias naemda go ngne ngossa do siol chéir mic Fercchusa. 196 Mochuille mac Dichuill dil Molacca mac Duibh Dlighidh is Caollaind do cceil ngosa [...] mic Ferghossa 197 Ciaran mac Beoain co n-aoib risa n-abar mac and tsaoir eolagih ro tuicc mar ata do siol Chuirc mic Fergusa.

198 Caindech mac Luighticch Lemna mic Lucchaidh alaind Emhna 156 do shiol Fercchus[a] mic Roigh or geinsett naoimh co nertchóir. 199 Iarlaitha mac Loccha lain is Mochoemhocc mac Beoain da naem gan formad abus o Chonmac ba mac d'Fhergus 200 Caillin mac Mochta nir mer is Ferccna mac ind filedh do Siol Chonmhaic gan chaire mic Fercchais ua Rudruide 200b Felic deochain roba daigh is Cruimther Froach mac Carthaigh do siol Chonmaic chaoim na ccath mac do Meidb ingen Echach549 201 Malan is Curnan gan cradh Cronan caomh ocus Baedan ceithre mic Sinill iad soin mic Nadfraoich is mic Fiachaid. 202 Mic Alla mic Conmaic glais mic Fergusa reidh rendmais Duilech mac Amalgaidh áin, mic Sinill chedna chomlain. Title The heroic biography of Fergus Mac Róich. A case study of the heroic-biographical pattern in Old and Middle Irish literature Author(s) Ní Mhaoileoin, Patricia Publication Date 2015-12-04 Item record http://hdl.handle.net/10379/5446

Fulacht Fiadh from labbacallee.weebly.com This was a marvellous method of cooking. A large flat bottomed hole was dug in a marshy spot. This was then lined with wood, stone and clay and allowed to harden so it became non porous. Later, it was filled with water. A large pile of logs was lined up beside the trough of water. This was lit and

stones were thrown into the fire. When the stones were red hot, they were rolled into the water which created a boiling pot. The meat, in the meantime had been wrapped in straw and this was then popped into the large pot. No doubt, when the meat was cooked and eaten, the bronze age people probably had a dip in the warm greasy water. Why not!

THE PROSE TALES IN THE The Rennes Dindsenchas translated by Whitley Stokes [As doilghi leam iná in t-écc.] 110. TLACHTGA. Tlachtga, canas ro aimnniged? Ni ansa. Tlachtga ingen Mogha Ruith meic Fergusa ... Tlachtga, why is she so named? Not difficult to say.]Tlachtga daughter of Mog Ruith son of Fergus: three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn the world's magic: for 'tis she that made for Trian the Rowing Wheel and the Stone in Forcarthu and the Pillar stone in Cnámchoill.

Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things With her, till she reached Tlachtga Hill; and there she lay—in and bore three sons, namely Dorb, from whom is Mag nDoirb, and Cuma, from whom is Mag Cuma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich.

And till these three names are forgotten in Ireland, foreigners' vengeance will not visit it. Whence Tlachtga is said.

n. In Ed. Tlachtga is said to have died in childbed, and over her the fortress Was built. NOTE:Tlachtga is now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath: Forrartlm is near Rathcoole in the co. Dublin; and Cnámchaill is Cleghile near the town of Tipperary. Mag Cumma, Mag nDoirb and Mag Muaich are now forgotten, so the prophecy as to foreigners' vengeance has been fulfilled.'

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged, Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar each oen nod-cluinfe, marb each óen risi mbenfa, Land 6to, fo. 1o9fl 2, u Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it: deaf every one Who shall hear it, and dead every one against whom it shall strike

Wikipedia Mug Ruith (or Mogh Roith, "[servant] of the wheel") is a figure in Irish mythology, a powerful blind druid of Munster who lived on Valentia Island, County Kerry. He could grow to enormous size, and his breath caused storms and turned men to stone. He wore a hornless bull-hide and a bird mask, and flew in a machine called the roth rámach, the "oared wheel". He had an oxdriven chariot in which night was as bright as day, a star-speckled black shield with a silver rim, and a stone which could turn into a poisonous eel when thrown in water. Valentia Island = Oileán Dairbhre = Island of Oak Forests Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

Caoimhín Ó Danachair. "The Holy Wells of Corkaguiney." The Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland 90.1 (1960): 76. " MacDonough (op cit) explains:

A particular association of the well which has contributed to the long survival of religious observance here is the legend connecting St John the Baptist with the Corea Dhuibhne people. This legend asserted that John the Baptist was beheaded by an Irish druid called Mogh Roith (the Slave of the Wheel) from Valentia Island on the other side of Dingle Bay, and prophesied that the Irish people - and especially the Corca Dhuibhne - would be called upon to pay for the crime at a date when certain time divisions coincided. In 1096 it was thought that the appointed time was approaching, and Ireland was seized with a panic... Rigorous fasting and prayer were undertaken, and it is probably from this date that the well

derived its importance, along with many others dedicated to St John the Baptist."

Mug Ruith, rígfhili cen goí, ba breithem, ba suí Ro ngabsat Goídil ar [...] Níba rí, ba druí. Servant of the Many, a royal poet without falsehood, was a judge and a sage whom the Gaels took... He was not a (rí) [chief], he was a (draoi) druid. – 2005 Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, John Carey

The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith translated from Middle Irish by Annie M. Scarre, 1910

[Scarre writes of the author, "Flann Fína mag Gossa aird meic Oraith on Gréigh glégairg. Tigernach equates Flann Fína with the Anglo-Irishman Alfrith mac Oss, i.e. Alfrid son of Oswy, who ruled Northumbria 685- 705..."]

1. All the children of Israel that spread over the yellow-crested world, it is no labour, it is an easy task to enumerate or to tell them. 2. Persians and Medes together, Greeks and Chaldeans: four races that were in the east, by whom the kingships of the world were taken. 3. There ruled in the eastern world a king known as fierce Herod; John, though the righteous man was a bishop, was slain by him, it is a bitter tale. 4. The reason of the slaying of noble John, by the household of shameless Herod, - the deed was an awful one, - was on account of the wife of Philip Labarchenn, [proudheaded].
2. 5. Philip Labarchenn without sorrow was true judge of true judgments. He used to give famous judgments to the host of the red-faced world. 6. Thereupon Philip died at the fort of famed Arguas; and yonder in her house his wife was without a mate to lie with her. 7. Herodias was the woman's name, the wife of Philip without guile; her daughters' names - it is not forbidden [to mention them]: Salius and Neiptis. 8. Neiptis used to make - a famous music! - sweet piping from her lips; and Salius indeed would make nimble movements and leapings.
3. 9. To every one among the hosts of the ruddy world their skill seemed marvellous; whereby they won goodly treasure from the nobles of the world. 10. Thereupon Herodias goes out that night to the country of the young man, till she

reaches Esculop. 11. Philip, brother of Herod the splendid, from the perfect Esculop, brought weighty love to her, to the wife of the other Philip. 12. Then Philip asked of Herodias that night whether she would lie with him in his house yonder, for a bride-price or a gift. 13. She of the fair white limbs said to proud perfect Philip that she would speedily lie with him if Herod would approve. 14. They went together to the house of Herod over every road, so that Herod sealed then her bride-price and her gift. 15. Then Philip sat down in the chair of the fair king: it was a geis for the beautiful king that anyone should sit down in his chair. 16. Then Herod asked of his brother Philip: 'Why hast thou broken my law? It was unjust of you, Philip.' 17. Herod seized a convenient dog-whip in his great royal hand, and he struck Philip in the house for the crime of his lawless deed

4. 18. Then said Herodias to Philip, in that very hour, that she would not cohabit with him, though it was a [difficult] condition, after his having been struck with the dog-whip. 19. Then Philip went out tearfully and sorrowfully, after being reviled by the woman of the east, after being struck by his brother. 20. Philip went to the house of John, the noble and the righteous; he told John, - the matter was great, - that his brother had outraged him. 21. Near was their right relationship - Philip, Herod and John; the story tells that two sisters were their mothers. 22. Sarra daughter of pure Gomer was the mother of delightful noble John; Cassamaindra, a wise daughter, mother of Herod and Philip. 23. It is no secret that she is the mother of John, every sage relates in story; these are their names, I shall not hide it, Sarra and Elizabeth. 24. Elizabeth and Zacharias were the mother and father of John the Baptist, it is they who quickly reared - John, Philip and Herod. 25. It is known that Philip said to John the Baptist, on account of their relationship: 'Arise and utterly ruin the woman, together
5. with the marvellous Herod.' 26. Thereupon John went into the house of marvellous Herod; sternly he said to him then not to sleep with Herodias. 27. Famous Herod said to his mother's sister's son: 'If the woman would sleep with Philip, it is not I who would separate them.' 28. Thereupon Herodias said to Philip at once, that if she found no husband till Doom, she would not be with Philip a single hour. 29. Herodias then cast a spell of false love over her face, through which grievous harm was done by imposing her love upon Herod. 30. Then said Herod to the maidens in the house: 'Display
6. your arts in turn that my household may see it.' 31. The women then said to

Herod that they would not show their faultless skill until they knew their reward. 32. Herod spoke out, and that was a boastful speech, that he would give them, it was thus [he said], the greater half of his kingdom. 33. Herod was then pledged, and he gave his word: he promised, though great the doom, that he would grant them [their request] without delay. 34. Then Neiptis made sweet music from her lips, Salia leapt over every ..., a couple ... 35. Then it was demanded - a wicked unjust boon - that she might have the head of John on a dish at once, for he had been reviling them. 36. Herod said in his house that he would not grant them the request, and that he would not stain red the head of pure John for all the gold in the world. 37. His household said to him, to Herod, though there were danger: 'Do not break thy word, oh king, lest thy law be ruined.' 38. Then indeed Herod wept true sorrowing tears of blood; and he afterwards granted them John, to be placed in a cruel prison.

7. **39. A wage was given to Mog Ruith who chose it for beheading John; this then was the wage of Mog Ruith, [his] choice of the maidens. 40. Then Mog Ruith the splendid went to kill John, though it was shameful. So he took in the prison to Herod the head of John on a dish of white silver. 41. Through that story, - a famous contention - the feast of John [will come] upon the Gael, so that there shall not be of the race of noble Gaels save one-third unslain. 42. The single third which will be left on that day of the host of the Gael and the foreigners, oh Son of Mary, it is a sad thing that they should all be visited by a black pestilence. 43. Flann Fína son of noble Ossa son of Orath (?) from rugged Greece, it is he who shaped this Eastern tale for the seed of Adam and his children.**
   Scarre, Annie M. "The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith." Ériu, vol. 4, 1910, pp. 173–181. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30005644. Also https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/ams.eriu.4.001.text.html

THE MURDER OF MOGH RUITH https://labbacallee.weebly.com There are many myths and legends surrounding the [Cailleach]. Apparently, she lived through several generations because she had the ability to regenerate herself. At the end of each era when she was old and decrepit, she would wander down to the water and bathe herelf and instantly she was transformed into a beautiful and glowing young woman [Mná na hÉireann abú] with the ability to entice and woo yet another husband for the following lifetime. In one generation of the [Cailleach], she was married to Mogh Ruith, the druid from Valentia Island. What do you think of this seanachaí story? Now, before the marriage the druid had an eye for the witch's sister, but the [Cailleach], being a woman of a jealous disposition and having the power of the occult, cast a spell on the druid, and lured him into marriage with herself. That was grand, as far as it went, but one day, didn't the old charm slip, and the man realised that he had been conned into marrying the wrong woman...and off he went cavorting with the sister. Not the best move in the world, I can tell you, for when the auld [Cailleach] discovered what was afoot, there was a fury on her. Nothing would satisfy her till she had it out with your man. She ranted and raved like a bean sí, and next thing she took off after him. Let me tell you, himself didn't hang around. Given the knowledge that he was in imminent danger, the man took to his heels and made straight for the River Funchion. Well if he did, the [Cailleach] was after him like a March hare.

Down the hill Magh Ruith bounded, and the wife in hot pursuit. Twas a sight to behold, the two of them. She was fast, but let me tell you, he was faster and being fleet of foot Magh Ruíth reached the river first and he was half way across when the wife arrived on. There was a steam on her and her puffing and panting, but begore she assessed her situation well, and there and then she lifted up a boulder the size of a meteor, and she flung it with all her might at your man. Down he went like a stone, pinned to the bottom of the river, and try as he might there was no return for the poor man. There he stopped until the last remaining breath passed from him.

An Leaba Chailleach Christy Roche, a native of Cork all his life and grew up playing in and around the famous tomb of one of Ireland's most famous women, An Cailleach, the Old Woman. Christy grew up surrounded by history, unsurprisingly is now one of Cork and Ireland's most famous History Geographers [Meas mór!]. Not content with just playing on the Old Woman's Tomb when he was a child, he eventually had to study its purpose. why it was built, the position it was built and why it happened to be there. Christy got his opportunity to do his research on the 4,000+ year old tomb after 9/11/01 in America, when all planes were banned from flying for two weeks and the sky was 'exceptionally clear', so Christy studied the Leaba Chailleach wedge tomb for those two weeks and the rising and setting of the Sun's rays on the tomb, until he found the answers he was looking for. On the 27th of March and the 24th of September, night and day is of equal length. When the Sun shone into the tomb on these days, Christy captured the very first pictures ever taken of the Sun's Equinox, which hit the inside of the tomb directly and illuminated it.

St. Gobnata (Gobnet, Gobnait) of Ballyvourney Feastday: February 11 6th century One of the most popular of the saints of Mumhan*, she was born in County Clare but had to flee from enemies and took refuge in the Isle of Aran, where there is a church at Inisheer, Kilgobnet, Gobnat's church. After a time an angel appeared and told her that this was not to be "the place of her resurrection" but she must make a journey until she came upon nine white deer and this would be the sign for her to settle and build a monastery. So she set out to search for the spot that God had chosen for her and she founded churches on the way, among them Dunguin in County Kerry and Dungarven in County Waterford. It was in County Cork that she saw three white deer near Cloudrohid; then at Ballymakeera she saw six and going further she arrived at Ballyvourney and found nine grazing near a wood. There she founded her monastery.

Saint Abban of Kilabban, County Meath, Ireland, is said to have worked with her on the foundation of the convent in Ballyvourney, County Cork, on land donated by the O'Herlihy family, and to have placed Saint Gobnat over it as abbess. St Gobnat had a particular calling to care for the sick and she is credited with saving the people at Ballyvourney from the plague. She is also regarded as the Patroness of bees. Gobnata (meaning "Honey Bee", which is the equivalent of the Hebrew "Deborah") Of course

honey is a useful ingredient in many medicines but she is said to have driven off a brigand by sending a swarm of bees after him and making him restore the cattle he had stolen. In fact she seems to have been very able in dealing with brigands. Set in the wall of the ruined church at Ballyvourney there is a round stone, which she is said to have used as a sort of boomerang to prevent the building of a castle by another brigand on the other side of the valley from her monastery. Every time he began building she sent the stone across and knocked down the walls, as fast as he could build, until he gave up in despair. There is a field near to the village called the Plague Field commemorating the area she marked out as consecrated ground, across which the plague could not pass. The "Tomhas Ghobnata", which is the Gaelic for Gobnat's measure, a length of wool measured against her statue, is still in demand for healing, and in the church a much worn wooden statue of the thirteenth century is preserved and shown on her festival. At Killeen there is Gobnat's Stone, an early cross pillar that has a small figure bearing a crozier on one side.

A well still exists at Ballyvourney that is named after her. As with many Irish saints, there are stories of wondrous interactions with nature. Her grave in the churchyard at Ballyvourney is decorated with crutches and other evidence of cures obtained through Gobnata's intercession. Among the miracles attributed to her intercession

were the staying of a pestilence by marking off the parish as sacred ground. Another tradition relates that she routed an enemy by loosing her bees upon them. Her beehive has remained a precious relic of the O'Herlihys.
https://pilgrimagemedievalireland.com/2013/02/18/pilgrimage-to-st-gobnait-at-ballyvourney-co-cork/

Turas: Pilgrimage Cill Ghobnait: Gobnet's Oak Church prayer:
Go mbeannaí Dia dhuit, a Ghobnait Naofa,
Go mbeannaí Muire faoi mar a bheannaím féin dhuit.
Is chughatsa a thána ag gearán mo scéal leat,
Go dtabharfá leigheas i gcuntais Dé dom.

Sula dtosnaíonn tú, téir ar do dhá ghlúin agus abair an phaidir thuas. Téir isteach ansin go dtí an áit ina bhfuil an chros, téir ar do dhá ghlúin ansin agus abair paidir. Téir seacht n-uaire timpeall ar an gcros leis an ngrian ag paidreoireacht leat i gcónaí. Tabhair póg

don Chros ansin, téir ar do ghlúine arís agus abair cúpla paidir sara théann tú go dtí an tobar. Téir ar do ghlúine arís ag an tobar agus abair cúpla paidir. Seacht dtimpeall ansin ar an dtobar leis an ngrian. Tógann tú trí dheoch as an tobar le do láimh is fágann tú rud éigin id'dhiaidh sa tobar.... biorán, cnaipe, airgead nó rud éigin. Téir ar do ghlúine arís agus abair paidir sula fhágann tú an tobar. Téann tú ansin go dtí na clocháin agus tugann tú naoi gcinn de chlocha beaga leat. Téir ar do ghlúine arís in aice leis na clocháin agus abair cúpla paidir. Téann tú timpeall ar an gclochán mór cúig uair, agus cloch a chaitheamh isteach agat ar gach timpeall. Téir ansin timpeall an chlocháin bhig ceithre uair, agus cloch a chaitheamh isteach agat ar gach aon timpeall. Téann tú ar do ghlúine arís don uair dheireanach. Má bhíonn roinnt daoine le chéile ann is féidir an Choróin a rá, má bhíonn tú i d'aonar abair cúpla paidir agus as go brách leat arís tríd na goirt. Is é atá sna socruithe teagmhasacha ná go mbeidh tuairim is 32 fearas dóiteáin curtha amach ar fud Thuaisceart Éireann ('Yellow [Banshees]' / 'Bandéithe Buí') chomh maith le 19 criú d'Fhoireann Fhreagartha Gaireas Análaithe agus foireann atá i mbun trealamh trom gearrtha i gcás éigeandála. (Níl pleananna ar bith ann go fóill maidir leis an arm/PSNI de ag úsáid fearas dóiteáin dearg i dTuaisceart Éireann). Is féidir fios a chur ar na seirbhísí seo dul chuig suímh éigeandála ach scairt a chuir ar 999.
– An Turas, Diocese of Kerry
Jonathan Self writing for Irish America in 2013
Ireland's legends and myths contain many examples of herbal medicine at work. Macha Mong Ruadh, the daughter of Aed Ruadh, is credited with establishing the first hospital in Ulster. It was called Broin Bhearg (House of Sorrow) and was used by the Red Branch Knights. It also served as a royal residence until its destruction in 322 A.D.

Among the Tuatha Dé Dannan was a physician called Dian Cécht, which means God of Health. He had seven children, among them Miach and Airmed who were also herbal physicians and surgeons. He had a grandson called Lugh, who was the crowning glory of the Gaelic [heroes].

Lugh had a magic spear that so thirsted for blood that outside of battle it was kept at rest by steeping its head in a sleeping draught of pounded poppy leaves. The Irish name for P. somniferum, the common opium poppy, is codalian, from 'codal' or 'cada' meaning sleep.

Dian Cécht was jealous of his son Miach's superior surgery and struck his head with a

sword. The blow was superficial and only cut the flesh. Miach healed it easily. Dian Cécht struck again and this time cut through to the bone. Again, his son healed it and this so enraged Dian Cécht that he struck his son with a sword for the third time. This time the blow penetrated the membrane of his brain but, again, his son was able to heal it. Unfortunately for Miach, Dian Cécht assaulted him for a fourth time and succeeded in cutting out his brain. This time he died. Dian Cécht buried his son and subsequently 365 herbs grew up through the grave corresponding to the number of his joints and sinews. His sister, Airmed, uprooted these herbs according to their properties and spread them out on her cloak. Dian Cécht mixed up the herbs so no one would know their proper healing qualities.
These ancient tales suggest that Irish traditional medicine was well advanced before the introduction of Christianity …
…A good description of medical care in Gaelic Ireland comes from the seventeenth-century Flemish chemist Jan Baptist van Helmont, who wrote: For I remember the Chieftains of Ireland used each to give a piece of land to a healer who lived with them; not one who came back trained from the universities but one who could really make sick people well.

Each such healer has a book crammed with specific remedies bequeathed to him by his forefathers. Accordingly, he who inherits the book inherits also the piece of land. The book describes the symptoms and ailments and the country remedies used for each, and the people of Ireland are cured more successfully when ill, and have generally far better health than the people of Italy.

…Historically, there were five great trees of Ireland: Bile Uisnigh, the ancient tree at Uisneach; Bile Tortan at Ardbreccan in County Meath; Craobh Daithi in County Westmeath; Eo Rossa, a yew at Old Leighlin in County Carlow; and Eo Mugna, an oak at the mouth of the Shannon, Co. Meath. Some of these trees were reputed to be large enough to shelter a thousand men. Trees such as oak and yew were associated with [Ríocht].
from Living Tree Educational Foundation

Marshall McLuhan "Once you see the boundaries of your environment, they are no longer the boundaries of your environment."

Ritual, Pattern, Pilgrimage Pattern Days holywellsofcork.com Many wells had a Pattern, or patron, day dedicated to the saint the well was named after. During this day many came to pay their respects and do the rounds, or turas – a prescribed route. Pattern days used to be hugely popular with big crowds coming to pay their respects, many arriving on the eve of the feast day and camping out overnight. It was also a very social day of celebration with music and dancing. A few pattern days still survive and are well attended. The annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick is probably the most well-known but in County Cork pilgrims still flock to pay respects to several saints including St Gobnait in Ballyvourney. On her feast day, the 11th February, masses are held throughout the day at the nearby church and an ancient carving of the saint is brought out and included in devotions. Rounds are also made at the saint's shrine in the old church, with two wells included in the turas. Doing the rounds

What you did once you had arrived at the well was clearly set out with the focus on repetition and meditation There was a set path, or round, which was followed, usually in single file and often in bare feet. The rounds were always done in a clockwise fashion. The rounds could be done many times, a cross inscribed or a pebble dropped after each

one to keep track of how many rounds had been completed. At Lady's Well on the Sheep's Head for example, 15 rounds were required, each time a small white pebble was deposited in or near the well. Stops were made at various prescribed places, the stations, where prayers were offered. Sometimes an object might be handled, or a cross inscribed in a stone. At St Gobnait's in Ballyvourney, pilgrims touch a sile na gig, (carving of a female figure) and an agate ball known as the bulla as part of the rounds. The rounds were completed by drinking the water from the well and leaving a small offering. Throughout this process, specific prayers were said…which all emphasised the repetition and almost trance-like circumambulation…

…

Often this merriment… ended in faction fighting…. many patterns were banned, including the one at Gougane. During the twentieth century some wells continued to be visited independently though and bans were gradually relaxed. Today the pilgrimage to St Finbar's Chapel at Gougane Barra on the saint's feast day, 25th September, is much venerated and thriving, with several hundred people taking part. The drinking of water from the well is still included as part of the rounds

Scattery Island: St. Senan's Bed Clare Library The entrance to the small oratory known as St. Senan's bed is blocked by a metal bar across the doorway at waist level, probably as a reminder that it is considered unlucky for unmarried women to enter this building. Local folklore says they will never marry, or will become infertile, if they do so. It is here that St. Senan is reputedly buried. Stones from St. Senan's bed were regarded as relics and a protection against disease and especially drowning. It was the custom at Scattery for each boat to bring on board a pebble from St. Senan's grave, or even from the beach. The stones were sometimes drilled, made into necklace charms and worn. The custom also prevailed of sailing a new boat round the island in a course opposite to the sun.

Inis Cathaigh Tobar Sinean Clare Library Tobar Sinean lies about 70 feet west of the Round Tower. This is the spot where, during a drought, an Angel showed Senan where to find water, using a holly branch (or hazel or sometimes elder) as diviner. This was then planted and became a sacred tree. George Harratt, in his book on Scattery Island, writes 'The Angel directed Senan to a spot where, rooting the ground with his staff, the well sprang forth. Senan set down his staff by the well and a hazel tree grew from the staff.' A leaf from this tree was believed to have protective powers. The people of Scattery never entered a graveyard except for a funeral or month's mind. It was also thought that bodies buried at Shanakyle on the mainland during bad weather would be miraculously removed to Scattery's holy soil from where it was easier to enter Heaven.

Scattery Island: The Legend of the Cathach Clare Library Scattery Island is rich in legend and stories. The old Irish name for Scattery Island was Inis Cathaigh, after the Cathach or Péist - a legendary monster who inhabited the island and terrorised people. When St. Senan arrived on the island the Archangel Michael led him to the highest hill from which Senan was able to locate the Cathach. Senan faced the monster and ordered it to depart from the island. In some stories the Cathach obeyed immediately and 'neither stopped nor stayed' until he reached the dark waters of Doolough Lake at the foot of Mount Callan. T.J. Westropp relates how the Cathach devoured St. Senan's smith, Narach, but Senan brought him forth again alive. The Cathach advanced 'its eyes flashing flame, with fiery

breath, spitting venom and opening its horrible jaws', but Senan made the sign of the cross, and the beast collapsed and was chained and thrown into Doolough Lake. The legend is alluded to in the late eighth century 'Calendar of Oengus' ; 'Senan of Inis Cathaig gibbeted Naroch's foe.' The Cathach has been described as a nondescript creature with spiked back, scales, fishtail, nose curling up spirally, and clawed forefeet. After Senan had expelled the Cathach, a local chieftain called MacTail, or Mactal, hired a druid to put a spell on the saint. However, as the druid landed on a nearby island, a tidal wave enveloped him and swept him to his death. The island is still pointed out as 'Carraig a Draoi' or The Druid's Rock. It lies between Hog Island and Scattery, and can be seen at low tide.

Sheelagh's Day In Newfoundland and Labrador there has been a long established tradition to refer to the day following St. Patrick's Day (March 17) as Sheelagh's Day. As early as 1819, the Anglican Missionary and historian Lewis Anspach who wrote the first general history of Newfoundland that was published stated: "It is hardly in the power of any priest in the world to hinder an Irishman from getting gloriously drunk, if he is so inclined, on the whole of the 17th of March, as well as the next day in honour of Sheelagh…." The St. John's newspaper, The Newfoundlander on reporting on the celebrations of the members of Benevolent Irish Society in St. John's on March 17, 1829 wrote: "The company continued to retire, successively, until six o'clock on Sheelagh's morning, (March 18) at which hour, we understand, a few of the campaigners might have been seen, as usual, piously and patriotically employed in "drowning the shamrock." Sheelagh (also Sheila, Sheilah, Sheelah) in Irish folk legend is somewhat of a mystery she is variously described as the wife, sister, housekeeper or acquaintance of St Patrick, patron saint of Ireland. In Newfoundland few refer to March 18 by her name day; nowadays her name is only invoked with reference to any storm that takes place on or shortly after March 18 – the storm being referred to as Sheelagh's Brush. So ingrained in the Newfoundland psyche is the association of with Sheelagh and the last storm of the winter season that the fishing fleets were reluctant to put out their gear and the sealing fleets were reluctant to take to the ice preferring to wait until after Sheelah's Brush had passed.

Sheila's Brush typically brings a heavy snowfall. The snow is attributed to Sheila's sweeping away of the last of winter. But, once the brush blows through – it signals that spring is just around the corner. Pity her name is not invoked as it was in our past. It is time to reclaim March 18 to give this day, the traditional name, Sheelagh's Day."

http://archivalmoments.ca/tag/sheelaghs-brush/

Lasting for ever {lit. till death) be the feastday of St. Patrick of the miracles, that takes the strength (of cold) out of the cold stone. On the feast-day of St. Patrick of the miracles, That takes the power out of the green stone — There is a nest in every wood, A trout in every pool, And a heifer calf alive in every milk-house in Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day of the spring There is a nest in every wood, A trout in every pool, And a heifer calf in every cow-paddock in Ireland
Seanfhocla Uladh, from the Irish

The Sheela's actual image—the center of the image is quite obviously her vagina, an exaggerated image that she seems to hold open for the world. Or is it that she is holding open the world itself? ... The visual focus on her "center" could also be representative of the sacred center of an actual locality or space: "The use of the sacred center underlies its traditional appeal as a regular meeting-place and also a mythical arena where momentous events could be shifted into the everpresent time-scale of the poem and the story" (Sharkey 6). The need for myths, for
storytelling, wasn't simply a pastime or novelty to the ancient peoples, but determined the continuity between past and present. The constant metamorphoses of motifs found in Irish tales, coupled with the "easy intermingling of physical and supernatural realms, made the world of the Celtic imagination tangible through thousands of years of story-telling" (Sharkey 6) Without them, the historicity of rituals, beliefs, practices, and understandings of both the natural and spiritual world were lost. — Amber C. Snider5
Snider, Amber C., "How Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body" (2014). CUNY Academic Works.
http://academicworks.cuny.edu/gc_etds/284

O Síle, cold and stately By David Ó Bruadair

I O Síle, cold and stately, whose tresses sweep the dew, Whose side is like the swan's that ploughs the ocean's breast, Since o'er matron queens thou hast been enthroned, It takes an awful time to make out whom I see.

X Síle, whose skin hath been nicked by a passing frost, In the torrent of evil that burst

o'er the ancient dams, Since fair weather hath melted the ice off thy lily cheeks, It were wrong for thee now to desist from a matron's deeds.

FOLKLORE COINCIDENCES ALONG THE LABBACALLEE LINES

https://labbacallee.weebly.com Labbacalle comes from the Irish “Leaba and Chailligh” which means the “Bed of the [Old Woman]”. The body of a [be radon carbon dated at 2200 BC was excavated at Labbacallee. Folklore says she was the Cailleach Béara, the Old Woman from Bere. A line travels to Bere Island. Folklore says she lived one of her lifetimes in a cairn in Slieve Gullion near Newry. A line passes through Newry and along the side of Slieve Gullion. Folklore says the [Cailleach] was married to Mogh Ruith. This one eyed druid came from Valentia Island. A line travels toValentia. Folklore says the Mogh Ruith was summoned to help Fiacha Muilleathan, Rí of Munster against Cormac Mac Airt, High Rí of Ireland. The Siege of Knocklong was the battle ground. A line travels through Knocklong. Mogh Ruith was gifted Kilworth for his assistance. A line travels through Kilworth. Mogh Ruith was buried in the cairn at the top of Corrin Hill [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]. A line passes half way up Corrin Hill. Mogh Ruith's daughter Tlachtga was buried at the Hill of Ward. This site is on the line to Newry and Belfast. The [Cailleach] was said to have two daughters: Cliodhna who resided in Glanworth and became Queen of the Munster [Túatha Dé Danann] and Aoibheall who was turned into a white cat by her sister. The father of these girls was meant to be a druid from Kilcor Kanturk. A line passes through the southern end of Kanturk town.Cliodhne was said to arrive in Glandore and there is a wave named after her in the folklore of that region. A line travels near Glandore. Cliodhne was banished to Carraig na Sí, south west of Mallow by her angry husband and once again a line passes just to the west of the racecourse in Mallow and another line passes through the inlet of Glandore Harbour. This is the funny one; Glandore in Irish is called “Cuan Ór”- the harbour of gold. Glanworth, the village beside labbacallee, is called “Gleannúir”- the valley of the yew, but at a match everybody in Glanworth shouts ”Up the Harbour!”

On hearing the strange tale O'Keeffe implored of his consort to free her sister from the fatal spell, but cliodhna informed him that since Aobhill still regarded him with love, and had the tenderest feelings for him, she had gone to her during his absence at Dundalk, and told her that he had fallen in battle. "Even though I should now wish to restore her to you" Cliodhna added "I cannot do so, on a account of the loss of my precious wand". The prince although convinced that Cliodhna was powerless to carry out his wishes, was

yet highly displeased with her jealously, and they at once became estranged, so that Cliodhna, as a consequence, retired to her palace under the "grey rock", taking with her her twin daughters.

The grey rock of Cliodhna may still be seen in the parish of Kilshannig, about three miles from Mallow, and she is believed to have haunted the place until 1816. She became the ancestral banshee of the [Chiefs] of Desmond and of the O'Keeffes, as well as Queen of the fairies of South Munster. In the midst of a wild stretch of country, her traditional dwelling place is now marked by a veritable rampart of rocks, with a conspicious one in the centre. There is a wide among the fragments, which is supposed to be the entrance to Cliodhna's palace within the hill. "Even under the mid-day sun", says a writer, "one would feel very solitary and uneasy while there alone, as if the enchantress had infused her mystical and dark art into every part of it"

This underground palace of Cliodhna was long believed by the peasantry to be the scene of the general assembly of the fairies of Ireland - their seat of government, in fact - where they met to consider important matters relative to their race. Stories were told that her was seen more than once, Cliodhna, in majestic apparel, leading the May Eve Dance of her followers in the light of the moon.

To this place it is said, often came the chieftain O'Keeffe to ask forgiveness of his mysterious consort, but though she was powerless to restore her sister, and refused to rejoin him, she gave him back the fair twin daughters where they had grown up and were educated.

They were afterwards source of great consolation to their father, and became respectively the brides of the [Chiefs] of Ulster and Connacht, but nevertheless the brave chieftains's spirit sank at the fate of Aobhill, and Cliodhna's desertion of him, and he died while yet comparitively young.

His eldest son inherited his chieftainship and property of Fermoy, and his descendants continued to hold it for the next 500 years. They were finally dispossessed by English adventurers in the time of Crowmwell, and the only remaining portion of their inheritance called Pobul Ua Caomh, was given by King William lll to one of his mercenaries, and anglicised Williamstown which name is now applied to a village in the district in North Cork.

On the high road between Ross and Clonakilty is another relic of Cliodhna in the form of dolmen called "Callaheen Claddig" the little hag of the sea-shore, noticed also by Borlase in his Dolmens of Ireland". In the same neighbourhood is still another "Carrigelena" in the form of piles of rock, with an opening loading into a cave. One

resident told of his having seen the whole place illuminated by night, with a [Túatha Dé Dánann] lady standing at the entrance to the cave.

Another story says that at one time a farmer was preparing to plant potatoes in an adjoining field when Cliodhna was heard wailing piteously at the desecration of the precincts of her dwelling, and no further attempt was made to till the field. The [Túatha Dé Dánann] Queen was also said to visit the fairs of Roscarbery and Olonakilty for the purpose of carrying off any good-looking youth she pleased. The wave of Cliodhna in Glandore Harbour, where the water, rushing into the caverns of the Cliff make a strange melancholy moan, is often alluded to in old Irish tales.
Since Cliodhna was unable to recall the spell laid by her on her sister, the gentle Aobhill was forced to live at Castlecor in the form to which she had been reduced. Inside the cave which could at any time only be entered with the greatest danger and difficulty, she lives all alone in a graceful palace in the midst of a stretching wood, where [Túatha Dé Dánann] birds chant the sweetest melody and crystal streams flow in all directions. The enchanted palace is a noble building with costly apartments, having decorated walls and ceilings. One magnificent room larger than the rest, contains the throne of the unhappy princess, richly carved and fitted with a crimson cushion and rare lace. There may be seen seated the enchanted Aobhill, who re resumes her natural form annually for a week, at midsummer, and appears as a beautiful maiden of twenty. The legend says that, if visited during that time, and desired for her beauty and love alone, any youth may free her from the spell which Cliodhna cast on her.
An air of fragrance pervades the place wherein is stored great treasures of gold, as well as gold and silver coins, and should these be touched by any mortal for the purpose of removing them, he is immediately swept from the place by a mighty wind, and finds himself outside the cave in a disabled condition. If however, a visitor behaves properly, he is treated to the delights of the palace and its gardens and is feasted sumptously during his sojourn.
Aobhill never left her underground palace except as the ancestral banshee and guardian spirit of the Dalcassian tribe, when she always assumed her natural form. She also became queen of the Fairies of North Munster. Brian Boru, the hero of Clontarf, told his attendant on the evening of the battle that he would not survive the engagement, since Aobhill came to him the previous night and told him he should fall that day.

•Maurice R. Cussen 1935

Briseann an dúchas trí shúile an chait.

Messe [ocus] Pangur bán, cechtar nathar fria saindán; bíth a menma-sam fri seilgg, mu menma céin im saincheirdd Caraim-se fós, ferr cach clú, oc mu lebrán léir ingnu; ní foirmtech frimm Pangur bán, caraid cesin a maccdán. Ó ru-biam scél cén scis innar tegdias ar n-oéndis, táithiunn dichríchide clius ní fris 'tarddam ar n-áthius. Gnáth-huaraib ar greassaib gal glenaid luch ina lín-sam; os me, du-fuit im lín chéin dliged ndoraid cu n-dronchéill. Fúachaid-sem fri freaga fál a rosc a nglése comlán:

fúachimm chéin fri fégi fis mu rosc réil, cesu imdis. Fáelid-sem cu n-déne dul, hi nglen luch ina gérchrub; hi-tucu cheist n-doraid n-dil, os mé chene am fáelid. Cia beimini amin nach ré ní derban cách a chéle; mait le cechtar nár a dán subaigthiud a óenurán. Hé fesin as choimsid dá in muid du-n-gní cach óenláu; do thabairt doraid du glé for mumud céin am messe.

Old Irish wisdom attributed to Aldfrith of Northumbria : an edition of Br'athra Flainn Fh'na maic Ossu Introduction, edited, and translation by Colin A. Ireland by Aldfrith, [Rí] of Northumbria, d. 705; F'thal, 3rd cent Publication date 1999 footnote page 13 of Introduction: Roland Smith, speaking of Irish wisdom-texts generally, stated that "they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," Revue Celtique 47 (1930): 33.

... the coincidence of the name, real or supposed, with that of a personage of great power and authority among the Keltic nations, while they were yet under the tutelage and government of the Druidical priesthood, suggests an origin for the story of a more remote antiquity in England than that of the Danish or Saxon era. The greatest personage known to the Kelts, greater by far than any of their [Chiefs], was Coibhi (pronounced coiphi or coivi), the titular designation of the Arch (or chief) Druid, whose name yet survives in the proverbs of the Gaelicspeaking people in Scotland and Ireland. ** The benevolence of this person," says Dr. Armstrong (Gaelic Dictionary, 1825), "who was always chosen from the worthiest of his order,"[quote not closed in original text, just a guess] is recorded in the following verse :
Ged is fagus clach do'n lar Is faigse na sin cobhain Coibhi. Near though a stone be to the ground, Still nearer is the help of Coibhi. In a note to Toland's " History of the Druids," edited by R. Huddleston (1814), there is an account of a Coibhi who was Arch-druid in the reign of Edwin, [Rí] of Northumbria. A Coibhi is also mentioned by the Venerable Bede in his " Ecclesiastical History," book ii. chapter 13.

The last syllables of Cophetua resolve themselves into the Celtic tuath (pronounced tua) northern, or of the north — leading to the inference that the Kelts in the south of England spoke of this personage as the "Coibhi of the north" to them the region of romance and poetry, as ancient ballads all testify, when they invariably speak of harpers and minstrels as coming from the " North countrie." Did an Arch-druid or Coibhi, in a remote time, fall in love with and marry a woman of very low degree ? or was there a tradition to that effect among the Keltic people ? It should be borne in mind that celibacy was not enjoined upon either of the three Druidical orders, the priests, the bards, and the prophets or
augurs, and that if one so highly placed as the Coibhi of the time married a maid of low

degree for the sake of her exceeding beauty, the circumstance would be long remembered in popular tradition.

Cho sunndach ris an fhiadh, Cho teoma ri Coibhi Druidh.

Rosc Catha le Mogh Ruith
Buinn fria bráth Brígh fria dloimh ceannbheach cath. Dígla (díglá) daigh ó bhrígh aird saer ní cheal go bhrígh mbáin. I ndeoin áedh ón tsruth theas dían túar brígh go sruth thuaidh. Slúaigh nár thib. Cinnbhea damh fó gach colg re a ndul amach i ndeoin ard cinnbhea damh fo barr scíath a ghlinn.

Brigde go háth Cliath in arbáid sin Cíd na conn, bed fo mblog, for mbia mairg romhuidh. Díl rom chealt. Ceannmahr, Muiche, Buireach, Beant, Or nár comhbhrígh friu (go) beacht, Dóibh bás olc. Fía muinter, cinnbhea damh. Toradh toinn, ní bat gluinn faífait buinn.

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A. You mentioned not, when you should have done so, the putting of Cormac [the Coward], son of Art Aoinfhear by Fiachaidh under the hook of the cauldron after the battle of [Forbuis] Druim Damhghaire [hidden in Lismore Castle]. It was Mogh Ruith of the stock of famous [Fergus] who caused the dishonour of Cormac [the Coward]. Caoille an Druadh [Larger [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]] -' is a proof of it. Do not attribute it to Fiachaidh [The Flat-head, of the Two Sorrows]. I am ashamed to repeat what you say of Caoille an Druadh. I must to refute what you say', detail the truth of the story! 175. It was Cormac himself who brought from the North, to conquer by means of them, [court] druids [who warned him against it] at whose word [Munster, Mumha, Móf Mumhan, Momonia]'s waters ebbed away, and cattle and men were parched. 176. As a resource for their fight, the [court]druids form fire-balls, against which arms availed not, — if that be, for your honourable noble [chief], a creditable means of getting power ! 177. The host of [Momonia] then send for the old wizard Moghruith. You know of the land [[Fir Maige Féne First Nation], go brách] he got for checking the wizardry of Cormac's druids [at Knocklong].
178. Moghruith baffled the druids' arts, and got the reward for that [[Fir Maige Féne First Nation], go Brách]. Fiacha of Mumha broke the strength of the Northerns.

Moghruith only destroyed their wizardry. 179. I take the story of that hosting where it is found written everywhere North or South to witness to the truth of what I say. " When attempting the dominion of the fair men of Mumha — an act of oppression was this sovereign deed — b y Mogh Corb son of Cas the Reaver was Cairbre Lifeachair slain."

Cormac [the Coward] won fifty battles, he wrote the " Psalter of Teamhair." ' There is no word in that precious Psalter that Fiachaidh won any battle !

55. I think you should not have invented your story of the wizardry of the old druid Moghruith at oxen-rich Druim Damhghaire, seeing that it was all superstition ! 160. The two sons of Eibrioc, Eibhear's son, made an arbitrary division... 161. As it was Mogh who exacted his terms, " Mogh's Half," not " Fraoch's Half " i* is the name of the Half — really more than a half — which was held by Eoghan. As you ascribed Eoghan's power to Fraoch.,,, Date Caesari quae sunt Caesaris. ...Think it not strange that the man who held sway in Spain over Eibhear, before they came here, should rule over him here. 19. As regards " Hibernia," which you say is to be found in other tongues,^ in such cases never trust any tongue but the Scotic. 20. If anyone ever derived in [Gaelic] " Éibhear " from " Hibernia " [it went the other way?] it would be better evidence ^ than what you know of the seventy-two languages. 21. It is therefore the more its (the Scotic language, Gaelic) dutv to preserve the tradition of Fiacha's Land. That is why it is right to believe my meaning of the word. ■ 22. You have read the phrase " land of the sunset " applied to warlike Éire. Why was that said of her if my translation of Hibernia [Éibhear-nia] be wrong ?
    23. If it is not at the sunset that lies the land called Éire, believe not the historical poem of the ancients " Let us sing the origin of the [Gael]." 120. Why did not Fiacha take the [chiefing] or some land from him, had Cormac been in his power after conquering him as you boasted? 121. Your story told to disgrace Cormac should rather be told of Fiacha. If Fiacha sought power by means of druids, it would have been worthy of his turn for [draíocht] ! 122. Though this story of [draíocht] is a poor proof of your point, I let it pass — though as a fact it is not true. Let us have some other evidence for the rout of Druim Damhghaire [obviously suppressed and hidden in the walls of Castle Lismore. This book is that evidence.]. 123. I know that a lie about Moghruith is attributed in the tale to [St.] Peter, how [St.]Peter said to him — a wrong thing to say — " Your [draíocht] shall

abide for ever." 124. An unlikely tale, of which the falsehood can be seen, should never be beheved, especially when there is no book to support it. Such is your tale of the Siege [of Cnoc Luong].

You are not disgraced, nor ashamed, O Aodh, in perverting history in your argument. I should be ashamed that the perversion of a jot of history should be found after me. ... [Amen.] "Through my fault have I sinned." Offer your prayers, then, to God with pure contrition, and I pardon you now all you have done to me ; and I ask you to pardon me so that we may win the peace of God through being at peace with each other in this vale of tears, and that we may not walk the path of folly, since as Torna said, 'It is certain that the men of earth are going to be judged by Thee, O Christ ! This is what we pray of Thee ! Look now O Leath Mogha ! Do you see the fool's tonsure on Tadhg?

The hitherto unpublished tract on the Topography of Fermoy, in the same old MS., is interesting, as preserving the names and boundaries of the political and ecclesiastical sub-denominations of this district, and the names of many of the old ecclesiastical foundations of the place, with special references to the most remarkable families, civil and ecclesiastical, of ancient Fermoy. It runs thus :—

"Crichadh-an-Chaille[1] of valour,
Is there one of you to tell [its history]
It was given to the son of Sonax [*i.e.*, Mogh Ruth]
For his having relieved the Forbas, &c., &c."

"This country was in two Triuchs[2] before it was given to Mogh Ruth, and there were eight Tuaths in each Triuch, and the line of demarcation between those two Triuchs was, namely, the course of Glaisse Muilinn Mairteil[3] in Sliabh Cain,[4] and Loch Luinge[5] on the Machaire, and Gleann na n-Dibergachael on Moin Mor,[6] and when being given to Mogh Ruth they were made into one Triuch, in order to lessen the [political] influence of the race of Mogh Ruth after him, and securities for preserving that freedom to him, Mogh Corb,[7] son of Cormac Cas, and his descendants after him ; and after that it was arranged into ten Tuaths, eight Tuaths to constitute the [political extent of the] country, and two Tuaths as border lands.[8]

"The first Tuath of these that is mentioned is the Eoganacht of Gleann

Omnach (now Glanworth), for it is one of the free Tuaths of Cashel, with its border Tuaths, and Hi Ingaire, which is called Magh Fece, is the noblest Baile of that Tuath, and Ceapach Inghin Ferchair is opposite it on the other side; and Gleann Caintinn, out of which are Hi Caimh (*i.e.* O'Keeffe) and Hi Digi; and Corr Tuath, out of which are Hei Finghin; and Lisleithisel, and Daire Hi Tnuthghaile; Cathair Droinne,[9] out of which are Hi Annratham (*i.e.* O'Hanrahan), DunMaelclaigh, *i.e.* the chief fortress of the Eoganacht; and Achad Loiscthi,[10] out of which are Hi Lachtnain,[11] Hi Dubhthaigh, Hi Leannain, and Hi Draighnein (*i.e.* O'Drennan, or O'Drynan), *i.e.* Ceall Ghallan;[12] and Moin Banba, out of which are Hi Daronaigh and Lis na Caille, out of which are Hi Dubhghaille and Hi Cleirigh; and Rath Mor, out of which are Hi Darnain; Leath Baile Hi Conchobhair, for O'Conchobhair was chief of Hi Inghaire, *i.e.* of Magh Feige, and the [sub] denominations of this place are—Dun Loibinn. *i.e.* Teach an Turtain. and Cluain Dallain,[13] and Moin Luachra, and Ceall Garbhain; and its boundaries are the line of road which leads from Airgeatland[14] to Cnocan Dun Martain, and which passes down through that place to Abhann Mor, and the ditch west of Gort an Grain extending by Gort Droma Airthir to Leiscnen, along the course of Abhan Mor, and Hi Dallain; are the hereditary occupiers of Cluain Dallain and of Moin Luachra and of Gort an Grain, the church of Eoganacht Gleann Ommach is the principal church and a third of the land of Brigh-Gobban belongs to that Tuath, *i.e.* Carrac-

Cormaic and Ceall-Danain, Cul Domhnann. Cluain Locha, Cluain Lena, Cluain Cairbreach, Ceall-Bracain, Coirrlis Da Conall. Craes Cru, Tipra-Gruagain, Tulach Aedha, Ard Catha, Cainn-Innse and Dun Draighnein to the east of Aith Lis Ceindfaelaidh.

"Since the two Tuaths of O'Cuain, namely Hi Maille Machaire, 'and Hi Ingardail' were united into one Tuath, the chief Baille of Hi Ingardial, *i.e.* Conbaid (hound drowning), because Finn's hounds were drowned there, and out of this place came Hi Buadhaigh. The Martra, *i.e.* Ath Ubhla, out of which are Hi Aichir, Ceall Achid, out of which are Hi Lomthuile. The Creg, out of which are Hi Riagain, Leitir, out of which are Hi Corcrain. The Recles, out of which are Maeilluaigh, Cill Conaim is the chieftain of Hi Cain, and before they were united into one Tuath O'Riagain was of Hi Ingardail.

[1] Crichadh an Chaille, one of the ancient names of the place now called Fermoy. [2] Triuch—an ancient sub-denomination of land, supposed by some to be represented by the modern barony; but the two Triuchs mentioned here comprised the baronies of Fermoy, Condon, and Clongibbon. Tuath, an ancient political sub-denomination of land. See W. K. Sullivan's Introduction to O'Curry's Lect., Vol. i. [3] Glaisse Muillinn Mairtel, *i.e.*, the stream of Martel's [or Mortar] mill, which flows southward through the glen called Leaba Molaga [or St. Molaga's bed] into the river Fuinshion, north-west of Marshalstown, now called Abham Carraig na m-Brointe [or the river of the rock of the Querns]; others suppose this to be the Sheep River to the west of the above mentioned stream. [4] Sliabh Cain, *i.e.*, the range of mountains extending from the Galtees westward to Buttevant. [5] Loch Luinge—Probably the lake from which Baile an Locha, south of Mitchelstown, has its name. The boundary line between the baronies of Fermoy and Clangibbon passes through this townland, which is marked on Petty's Map of the County of Cork as Baile de Locha. [6] Moin Mor—This place probably comprised the greater part (if not the whole) of the present Nagle Mountains, and the coarse land on the northern and southern slopes of this range. This appears from the fact that the monastery of Baile na Mona, situate four miles south of Mallow, on the road to Cork, was in Moin Mor, and the glen called Gleann-na n-Dibergachaile was, in all probability, to the east of, or somewhere about, Ballyhooley.

on the south side of the river and on the north, these are one Baile, and out of it are Hi Manog, Feic-Beg is a half Baile, out of it are Hi Riain and Hi Feargusa, Rath Siadhail and the Corran are its other half Baile, and out of it are Hi Cuain, Cil Uird is the church of this Tuath, and out of it are Hi Mongain and Hi Cuillinnain and Hi Brocain.

"Hi Cuscraidh Sleibhte is the border land of this Tuath we have mentioned, *i.e.* Cill Mithne Gort Aicde, Maelrach, Lurga, Daire Leith Re Meic Meada, Gleann Domhainn, Ceapachna Fian, Gort Ruadh, Ceapach Hi Meadhra, Daire Leathan; Eidhnen Molaga, with its Terman, is the church of this Tuath; the Comarb of that church is Mag Floinn, and the clerk of its crozier is O'Coscrain.

"The most noble of the Tuaths of the other half of that country is Tuath Muighe Finne in which Cathair DuLhaghain is, out of which are Hi Dubhaghain, and the breadth of this Tuath is from the middle of Relig na m-hanleagh eastward to Ab-

of [Dirainn or] mountain land surrounding Fermoy on the north and east sides, namely, Hi Rossa and Hi Cuccraidhe Sleibhe. [9] Cathair Droime, now Caher Droinge, situate about midway between Mitchelstown and Kilworth. The site of this Cathair [or fortress] is now marked by the ruins of an old castle, which commands a good view of the country many miles around, and which is marked on the Ordnance Map of the County of Cork, sheet 19. [10] Achadh Loischi, now St. Nathalis, north of Glanworth. [11] Hi Lachtnain, now O'Lachtnan, sometimes written O'Laughnane, and Laughnane. [12] Ceall Gallain—The old church which gives name to the parish of Kill Gullain, north-west of Mitchelstown. See Ordnance Map of County Cork. [13] Cluain Dallain, now Clandillane, east of the town of Fermoy. [14] Airgeatlaind, now Araglin.

J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore or McCarthy Reagh, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928) Published by: Royal Irish Academy The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century. The surname (which began to appear in the ninth as well as established by the twelfth century) is found throughout. In connection with place names, I think it will be found on examination of early Irish documents that the word baile as the first element in place names does not occur with any frequency before the close of the twelfth century. Documents of this kind are not common in Irish. It is quite a matter-of-fact record, and, judged from the personal and place names that survive in the district to the present day, it must have been a fairly exact one.

The occasion for the record may have been some fundamental change in the political organization of the district...There must have been some good reason for placing on record the hereditary owners and, with as much precision as possible, the limits of their several ownerships. Soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion the power of the Native chieftains began to wane. The [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] territory came under the dominion of the Roches and Flemings in the thirteenth century. The Roches appear to have been firmly planted at Castletown Roche by the close of that century. It is possible that the "survey" was put on record in consequence of the new overlordship.

From the foregoing indications I conclude that the family organization outlined in this document was in existence in the thirteenth century, if not earlier. It is possible indeed that it reflects pretty accurately the family organization of the particular district during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The territory describes a rough parallelogram some 22 miles long (east and west) and 12 wide. Glanworth is near the center, and Mallow, Doneraile, [Brigown], and Clondulane are a little within the angles. It is hemmed in the north by the Ballyhowra and Galtee Mountains, and on the south by the Nagle's Mountains, extending eastward to Corrin [Cairn Tiarna].

In the whole territory of some 260 square miles there are 163 places mentioned and 135 families. Of the 163 places some were probably full townlands, the others portions, of varying size, of townlands.

More than half of both sets of names are are found in thre of the fourteen tuatha, viz. Eoghanacht of Glennomain, Hí Chuáin and Magh Finne. The dividing line between the

two original cantreds was not quite the line which today separates the Barony of Condons and Clangibbon on the east from that of Fermoy on the west. The early boundary, following the indications in the document, ran due north from a point on the Blackwater a little to the west of Convamore to the vicinity of Rockmills, that is, parallel to the Awbeg, and a little to the east of it; then either north along the Funshion and Sheep Rivers, or northwest along the Farahy River. (In view of the positions of Ahacross, that is, the first cantred, and therefore east of the dividing line, I incline to the latter.) The present baronial boundary lies for the most part some miles to the east. It should be possible, I think, from the place-names I have been able to identify and from the notes appended, to determine approximately the positions of several tuatha and of many of the family groups mentioned.

I The exact boundary of the Caoille, The territory of Fermoy was known as Caílle an drúadh, the draoi Mogh Ruith's vale

Aoir Mhogh Ruith ar an nGabháltas Mogh Ruith's Satire on the Invasion O Coille small and melodious, (now) of an unkept surprise (burst) of midges, a meeting of birth-giving and thievery, (in this) valley that's of achievements of many-exaltings, abode of wild pigs (they) made comfortable, bird-ful of wild honeys. (Is inflicted) on it [i.e. Munster] very grimly (stupidly) like a snare (pitfall) deeply afflicted fully dirty a bare (de-feathered) raven (of) many-dunghills.

On stormy mountainsides O glorious(ly) to the south of this (is an) eagle gainful (having troops) of the (mountain) peaks. Those who died (their) deaths if as a result of the founding of their (the enemy's) wrong-doings, it will be without (distinction of) tribe they are angered, (they) of beauties, of the secrets' oaks*, of slaughters ruddy (bloody) of royal benefits / radiances, of the spear-points (satires) of battle-sayings. Retreat! (you the enemy) O Coille! [based on another translation by Ó Tuathail, who seemed unaware of the toponomastic clues.]

The exact boundary of the Caoille, Is there anyone of you who would describe it? It was given to the son of Sonasc (Mogh Ruith) for assisting at the Forbais Etc.

That country consisted of two triucha (cantreds) before it was given to Mogh Ruith, and

there were eight tuatha in each triucha; and this is the boundary of the two triucha... On being given to Mogh Ruith they were made into one triucha, to lessen their rent-tribute for Mogh's posterity. And the security for keeping it thus was Mogh Corb, son of Cormac Cas, and his posterity. And it was then portioned into ten tuatha, eight answering to ordinary land and two of border land.

The first tuath that is reckoned of these is the Eoghanacht of Glennomain (Glanworth), for it is the noblest of them, being the freetuatha of Cashel, together with its fortuath (which means welcome additions or something like that, with slightly different rights and responsibilities than the land steward tuaths...

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir
translated Seán Ó Duinn, Mullach Abú

"The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh ... ' Mogh Roith made his choice of this territory and addressing his people he made certain recommendations to them: 'to be equally venomous and affectionate, and as wily as serpents living in the one nest. Their nature is to have so much affection for each other that no one of them prefers his own good to the good of the others. That is how I wish my family to be – to act together in harmony – and while such is the case the area around them will not resist their growth ... It is not by guarantees that I give my support but only by means of their own affection, being ready to abide by the contract and living in friendly terms with the descendants of Fiacha. When it happens, however, that they are at variance with each other, this will be the opportunity for the very people that I am helping today to come and oppress my family and deprive them of their land, so that they will disappear from destitution and the man from the mountains surrounding them will say: 'Wasn't this the territory that the famous Fir Maighe once occupied?' It is for this reason that I call them the renowned Fir Maighe for I recommend them to the skilled in every craft, to have a noble bearing and to be men who will always defend Mumhan."
UCC Irish Sagas in translation Website

Agus déarfaidh fear an tsléibhe máguaird: 'Nach í seo an chríoch a bhí ag Fir Mhaighe séaghainn tráth dá raibh?'

J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928), Royal Irish Academy: The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century.

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir/

Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants ***forever*:**

"The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying:

> **'Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaigsig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.'**

Mogh Roith made his choice of this territory and addressing his people he made certain recommendations to them:

> **"a nimheadas agus a gcairdeas a bheith ar aon chéim — a bheith cosúil le naoi nathair in aon nead amháin. Ní chuireann nathair amháin a leas féin roimh leas nathrach eile mar bíonn siad an-cheanúil ar a chéile.**
>
> **Is mian liom mo chlann a bheith ar aon aigne agus fad a bheidh sé sin amhlaidh ní chuirfidh na críocha máguaird ina coinne, mar, ní le**

daingne eile a thugaim tacaíocht dóibh ach leis an gcairdeas eatarthu, le dílseacht don chonradh agus le maireachtáil go síochánta le síol Fhiacha.

Nuair a tharlaíonn áfach go mbíonn siad ag troid lena chéile, is caoi í sin do na daoine a bhfuil mé ag cabhrú leo anois teacht agus an lámh láidir a imirt orthu agus a bhfearann a bhaint díobh.

Sa chás sin, rachaidh siad i léig agus imeoidh siad as amharc ar fad de bharr mí-áidh agus cruatain.

Agus déarfaidh fear an tsléibhe máguaird:

'Nach í seo an chríoch a bhí ag Fir Mhaighe séaghainn tráth dá raibh?'

Is é seo an fáth a nglaoim Fir Mhaighe séaghainn orthu, mar, molaim dóibh a bheith séaghainn i ngach dán, uaisleacht a bheith acu agus troid ar thaobh na Mumhan i gcónaí." UCC Sagas website for translation.

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal.

Rosc Catha na Mumhan

Daithníos fein gan bhréag ar fhuacht
' S na anfaithe theatar taobh le cuan
Ar canadh na néan go séarseach suairc
Is go ghearfadh mo sheasar glé gan ghruaim

Measaim go rubhach do Mhumhain an fhuaim
' S dá maireann go dubhach de chrú na mbuadh
Torann na dtonn le sleasaibh na loing
Ag tarraingt go teann 'nár gceann ar gcuaird.

Tá lasadh san ngréin gach lae go neóin

Ní taise don rae, ní theidhin f e neól
Ta barra na gcraobh ag déanamh sceóil
Nach fada bheidh gaedhil i ngéibheann bróin

Tá aoibhill ar mise gus áine óg,
Agus clíonadh an bhruinneall is áille snódh
Táid mílte gus tuilleadh den táin seo fós
Dá suidheamh le buile gus tháinig an leoghan

Is annamh dom maidin ar amharc an laoi
Ná bainim chum reatha go farraige síos
Mo dhearca ar leathadh ag faire do shíor
Ar bharcaibh an fharaire ag gearradh na slí

Cruinnigheadh gach duine d'fhuill Mhileadh tréin
Go ruitheann 'na chuisle den bhfíor fuil braon
Do mhilleadh le dlighthe do crádhach le claon
Go mbuailfidh se buille le báire an tséin.

And the Zulus, they had knives and bows and arrows
Tell us how you faced one with your sixteen pounder gun
and frightened all the Natives to the marrow.

Come out ye blacks and tans, come out and fight me like a man
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders
Show her how the Aboriginal Irish Catholics made you run like hell away
from the green and lovely lakes of Killishandra.

Millteoireacht le Mogh Ruithe ar nDraoithe an Ardrí

Soeim athshoeim muna soeim dluma dirche soeim bríocht, soeim breachta soeim deachta doilbhte, soeim ard, soeim adhbhal soeim gach aidbhertaid, soeim tulach do thulaigh comhdar thubhaidh ar traigh. Traethfat-sa cnoc ceann a ceann comhbean-sa fria a aitheann. Soeim gach at, tráis i bhfíochaí eo, i bhfíochaí sceo. Dánaim dar, dánaim

dánaim neimh im' neart Ua Chuinn cur, Colphtha agus Lurga luáth go ndíobhát san áth. Errghi, Eng, augus Engain ná cú ceangair gach. Bíodh crúibleacht ar crúibh, cré omh ann dan lot. Bíodh fiadhlann ar cnoc. Bíodh a ráidh ar áth féim a chomhailfeat frium chlana Eoghain ann. Bíodh dóibh an maith mór, biáidh, flaith ina láimh dá ndiúlat rem chlú ann. Cineadh Fiachach feirt a ndine a n-ólt gan ríghí, gan reacht (ríocht). Cinfeadh ó Mogh Corbh cuaine ráth fria a rí, a righfidis as a reacht a seacht mba sé. Séidim-se Druim nDamh. Séidis gaeis líaigh gom. Séidis gabhál ngall. Séidis neimh úar omh. Ní rob inann sin, séidis bánfiadh bruth ach rob inann súd. Soeis ré sin an sraith im' racht i ndraíocht im' dheach-chath im' dheachath úadh. Leacais comhbhlicht cnocv a soeim.

Lia Draíochta le Mogh Ruith

Ailim mo lic laeme Nárobh é thaidhbhsí tháidhe Bíodh breo a bhrisfes báirí re chath chródhe Cláire. Mo chloch thein a thug a thinn. Bíodh nathair dearg a dhobhair mairg cur a bhfillfe a fhoraim. Bíodh muireascann (reascán) mholach fiadh seacht gconga dée ró-dhaimh idir thonnaibh tré-oll Bíodh badhbh idir bhadhuibh a scéaras corp re hanmuin. Bíodh nathair nóis-naidmuibh um corp Colptha ollmhór ó dtalamin go a cheann, anbhoig sleamhan a bhirrcheann an rot ruibheach a reaghtainn. Bíodh drais gharbh imtéinn (im'thein) mairg a ticfa a thimpeall. Mo dhraic thairbeach (dhraictháir beach) teann canfait uais is uagtair, mairg co a shín fae shurdghail do Cholptha agus do Lurga a laifider f'aill. An trascradh nosthrascainn. Is fastad nosfhastainn. Is nascadh nosnascainn. Mar bhís féithe im'chrann. Coiscfider a bhfoghaill, meathfaider a monair, beith a gcoirp fa chonnuibh. Ar ath olair air (a rath olair air/ara tholair air) go mbearrbhais leo leinibh gan troit is gan deabhaidh a gcoscair re a gceannuibh. Cé maith eadh budh áil, áilim.

Bríocht Síothlaithe Cheannmhara

Síothal lán, síothal slán. Luigsim féin féin ra cach mál. Síothal shuain, síothal sámh. Bear úr uaibh do cheann slúaigh d'Fhiachaigh mál. Síothal glan, síothal gart um rígh mborb. Síothal slán, síothal suain. Bear úr. Do Mhogh Chorb síothal airgid agus óir agus cruain, síothal shíog agus rígh agus rúain lúthar libh agus uaibh do Mhogh Ruith is d'fhir Coirb is do Bhuan lúthsat féin feacht fo thrí ra feacht fáth beact for rígh.

Báidhfe tart. Beofaidh brígh, fóirfidh cach, sóefidh síath. Síothal

Carrigcleena In the parish of Glantane formerly called Kilshannig, and six miles distant from Mallow is the place called Carrigcleena or Cleena's Rock. It is a townland and gets its name from the conspicuous rampart of rock that is situated in it and pointed out as the entrance to the dwelling place of Cliodhna, the [Duine Sí] Queen. Many are the stories told about Cliodhna around this locality. Cliodhna's father was called the Red Druid and generally regarded as the last of the druids. He, it is said, was made prince of the territory which now embraces the town of Fermoy and its neighbourhood by the reigning Rí of Munster, whose life he had saved in battle when the latter was fighting with the High Rí of Ireland. On this occasion the Red Druid raised a great storm by his magical powers and compelled the High Rí's forces to retire from the engagement. Cliodhna and her sister Aeibhill are famous figures in Irish [Duine Sí] lore, and their period is believed to have been the middle of the eighth century. Cliodhna, the elder daughter of the Red Druid, seems to have inherited strange powers like her father. She fell in love with a young chieftain named O'Kieffe, who was lord of the territory adjoining that of her father. But, unfortunately, the younger sister, Aeibhill, also became enamoured of the same chieftain, and this aroused the wrath of Cliodhna, who was of a proud, passionate and haughty disposition. Full of jealousy, Cliodhna resolved to make her own union with the chieftain secure at all costs, and to this end, as the story goes, she changed her sister Aeibhill with a magic wand into a beautiful white cat, after the latter had refused to renounce her affection for the man to whom Cliodhna was betrothed. When the Red Druid and his wife learned of the fate of their daughter, they both took the sad news so much to heart that they died shortly afterwards. The Druid was buried on the summit of a hill about three miles from Rathcormac since called Carn Thierna, and his wife was laid to rest near Glanworth. (N.B,: We read of some interesting finds recently, including the bones of a woman, in the great dolmen

called Leaba Chaillighe, near Glanworth, Co. Cork. Were these the remains of the Red Druid's wife, who, according to tradition was buried beneath this dolmen!) But to return to the story, Cliodhna married the chieftain O'Kieffe, and all went well until he came to hear of her sister's fate at her hands. They became estranged as a result and Cliodhna retired to an underground palace, having been discarded by her husband. This palace is, according to many accounts in the townland above mentioned viz., Carrigcleena, so

called by the natives "the Rock." This palace was long believed by the peasantry to be the scene of the general assembly of the [Túatha Dé Danann] throughout Ireland, where they met to consider important matters relative to their race. Aeibhill, after being enchanted by her sister took up residence, as local tradition goes, in an underground palace also, situated at Castlecor, near Kanturk, Co. Cork, beneath an old cave hidden by trees. It is also said that she resumes her natural form for a week each year at midsummer, appearing as a beautiful maiden of twenty. She was regarded as the guardian spirit of the Dalcassian race, and Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of North Munster. The Rí of Ireland, Brian Boru, is reported as saying on the evening of the Battle Clontarf, that Aeibhill came to him the previous night and told him he should fall that day. — As collected by Domhnall Mac Óda, teacher, Carrigcleena More, Co. Cork

http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921885/4898839

“It is said that a man named John Judge cut a [Duine Sí] bush in Coolnaha and that all the hair fell off his head. It is said that if anyone cut a [Duine Sí] bush, they would loose the hand which they would cut it with. There is a fort in the townland of Coolnaha. It is

said that it is a [Duine Sí] fort. The people call this fort "the castleen", because there is a hi gh fence of stone around it. There was a white cat seen in this fort and it is said that this cat was minding the fort. There were lights seen in this fort, and there was music heard in it."

— As remembered by Catherine Folliard
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4427908/4356818/4451951

Mallow Field Journal #9 1991, Kilshannig Mythology,Tales and Beliefs, John J. Kavanaugh "The most popular legend holds that Cleena was one of the two daughters of Draoi Rua - Redheaded Druid ... of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]. Cliona (Cleena) was lovely but her sister Aoivel was "all beautiful". They both fell in love with Ó Caoimh of Cullen (Cullen Uí Chaoimh near Millstreet). He first turned his thoughts on Cliona, but Aoivel won him. Cliona then called on her old nurse to teach her magic spells to punish Aoivel. Her enchantments worked and Aoivel declined. Her beauty faded and after a lingering illness she died - or so it seemed, but Cliona and her nurse took the spell-bound Aoivel from her vault and carried her to a cave under Castle Cor - five miles north-east of Fermoy. When she awoke and still confessed her love for Ó Caoimh, Cliona waved her wand and changed her into a beautiful white cat, to be imprisoned for ever in that cave. Cliona succeeded in marrying Ó Caoimh and bore him a son and two daughters. In time Ó Caoimh
learned of the terrible fate of Aoivel, and he requested Cliona to set her free from the enchantment. She admitted that she wished to set her free, but could not do so, as she had lost her magic wand! She had, however. told Aoivel that Ó Caoimh was killed in battle against the Norse invaders at Dundalk, and she had become reconciled to her loss. This was too much for Ó Caoimh, and Cliona and her children were banished from Cullin. They retired to the [Duine Sí] palace at Carraig Cliona. When her daughters grew to womanhood, she restored them to their father, and as the story goes, the both made good marriages - one to the O'Neill of Ulster and the other to the O'Connor of Connacht. Cliona's son became the figure-head of the Ó Caoimh Clan.

duchas.ie from Baile Uí Ghrádaigh, Ceann Tuirc, Ballygrady South, Co. cork

The "White Cat" in Castle Cor in the barony [a Norman Distinction] of Duhallow Co. Cork In Castle Cor there is a cave, in which lives a "White Cat." Once upon a time there lived a

Druid named Keeffe the last of the druids. This Druid had two daughters named Cliodna and Aoivil. Cliodna who was so well able to work charms was called the queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann]. This other Druid O'Keeffe often visited the Princesses' house. O'Keeffe who was very strong and brave was well able to play games, such as racing, stone-throwing, lifting a great weight, hurling, and chariot racing. Cliodna and her sister both fell in love with O'Keeffe whom their father liked. Cliodna did not know that her sister was in love with O'Keeffe., but before long she found it out. She called the oldest of her nurses to assist her to punish her innocent sister. They fixed to meet in a certain part of the palace where she put on a fire a brass vessel, she blew up the fire and Clidna lighted her torch. Then she said some words while she threw some rare herbs into a vase. She then burned a handful of human hair. She poured this compsition into a jug. When she had this done a visible change appeared in Aiovil's person.

Aoivil was wrapped in a white veil and then laid her in a coffin. The father and mother were very much grieved when they found out that that their lovely gentle little girl was taken away so suddenly. After the wake she was buried in an underground tomb. After nightfall Cliodna and her old nurse came back a different way. When Aoivil woke out of her sleep she called out, "where am I or am I in a dream?" Cliodna answered her and said, "Dear Aoivil you are no longer in your father's palace. Then Cliodna changed Aoivil into a pure white cat.

In the cave there are beautiful treasures[said to shine as with a light from within], which the cat possesses. It is said that when the right owner will come back again to Castle Cor that if he runs short of money, it will be easy for him to enter the cave and he shall get everything he wants.

“And finally I tell the Irish to remember the Banshee of Dalcais Aibell, the Banshee warning Brian Boru that he would die at Clontarf. Listen for the Banshee, Ireland, for I will have my revenge upon all of you. No more can you evade personal responsibility for what you did to me and mine. I am the ultimate gombeen man come to make you pay -- not just during the [difficult] months but forevermore.” —Frank Herbert, The White Plague

CLÍODHNA1897 'Under this eminence in an easterly direction in the deep cave of Castlecor [cóir, comhar?], of which...wonders are related. It is said that it contains treasures of gold and silver under the control of a white cat, who is seated n a throne of great value, and that this cat was once the beautiful Aoivil, metamorphosed into ... her natural form for the space of a week every year at midsummer; and that whoever is so fortunate as to visit her during that time, is free from the desire of sordid gain, and prefers her, with her beauty, to her treasures...put an end to her enchantment. This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney lough, as well as Giroid Jarla in Lough Guir, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain. Hitherto, all those who chanced to see the enchanted cat were astonished at the riches contained in the palace, and no sooner did they commence loading themselves with the precious coins they found on the floor than a tremendous wind overwhelmed them with its force, and they found themselves prostrate outside the cave with the loss of an eye or limb, a punishment for their sordid disposition ... "Sometimes you'll think you'll hear the groans of ghosts, Thin, hollow wounds, and lamentable screams." ...

...the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled. They are both truly happy during... midsummer eve, when Cleena and all the [[Túatha Dé Danann]] assemble to rejoice and congratulate her. But at the expiration of the week she departs for the "grey rock" in gloomy sadness. Clíodhna, Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, 1897.

"The truth always carries the ambiguity of the words used to express it." — Frank Herbert, God Emperor of Dune

"But always – do not forget this, Winston – always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face – for ever." (3.3.34, O'Brien) — George Orwell, 1984

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
William Shakespeare, All's Well That Ends Well

“Deep in the human unconscious is a pervasive need for a logical universe that makes sense. But the real universe is always one step beyond logic.” — Frank Herbert, Dune

“The State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.” — Oliver Cromwell

“Modern technology has become a total phenomenon for civilization, the defining force of a new social order in which efficiency is no longer an option but a necessity imposed on all human activity.” — Jacques Ellul, Perspectives on Our Age

> **from THE REFORMATION. Written in the year 1652, by Samuel Butler. From his Posthumous Works.**
> **...Men of souls so base and low,**
> **Meer bigots of the nation ;**
> **Whose designs are power and wealth,**
> **At which by rapine, power, and stealth,**
> **Audaciously they vent're ye ;**
> **They lay their consciences aside,**
> **And turn with every wind and tide,**
> **PufF'd on by ignorance and pride,**
> **And all to look like gentry.**
> **Crimes are not punish' d 'cause they're crimes,**
> **But cause they're low and little :**
> **Mean men for mean faults in these times**
> **Make satisfaction to a tittle ;**
> **While those in office and in power**
> **Boldly the underlings devour,**
> **Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em ;**
> **They sell for many a thousand crown**
> **Things which were never yet their own,**
> **And this is law and custom grown,**

'Cause those do judge who sold em.

> Dominion of the Sword 1640s English Pamphleteer
> Lay by your pleading,
> Law lies a bleeding;
> Burn all your studies down,
> and Throw away your reading.
>
> Small pow'r the word has,
> And can afford us
> Not half so much privilege as The sword does.
> It fosters your masters, It plaisters disasters, ...
>
> It talks of small things,
> But it sets up all things;
> This masters money,
> though money Masters all things.
>
> It is not season
> To talk of reason,
> Nor call it loyalty,
> when the sword Will have it treason.
> The Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684, edited by Charles Mackay.

Winston Smith: Does Big Brother exist? O'Brien: Of course he exists. Winston Smith: Does he exist like you or me? O'Brien: You do not exist. — George Orwell, 1984

“Do actions agree with words? There's your measure of reliability. Never confine yourself to the words.” — Frank Herbert, Chapterhouse: Dune

THE OLD WOMAN: They were indeed splendid, times, but although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Romans xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name. I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the people, I cleaved always to the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks. The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words.

The Church I constantly attended, and went with pious people to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the people. I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever.

From The Manx Quarterly, #23, taken from a booklet of 32 pages printed in Douglas about the year 1870, http://www.isle-of-man.com/manxnotebook/mquart/mq23229.htm

Some never participate. Life happens to them. They get by on little more than [ignorant] persistence and resist with anger or violence all things that might lift them out of

resentment-filled illusions of security.
— Alma Mavis Taraza, Dune, Frank Herbert

St. John's Night/Midsummer The people of this district in olden times used to look forward to St. John's day, which is commemorated on the 24th June, for it was a great time of merrymaking for them. On the eve of this day they could be seen drawing logs of wood, turf, and everything they could procure to make a good bone-fire to an appointed cross-road. When the fire was lit the people gathered round it, and a lively dance went on. The ringing laughter and the merry shouts of the dancers could be heard for miles around. This great night of amusement was commonly called Bon-fire night. May Morning On May morning the people get up early to judge the point from which the wind is blowing. If it be blowing from the north it is an omen of a good Summer. If from the south a bad Summer, and if it is blowing from the west a harsh Summer, and the very opposite if it be blowing from the east.642 Joan O'Keefe Parkstown

God rest your soul, old Paddy Hayes, my heart knew naught of grief When listening to the tales you told of Donal Ogue O'Keeffe; That outlaw bold whose very name causes Saxon cheeks to pale From green Duhallow's fertile glen afar to wild Kinsale. And when the Bad-fires flickering flames began to dim and die, How loath we felt to leave that scene, so fraught

Okeefe stories

Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin. Through these times the page of history is red with details of these atrocities. Victories followed each other on the part of the invaders, until they had the surrounding country under a terrorism and subjection, which the natives could not remove. It was not, however, without earnest and constant efforts and exertions on the part of the Irish princes, to suppress their atrocities, that they were able to persevere. At length in 943, Callachan, Rí of Cashel, taking a lesson out of the book of his illustrious predecessor, Cormac, called his chiefs together, exhorted them against the Danes, and as no part of Ireland suffered more from their plunders, murders, &c. than Limerick, and the borders of the Shannon, Callachan selected the city of Limerick as the field of battle. In the second page of the Wars of Callachan, in the old book of Lismore, where the election of that Prince to succeed to the sovereignty of Munster about A.D. 920, is described, (writes the late Professor O'Curry to the author), there occurs this passage : — " It was then arose the seventeen tribes (of the Eugenians) gracefully and readily to inaugurate Ceallachan * * * * *

" The best of those nobles were the tall graceful Sullivan, at the head of the festive race of Pingham ; and the accomplished (in arms) Reardon, at the head of the brave Clann Donnohaile ; and the valiant Caeleighe ; and the heroic champion Laindecan ; and the brilliant Daineachaidh ; and the brave Cuilen ; and the lucky Ecertach ; and the sound active Lingan."

It was immediately after this inauguration that the Rí took his resolution to meet the Danes ; Heralds were sent out requiring them to surrender Limerick, and give hostages for their future good behaviour : the reply of those marauders, however, was, " that so far from waiting to be attacked, they would march out of the city to give open battle." They were as good as their word. In four divisions they accordingly marched out of the city. Each of the divisions had four hundred men armed with coats of mail, besides light armed troops, and Singland was the ground on which the memorable battle was fought — Singland, which we shall see as we proceed, was the place on which other memorable engagements were decided in long ages afterwards. O'Sullivan, who acted as General,

under Callaghan, harangued his men in an animated speech, which was answered with a clash of shields and swords by his soldiers. The fight commenced by a discharge of stones from the slings of the troops, by flights of arrows, spears and lances. The heavy armed troops then engaged breast to breast in a dreadful contest, while the Danes left nothing undone to prevent this furious onslaught of the army of the Rí of South Munster, from making an impression on their troops.

Callaghan, at length, singled out Amlav (Auliff) the Danish commander[so, also an ancestor of mine], and by one stroke of his sword split helmet and skull, and laid him dead at his feet. O'Sullivan followed the bright example and engaged Moran, who was called son to the Rí of Dennark, and by a well aimed stroke between the helmet and breast-plate, cut off his head; O'Keeffe ran Magnus, the standard-bearer, through the body ; and after a gallant defence Louchlin was killed by O'Riordan. The Danes now gave way on every side, and the Irish pursued them into the city, putting numbers of them to the sword in their castles and houses. But instead of keeping possession of the city Callachan was content with exacting large contributions from the Danes, part of which paid down in gold and merchandise, and hostages taken as security for the remainder. " This success,"says Keating, " gave new life to the prospects of the Irish." After this battle Callachan marched towards Cashel, and plundered the country, meeting five hundred Danes he put them to the sword. But this victory on the part of Callachan did not quell them sufficiently. Mahon, the son of Cennediegh, upon the assassination of Peargna, seized the throne of Munster, and reigned twelve years. Resolving to give the Danes no peace, he with his brother Bryan, gave them battle at Sulchoid, now Sollohead, in the county of Tipperary, in which bloody engagement two thousand his chosen followers marched upon this service, headed by Callachan, under whom were O'Donovan, O'Sullivan, Keeffe, O'Reardan, O'Landecan, Hugh Mac Cullenan, and other chiefs."

Danes were killed on the spot, with their principal commanders, who were Teitel, a person of great strength, and Governor of Waterford; Runan, Governor of Cork ; Muris, Governor of Limerick ; Bernard and Toroll. The remains of the Danish army retreated to Limerick, where the Irish soldiers pursued them, and entering the city with them, made a terrible slaughter. The victors pursued the flying enemy into the city of Limerick, and chased them through the streets, and into the houses, where they were slain without mercy or quarter. The plunder of the city was bestowed upon the soldiers by Mahon,

where they found an immense booty of gold, jewels, furniture, and silver to an immense value. After they had rifled the houses they set them on fire, they burned the fortifications, demohshed the walls, and perfectly dismantled the city and made it incapable of defence. This was one of the greatest battles in the ancient annals of Ireland.

> John O Keeffe... [won] the 2014 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Norwegian couple May Britt and Edward Moser. The Nobel Prize was won for discovering the brain's "inner GPS" which helps us humans to know where we are, where we have being to and how find our way in through the world. It is believed that this discovery will help in the understanding of the mechanism underpinning the devastating spatial memory loss that affects people with Alzheimer's disease and strokes. Through the discovery of the internal GPS of the brain the cognitive functions of planning, memory and thinking will give scientist more information and create new findings. In December 2014 University College Cork recognised Professor John O Keeffe's immense input to neuroscience by making him an Honorary Doctor of Science when he attended to give a lecture to neuroscientists titled "The Hippocampus in Health & Disease".148 —Patricia O Keeffe, Newmarket

A note from Aislinge Meic Conglinne = The vision of MacConglinne : a Middle-Irish wonder tale Translated by Meyer, Kuno, 1892 The Rev. E. O'Growney informs me that she is said to have lived near Oldcastle, co. Meath, and that the large cairns of stone seen there are supposed to have been dropped by her from her apron. The following lines are attributed to her :

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht, iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh, chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch, cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh."

" I am the poor old woman of Beare, Many wonders have I seen, I have seen Carn Bán a lake. Though now it is a mountain." Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara.

The habits of Cailleach Bheara : She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry. She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy. She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice : One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow. She told them to make themselves warm. " We cannot," said they. " Bale the sea out and in," said she. " Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again." They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore. She had a bull called Tarbh Conraidh. There was no cow that heard him bellow and had not a calf at the end of the year. Wherever the grass was best and sweetest, there she would drive her cows and the bull. One day the bull heard the lowing of a cow. He ran from the Cailleach until he reached the cow, and the Cailleach after him. She followed him until they came to Mainin. He swam across a small creek that lay in his way. When he reached the dry land, the Cailleach had leaped across the creek, struck him with her druid's rod, and turned him into stone. The bullshaped stone is to be seen to this very day.

“There was a man who sat each day looking out through a narrow vertical opening where a single board had been removed from a tall wooden fence. Each day a wild ass of the desert passed outside the fence and across the narrow opening—first the nose, then the head, the forelegs, the long brown back, the hindlegs, and lastly the tail. One day, the man leaped to his feet with the light of discovery in his eyes and he shouted for all who could hear him: “It is obvious! The nose causes the tail!”― Frank Herbert, Heretics of Dune

> **wikipedia: In the Mabinogion story Lludd and Llefelys, the red dragon fights with an invading White Dragon. His pained shrieks cause women to miscarry, animals to perish and plants to become barren. Lludd, [Rí] of Britain, goes to his wise brother Llefelys in France. Llefelys tells him to dig a pit in the centre of Britain, fill it with mead, and cover it with cloth. Lludd does this, and the dragons drink the mead and fall asleep. Lludd imprisons them, still wrapped in their cloth, in Dinas Emrys in Snowdonia (Welsh: Eryri). The tale is taken up in the Historia Brittonum. The dragons remain at Dinas Emrys for centuries until [Rí] Vortigern tries to build a castle there. Every night the castle walls and foundations are demolished by unseen forces. Vortigern consults his advisers, who tell him to find a boy with no**

natural father, and sacrifice him. Vortigern finds such a boy (who is later, in some tellings, to become Merlin) who is supposed to be the wisest wizard ever to live. On hearing that he is to be put to death to end the demolition of the walls, the boy is dismissive of the advice, and tells the [Rí] about the two dragons. Vortigern excavates the hill, freeing the dragons. They continue their fight and the red dragon finally defeats the white dragon. The boy tells Vortigern that the white dragon symbolises the Saxons and that the red dragon symbolises the people of Vortigern. If Vortigern is accepted to have lived in the 5th century, then these people are the British whom the Saxons failed to subdue and who became the Welsh.

The same story is repeated in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Chiefs of Britain, where the red dragon is also a prophecy of the coming of [Rí] Arthur. Note that Arthur's father was named Uther Pendragon ('Pendragon': 'Pen' (Head) and 'Dragon', being translated by Geoffrey as "dragon's head"). Owain Glyndŵr's banner known as Y Ddraig Aur or "The Golden Dragon". It was famously raised over Caernarfon during the Battle of Tuthill in 1401 against the English. The flag has ancient origins, Glyndŵr chose to fly the standard of a Golden dragon on a white background, the traditional standard that supposedly, Uther Pendragon had flown when the first Celtic Britons had fought the Saxons to a standstill almost 1,000 years before, which had been passed down to his son [Rí] Arthur...

> Festival Customs “On St Martins day every mill is closed in honour of St Martin because he was killed in a mill. On this day also the woman of the house kills some kind of a fowl and spills the blood of it at each door in the farmyard and at each door in the kitchen. This is celebrated every year by the people in the country in honour of St Martin. On Hallowe'en night the children of the house are very glad. One boy generally gets a tub of clean water and puts an apple in it. Then a boy or a girl put there head in the tub to catch the apple. When this finished another boy gets another apple and hangs it out of the ceiling. Then a boy tries to catch it with his mouth. This pass the night away for the boys and girls and it is done every year in each house.

> On May eve a May bush is cut by some person in the house and put some place near the kitchen door. It is covered all over with flowers and egg-shells. This is done in a great many houses in the country each year. A great many old customs are dying out now.
> Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow
> https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/5044662/5029915

Inis Carthaigh : The Lady's Grave Clare Library The Lady's Grave" is found at the low tide mark to the west of Rinn Eanaigh. It is said to cover the grave of a young lady called Connara whose advances Senan had repulsed. The Community founded here by Senan was known for its discipline and austerity and apparently he was a life-long misogynist who refused to allow any women onto his island. Connara is described as an Irish princess or the "holy nun" who founded the convent of Cill na gCailleach on the side of Poulnasherry Bay on the mainland. There are two other possible candidates for occupation of this rather watery grave: Lady Honora, wife of O'Connor Kerry, who was buried on the island in 1583 or the Lady Margaret MacMahon, who died in 1591.

In the Isle of Man, the hunting of the wren is associated with an ancient enchantress or 'queen of the [Túatha Dé Dánann]' ... named 'Tehi Tegi' which translates to something like 'beautiful gatherer' in Brythonic 698 (the Manx spoke Brythonic before they switched to Gaelic). Tehi Tegi was so beautiful that all the men of the Island followed her around in hope of marrying her, and neglected their homes and fields. Tehi Tegi led her suitors to the river and then drowned them. She was confronted, but turned into a wren and escaped. She was banished from the Island but returns once a year, when she is hunted. wikipedia

Natural History Notes.

County Cork Butterflies. In reply to F. N. C.'s query in the November number, I send list of butterflies I have found in this immediate neighbourhood; perhaps it may be of some interest, though probably not complete, as doubtless lists from other parts of our large county will differ somewhat.

Pieris Brassicæ	large white.
Pieris Rapæ	small white.
Pieris Napi	green veined white.
Euchloe Cardamines	orange tip.
Colias Edusa	clouded yellow.
(Common in 1888; one in 1889; none since).	
Argynnis Aglaia	dark green fritilary.
Argynnis Paphia	silver washed fritilary.
Melitæa Aurinea	greasy fritilary.
Vanessa Urticæ	small tortoise-shell.
Vanessa Io	peacock.
Vanessa Atalanta	red admiral.
Vanessa Cardui	painted lady.
(Common some seasons only).	
Pararge Egeria	spotted wood.
Pararge Megæra	wall.
Satyrus Semele	grayling.
Epmephele Janira	meadow brown.
Epmephele Tithonus	large heath.
Epmephele Hyperanthes	ringlet.
Cœnonympha Pampilus	small heath.
Thecla Quercus	oak hairstreak.
(Not common).	
Thecla Rubi	green hairstreak.
Polyommatus Phlæas	small copper.
Lycæna Icarus	common blue.
Lycæna Minima	small blue.
(Not common).	

With the exception of those I have noted, all the others are fairly common most years. All the Skippers are, in my experience, conspicuous by their absence.

JOHN J. WOLFE (Skibbereen).

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. Irish Folk Lore. Our members and readers interested in the preservation of the folk lore of Ireland will be pleased to learn that an energetic and competent Irish national teacher, Mr. Daniel O'Faherty, of Culla, Galway, has done, and is doing, much to preserve our folklore. By the generous aid of a fellow-countryman, Rev. Euseby Cleaver, a.m., Mr. O'Faherty has published a little volume—price 1s. 6d., sold by Patrick O'Brien, of Cuffe Street, Dublin—containing a number of tales, poems, and riddles, in the Irish language. The folk lore collected by D. O'Faherty, and printed in his little book, Winter Pastimes, contains inter alia:— "The Story of Deidre, Daughter of Mananaan"; "Games"; " Irish Riddles " ; " The Legend of Dermot, the [cheerful], and Who Took the [Rí] of Leinster's Daughter from the [Túatha Dé Dánann]'' ; " The Pooka's Jaunt, prose and verse"; "The Legend of the Leoprachaun or [Duine Sí] Elf"; "The Legend of the Horned Hag's Frieze" ; " The Legend of the Ashy Pet" ; " The legend of the Two Brothers," on which Carleton's Big Fairly and Little Fairly is founded. Irish proverbs or old sayings :—

"The Legend of the Wren, how he became [Rí] of the Birds, and how he Deceived the Fox" ; " The Legend of the Old Hag of Beara and her Bull" ; " The Pranks of Cnoc-a-doon [Túatha Dé Dánann]"; "The Legend of the Beetle, the Chafer and Shard-beetle"; sixteen charms; some Old Irish Prayers ; " The Wonders Seen by a Blind Piper," verse ; and several pieces of poetry. The pieces unpublished are:—"The White Hound of the Mountain"— one of the "Forbidden Chamber" series, such as the brothers Grimm have published in their German Folk Lore. Alfred Nutt inquires, alluding to Grimm's Marienkind, " Can there be any similar form of the 'Forbidden Chamber' current in Ireland?" videDr. Hyde's Beside the Fire, notes pp. 194-195. " How the [Túatha Dé Dánann] Played on Cathal O'Dowd, and his being Metamorphosed into a Rooster by Finnbeara's Wife" ; " How William Brady was Deprived of his Intended Bride and his After-Treatment by the [Túatha Dé Dánann]" ; " How the Wren Revenged Himself on the Cart-Driver who Robbed His Nest" ; "The Wren's Treat to the Tailor"; "The Dialogue between the Tinker and the Priest";
"Thomas McLobus and the Wolf-hag" ; " Padraic Joyce's Repentance"— a beautiful piece ; "The Minister's Repentance'' ; "St. Patrick's Martham"— a panoply against all evils; etc., etc. With reference to the enquiries of Miss R. H. Busk, 16, Montagu Street, Portman Square, London, in the September number of this Journal, I am happy toinform her that, in a little shilling book by the late Sir William Wilde, which I think can be had by application to McGlashin and Gill, publishers, 50, O'Connell Street, Dublin, and entitled Irish Popular Superstitions, or some such title, as I have mislaid my copy, she will find "The Customs of Hallow Eve," "The Fires of St. John's Eve," and other customs fully treated. J. R. O'Flanagan.
Boys Of Barr Na Sráide from Christy Moore written by Sigerson Clifford *Dreólín is the Irish Gaelic word for wren. Ivy Ruler Oh, the town, it climbs the mountains and looks upon the sea At sleeping time or waking time, it’s there I’d like to be. To walk again those kindly streets, the place where life began, With the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren. With cudgels stout they roamed about to hunt for the dreólín* We searched for birds in every furze from Litir to Dooneen. We danced for joy beneath the sky, life held no print nor plan When the Boys of Barr na Sráide went hunting for the wren. And when the hills were bleedin’ and the rifles were aflame To the rebel homes of Kerry the Saxon strangers came, But the men who dared the Auxies and fought the Black-and-Tan Were the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren....

"Dreóilín; Dreóilín" where is your nest? It's in the bush you all know best. Between the

holly and the ivy tree. Where all the birds do follow me. Up with the kettle and down with the pan. Give me your answer, and let me be gone. — Schools Collection, Baile Uí Dhuibh, Kilmeaden

Is dóigh le fear na buile gurb é féin fear na céille.

The assumption that a whole system can be made to work better through an assault on its conscious elements betrays a dangerous ignorance. This has often been the ignorant approach of those who call themselves scientists and technologists. — The Butlerian Jihad by Harq al-Ada, Frank Herbert

Festival Customs “In this district we observe many festivals. On St. Stephen's day it is an old custom for the boys and men to dress in old clothes and go from house to house playing music and singing. Some people give them money, and any house where they will not get money it is [difficult] to get them to go away. When they go to the door they sing. "The wren the wren the Rí of all birds, St. Stephen's day he was caught in the furze. Up with the kettle and down with the pan a penny or twopence to bury the wren". On St. Stephen's day there are coursing matches all over Ireland, and on that night there is a dance in every town and village to honour that great festival. New Years eve is also a great festival. It is beautiful to hear the bells ringing in the towns, and the people sing "Ring out the old ring in the new ring out the false ring in the new". On Shrove tuesday night people in every house have pan cakes for the tea, and there is a ring put in the cake. Any one who gets the ring will be married first according to the old custom. The biggest feast of all is on November night. The boys and girls gather nuts during the year and save them for November night. They play many games on that night and they eat the nuts and apples. On May day every one puts up a little stick called a May pole over the door, and the farmers put a may pole in the fields where the crops are growing and they put Holy Water on the crops.

There is also a day in November called Saint Martins day, and it is an old custom to kill a fowl of some kind and sprinkle the blood all around the house and out houses. — Denis Brett to Uinnseoin De Bourcthuer Lorrha, Co. Tipperary

[Rí] of the Birds in Ireland
On the south coast of Ireland is a secret green wooded valley which faces the blue sea. Among the animals of Ireland it was known as Glen-na-hEan – the valley of the birds – because that is where the birds of Ireland meet from time to time to discuss and organise their affairs and sort out any problems they might have.

Now the most important time they ever met was when they came together to choose their [Rí]. On this occasion all the trees in the valley were lined with birds of all kinds. There were little birds like the redbreasted robin and the tiny wren, medium-sized birds such as the wood pigeon and the white dove, the crow and the black and white magpie and of course the bigger birds such as the cormorant, the seagull and the golden eagle with his fierce eyes and razor sharp claws.

The birds discussed the matter all day and late into the night. But they could not agree as to who should be [Rí].

Finally, they asked the wise owl to devise a competition which would help them decide. He selected two mute swans to help him devise and referee the competition. It was also their job to devise the rules of the competition and to make sure that everyone kept them.

It was already sunrise by the time Wise Owl and the two swans were to tell all the birds what was going to happen in the competition. "Now, the rules are simple," he hooted. "Whoever flies the highest in the sky will be [Rí] of all the birds in Ireland. Anyone found cheating will be immediately disqualified," he added sternly. "Now, are there any questions?"

At that moment the golden eagle ruffled his honey-coloured feathers and spread his wings to their fullest extent. "Where will I be crowned [Rí] when I win?" he asked rudely. "What do you mean," squawked the magpie. "We haven't had the competition yet. How do you know you'll win?" "Of course I shall win, it is obvious," replied the golden eagle, "for I am the biggest, the strongest, the swiftest and the most handsome of all the birds in Ireland." "Just a moment," said the magpie, "to be a good ruler it is not enough to be handsome and big and strong. A good [Rí] is also wise, kind and sensitive to others." "Wait and see," insisted the golden eagle, "I will win, I will win," he repeated bad-temperedly.

Then the owl turned towards all the birds gathered before him and said, "Remember this is not a race. It is a competition to see who can fly the highest. Is that clear?" At this the starlings squawked "Let's be off – let's be off!" The owl took no notice of them but calmly asked, "Is everybody ready?" and then, "Ready ... steady ... go!" The flock of birds took off in a cloud of feathers with the sound like a thousand pairs of gloved hands clapping together. The owl and the two swans watched them as they rose higher and higher in the sky. Each thought that they knew already who would be the winner – but they said nothing. The golden eagle beat his powerful wings and quickly rose higher and higher in the sky. After a little while he looked back and saw all the other birds way, way below him. And he thought to himself proudly, "This is easy. I'm going to win. They'll never catch me now!" And Golden Eagle, very pleased with himself, continued to

soar ever higher in the sky.

When Eagle next looked down he noticed that only the grey backed seagull was still bravely trying to catch up with him. So Eagle beat his wings even faster and more powerfully and soon the seagull lost heart. He too felt that he could not beat Eagle and he began to return to the ground. When Eagle noticed this he thought, “I’ve won – I’ve really won. I’m going to be crowned the [Rí] of all the birds in Ireland.” And he began to glide down… But just then he felt something moving in the feathers on his back, and then a tiny voice said, “Thank you,” and he looked over his shoulder to see a tiny wren flying above him. The golden eagle was both amazed and then angry because he realised that the wren had hitched a ride on his back. He furiously tried to beat his wings again but he was very tired and could only flap them weakly. “Come back,” he shouted up at the wren, “come back. That's not fair. I've won.” But the wren flew higher and higher until he was only a dot in the sky. The eagle sped towards the ground. As he landed with outstretched wings he slid to a halt, his long talons digging into the earth. Then he snapped his wings together and screeched. “That's not fair!” Then he turned and shouted at the wise owl and the two swans. “Tell him that's not allowed.” The wise owl smiled and looked from the furious eagle up to the tiny spot that was the wren far above their heads. He looked back to the two swans and they whispered together for a few moments. “Well?” Eagle demanded. “Being a [Rí] means not only being big and strong and powerful, it also means being clever and thinking ahead and planning. The wren did that. We will crown him [Rí] of the Birds.” And that is how the tiny wren outwitted the huge eagle and became [Rí] of the Birds. And the wren has been [Rí] of the Birds in Ireland ever since.
untoldstories.org.uk/

It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, the endlessnessnessness… — James Joyce, Ulysses

“Guilt keeps people imprisoned in themselves.” — Iris Murdoch

"She rarely showed her emotions, which appeared to have been burned out by the

continual shortcircuiting of her attention. All her statements, cursory and abbreviated, had a topical resonance, even when she touched on the intimate; today she made Helena think of the old riddle of the newspaper— what's black and white and red all over. She spoke absently and with an air of preoccupation, as though conducting a briefing from memorized notes." — Mary McCarthy, The Group

"Rage. There is a rage in me which I think is a natural thing. It was in me when I was 24 or 25, scribbling with my stub of a pencil. And it's still there in everything I do. Rage not against the unfairness of life – life is of course unfair – but against the inequalities, the arrogance of power." —Tom Murphy

"I come from a family where the only emotion respectable to show is irritation. In some this tendency produces hives, in others literature, in me both."
— Flannery O'Connor, The Habit of Being

"He lived at a little distance from his body, regarding his own acts with doubtful side-glances. He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a verb in the past tense." — James Joyce

"There are some sufferings that we seem as a creature to forget, or we would never survive as a creature among all the other creatures." — Sebastian Barry. The Secret Scripture.

"Confronting our feelings and giving them appropriate expression always takes strength, not weakness. It takes strength to acknowledge our anger, and sometimes more strength yet to curb the aggressive urges anger may bring and to channel them into nonviolent outlets. It takes strength to face our sadness and to grieve and to let our grief and our anger flow in tears when they need to. It takes strength to talk about our feelings and to reach out for help and comfort when we need it."
— Fred McFeely Rogers

How often it is that the angry man rages denial of what his inner self is telling him. — Frank Herbert

Daltai.com

Putóga dubha na bliana ó Nollaig go Lá Fhéile Bríde.

The darkest part of the year, from Christmas until the Feast of St. Bridgit.

> **"...people don't want to believe the truth about themselves. They get some mental picture of themselves and then they devil the poor old body, trying to make it like the picture. When it won't obey-can't obey, of course-they are mad at it, and live in it as if it were an unsatisfactory house they were hoping to move out of." — Robertson Davies**
>
> **"Violence is born of the desire to escape oneself." — Iris Murdoch, The Bell**
>
> **"Taking care is one way to show your love. Another way is letting people take good care of you when you need it." — Fred McFeely Rogers**
>
> **"Thinking about not drinking the rest of my life, it was an incredibly depressing thought. But you go to the meetings, and they break it down to today. Don't drink today. It's simple but profound in its way. You can deal with that. Just be present today." —Colin Hay**
>
> **"The barges leave Clonmel once a week for this place, with the export supplies under convoy which, last Tuesday, consisted of 2 guns, 50 calvalry and 80 infantry escorting them on the banks of the Suir as far as Carrick." — Government official writing from Waterford, April 24, 1846**
>
> **"The 1841 census of Ireland revealed a population of 10,897,449. This figure includes the correction factor established by that year's official partial recount. When, between 1779 and 1841, the U.S. population increased by 640 percent, and England's is estimated to have increased, despite massive emigration to its colonies, by 100 percent, it is generally accepted that Ireland's population increase was 172% 10. The average annual component of this 172% increase is x in the formula (1+ x)62 = 1 + 172%; thus 0.0163, or 1.63%. Accepting that this 1.63% rate of annual population increase continued until mid1846 (one human gestation after the late-1845 beginning of removal of Ireland's food), the 1846 population was 11,815,011.**

Assuming that rate continued, the population in 1851, absent the starvation, would have been approximately 12,809,841. However; the 1851 census recorded a population of 6,552,385; thus there was a "disappearance" of 6,257,456. This population-loss figure of 6,257,456 is scarcely susceptible to significant challenge…"

Early 1800s Daniel The Liberator Ó Donnell wrote a letter to the pope if memory serves…he cites 5 million Aboriginal Irish Catholics to the Pope before the above happened, confirming the population that seems missing. Something like that.

Thus; though from 1845 through 1850, 6,257,456 "disappeared," the number murdered is approximately 1.1 million fewer; i.e., 5.16 millions. Consequently; if Britain's census figures for Ireland are correct the British government murdered approximately 5.16 million Irish men, women and children; making it the Irish Holocaust."
Chris Ó Fogarty http://www.irishholocaust.org/tollofholocaust

"Psychologists have called for great focus on measures to tackle the high rates of suicide among teenagers in Ireland. The Psychological Society of Ireland (PSI), which has about 3,000 members, made the call ahead of World Suicide Prevention Day on Saturday. Ireland has the fourth highest rate of suicide among teens in the EU, with only Lithuania, Estonia and Finland experiencing higher rates. The society's chief executive Terri Morrissey said putting a focus on preventative measures for teenagers and adolescents was important….
Elaine Edwards, Ireland has fourth highest rate of teen suicide in Europe, Irish Times, 9 Sep 2016, http://www.irishtimes.com/news/social-affairs/ireland-has-fourth-highest-rate-of-teen-suicide-in-europe-1.2785527

"Almost 140,000 children in Ireland are living in consistent poverty and one-parent families are twice as likely to be living in poverty as the rest of the population, latest figures show. Some 8 per cent of the population is in consistent poverty, with the highest rate among unemployed people at 22.6 per cent, according to the Central Statistics Office's Survey on Income and Living Conditions for 2014…. …Director of Social Justice Ireland, Dr Sean Healy, said the

figures provided 'conclusive evidence that, despite what we are being told, government policy has failed to protect our society's most vulnerable, or to significantly ease their difficult circumstances'."
Elaine Edwards + Kitty Holland, Nearly 140,000 children living in consistent poverty, Irish Times, 26 Nov 2016, http://www.irishtimes.com/news/social-affairs/nearly-140-000-children-living-in-consistent-poverty1.2445159

"The judgement of God sent the calamity to teach the Irish a lesson, that calamity must not be too much mitigated. ...The real evil with which we have to contend is not the physical evil of the Famine, but the moral evil of the selfish, perverse and turbulent character of the people."
— Charles Trevelyan, head of administration for "famine" relief
Pemulwy Head, Repatriation, Youtube.
Pemulwy Irish, Youtube.

Engangered Species in Ireland biodiversityireland.ie
The White Skate (Rostroraja alba) is a large, slow growing and long living skate that occurs in the Atlantic, Mediterranean and the southwest Indian Ocean. In the past it was known from a number of locations along the west coast of Ireland, but in recent years it has only been recorded from Tralee and Galway Bays. These are the only two known refuges for this species in the north eastern Atlantic. It has been assessed as Critically Endangered in Ireland.

"Mother Earth engulfs the bones of its children within it. Women— the Parcae and Moirai — weave human destiny; but they also cut the threads. In [many] folk representations, Death is woman, and women mourn the dead because death is their work..." — Simone de Beauvoir, The Second Sex

"There are seven women in Irish law who... are entitled to leave their marriage any time they like and what is given to them in bridewealth is theirs: a woman whose husband spreads slander about her, a woman whose husband inflicts humiliation upon her so that she becomes an object of derision, a woman on whom is inflicted the mark of a beating, a woman who is repudiated and abandoned for another woman, a woman whose bed is spurned..., a wife to whom her husband gives charms while wooing her ..., a woman who does not

receive her needs in the marriage partnership, for every woman who is married in Irish law is entitled to her needs..." — Heptad 52 in a footnote to Wounds and Wound Repair in Medieval Culture, Larissa Tracy and Kelly DeVries, Brill, 2015.

"(7.) All brehons, carraghes, bards, rhymers, friars, monks, Jesuits, pardoners, nuns, and such like to be executed by martial law." Queen Victorias

Mr. Joyce has a cloacal obsession. He would bring back into the general picture of life aspects which modern drainage and modern decorum have taken out of ordinary intercourse and conversation.
H.G.Wells, review of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, The New Republic, 10 March 1917

'Cloacal obsession!' said Joyce. 'Why it's Wells's countrymen who build waterclosets wherever they go.'
Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of Uysses, 1934

'Cloacal' comes from the Latin cloaca (sewer). Mind in the sewer is my guess.

There's a memorable bowel movement in Finnegans Wake too. It takes place on page 185 in chapter 7, the attack on Shem the Penman (James Joyce) by his respectable and prudish brother, Shaun the Post:
'when Robber ... dictators, on the [advice] of their legal advisers, and under his own beneficiation of their pastor... boycotted him of all ... candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged away on a [Wild Goose] chase across the ... ocean and made synthetic ...[writings] for his own end ...
Tuesday, 5 September 2017 'Mr Joyce has a Cloacal Obsession'.
http://peterchrisp.blogspot.com

Waatji Pulyeri, The Little Blue Wren as told by Jimmy Rankine, Ngarrinderi
Early Learning Services.com.au

I'll tell ya story about Waatji Pulyeri, the blue wren. A long time ago all the birds

were happy, flyin' around and getting along together. Then one day the Muldrie, Mr. Magpie, said "Look at my feathers, they're really pretty, don't you think?" The Blue Herron popped his head up and said "who cares for your feathers, look at my legs, they're so long and beautiful". Other birds joined in then showin' us their beaks, their tail feathers and their feet. Soon, a big argument broke out. Who had the prettiest eyes or the strongest legs or shiniest feathers or the sweetest song? All the birds were yelling and screamin', the argument grown louder and louder until they woke up Mr Owl. He looked down on them and yelled "KEEP QUIET!" The birds stopped arguing, they never heard the wise old owl raise his voice before. "What's all this arguing about?" asked Mr Owl. "Kungari, the Swan has the strongest legs", The Blue Herron, "but mine are stronger" he said. "Are not" said Kungari the swan. So they all started arguing again and once more the Old Owl he called for quiet. "What's the point of arguing about how the Great Spirit made you" Laughed Old Owl "You are all different anyway, why don't you have a competition instead?"

"A competition?" said all the birds "What sort of competition?" The Ol bird rolled his eyes back and side "Ahh, sometimes it's [difficult] being old and wise. What's something that you can all do?" he asked. The birds scratched their beaks and ruffled their feathers wondering what is that, that they could all do? After a while the old owl flapped his wings at them and said "What are you a bunch of bird brains? Fly! You can all fly". The birds agreed that flying was something they could all do. So they lined up and took turns to see who could fly the highest.

Mulderi the Magpie took off first. Next was Kungari the Swan who flew very high. Waatji Pulyeri, The Little Blue Wren was watchin', thinkin' all these birds are doin' [difficult] work. But I'm smart, I gotta plan. He snuck behind the bush near to where the birds were taking off and waited. Ol Walduri The Eagle and Ngori The Pelican were left. Eagle flew higher and higher catchin' an air pocket that took em' up into the sky so that all the birds were askin' "Where is he?" When Waljurri back, all the birds were cheerin'. Ngori said "Wait till I get up there, I'll show you" He took off flappin' his wings until he caught an air pocket too. Now remember little Waatji Pulyeri, the little blue wren, when Old Ngori the Pelican took off Waatji Pulyeri snuck in under Cloury Ngori Pelican's wings, catchin' a free ride, he was still holdin' on when old Ngori the Pelican looked round and reckoned he

was higher than Waldurri the eagle had flown. "I'm the winner" said Ngori the Pelican. Just when little Waatji Pulyeri, The little Blue Wren flew out from underneath Ngori Pelican's wing and started up into the air. Higher than Old Ngori the Pelican had gone. "No you're not" said Waatji Pulyeri, the little blue wren "I'm the highest, I'm the winner" And he flew down with Old Ngori and the Pelican chasin' him callin' out "Cheat! You had a free ride!" Little Waatiji Pulyeri the Little Blue Wren landed and said he was the winner and all the other birds started cheerin'. Then, Ngori the Pelican landed and told them what Waatiji Pulyeri, the blue wren, had done. Walleri the Eagle who had keen eyes said he saw Waatiji Pulyeri dart out from underneath Ngori, the pelican's wing in the sky.

All the birds were angry with Waatiji Pulyeri called him a cheat. They chased him away peckin' him teasin' him, said they didn't want him round, so little Waatji Pulyeri went and hid in the bush and that's where Waatiji Pulyeri lives to this day. He only flys up above the bush to look around and darts back again. Because that is his punishment. He cannot now fly higher than the Waatiji bushes.

The Legend of Scál & Cú Chulainn annascaul-village.com The legendary woman, Scál Ní Mhuirnain, has given her name to Annascaul Lake, Annascaul River and ultimately to the village of Annascaul The legend features Cú Chulainn, the legendary Irish hero and protagonist of the Táin Bó Cualinge. It is said that Cú Chulainn tried to rescue Scál from an ugly giant. The fight between Cú Chulainn and the giant took place from the cliffs on either side of the lake. The two fought for days by throwing boulders at each other: many of the standing stones that can be found in the Annascaul area are supposed to be remnants of the contest. After about a week Cú Chulainn weakened enough to be hit by a rock and gave a mighty groan. Scál heard the cry and assumed he was killed and threw herself into the lake, drowning herself. The battle continued for another day with Cú Chulainn eventually being the victor. On top of nearby Dromavally Hill are three stone cairns known as the bed, house, and grave of Cú Chulainn.

From THE AVENGER. By J.J. Callanan
Dá bfeacin se'n la sin bo seásta bfeic m'intin

O ! Chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth, And send your strong cry to the winds of the north he wrongs of a [Rí] call aloud for your steel, Red stars of the battle— O'Donnel, O'Neal ! ....

Momonia of Druids,—green dwelling of song ! — Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they so long? Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before, McCarthy,— O'Brien,— O'Sullivan More ? — By JJ Callanan, from The Avenger

O come from your hills, like the wares to the shore, When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the roar ! Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven, When our Prince is restor'd and our fetters are riven

Nuair is crua don chailleach caithfidh sí rith.

> **Wikipedia Cú Roí (Cú Ruí, Cú Raoi) mac Dáire is a Rí of Munster in the Ulster Cycle of Irish mythology. He is usually portrayed as a warrior with superhuman abilities and a master of disguise possessed of magical powers. ...Though often an outsider figure, for instance in the role of intervener or arbitrator, Cú Roí appears in a great number of medieval Irish texts, including Forfess Fer Fálgae, Amra Con Roi, Brinna Ferchertne, Aided Chon Roi (in several recensions), Fled Bricrenn, Mesca Ulad and Táin Bó Cúailnge. The early Irish tale-lists refer to such titles as Aided Chon Roí, Echtra Chon Roí (List A), Orgain Chathrach Chon Roí and Cathbúada Con Roí ...**
>
> **The Trance of Amairgin Cú Roí further appears in the episode known as "The Trance of Amairgin", variants of which appear in Recension I and II of the Táin bó Cúailnge. The episode appears as Aislinge n-Aimirgin ("The trance of Amairgin") in Recension I of the Táin.[8] Having followed news of**

Cú Chulainn's sustained success in single-handedly opposing the Connacht army, Cú Roí once again appears on the scene, this time to fight Cú Chulainn directly. However, on finding Cú Chulainn weak from the injuries which Ferdiad had recently inflicted on him, he refused to carry out his original plan. Instead he faces the giant warrior poet Amairgin, who in a trance is hurling stones at the Connacht army in Tailtiu, with devastating effects. Cú Roí attacks him in kind and their stones meet in the air. They pause when on Cú Roí's request, Amairgen allows the cattle to go past Tailtiu, but seeing as the passage had become difficult, Cú Roí agrees to withdraw from the contest altogether....

Modereen

OKeefe set out at morning's dawn, To chase the hare and roe, But ere he passed his castle's bawn, He met the cause of woe.

II An aged crone him there did meet, Oh, grant a widow's prayers, Give to my son his freedom sweet, And then go chase the hares.

III For my son is my chiefest hope and pride, And to labour and toil is strong, And cheerful his voice on the steep hillside, As he drives his team along.

IV Had thy son stayed at home old Modereen, And driven the labourereen steer, He'd not have been hanged on yestereen, For chasing my fallow deer,

V And was my boy, who did thee no wrong, Hanged by thee cruel knight, Thyself and thy huntsman before 'tis long, Shall be in a wretched plight,

VI The chief then cried "Flog Modereen, As she dares to threaten me, She should have been hanged on yestereen, With her son on yonder tree".

VII The huntsman flogged old Modereen, Till she was steeped in gore, And then he followed across the green, The chief who had ridden before

VIII A maiden then met him all bathed in tears, To supplicate the knight, For love for her brother overcame her fears, A damsel of beauty bright.

IX "Oh hear a wretched orphan's prayer, Thou gallant warrior knight, For mercy's sake my brother spare, Thou foremost in the fight".

X Her brother that maiden can never see, Her mother is poor and old, Take her to the castle my lumen1033 to be And deck her with perals an gold

XI Just then ran past a wounded hare, And the hounds rushed madly by, OKeeffe could not rein his steed so fair, Though his utmost he did try.

XII And when they had ridden a little space, The field was left in behind, None, save the two could live the spaces, Far swifter than the wind.

XIII Nine times the hare did screaming run, Around the fatal tree, As mother who bewailed her son, In hopeless miserie.

XIV And the peasant saw the wicked pair, Borne on their fiery steeds, Gallop through fens like fiends of air, Nor hake the slender reeds.

XV The hounds all day as swift as light, That hare did still pursue, That huntsman base and cruel knight, That chase did sorely rue.

XVI At eve they saw a cottage door, Passed by the wounded hare, With joy they rushed upon the floor, But game they found not there. XVII But seated beside the old fire-place, Astonished they saw i ween, Not the wounded hare but the scowling face, Of the Cailleach Modereen.

XVIII
And that wretched pair were then aware, They had chased across the green, No mortal game nor wounded hare, But the Cailleach Modereen.

XIX Such a sight said the knight I never have seen, I am delighted the hunt is done,

Come along come along cried Modereen, The chase is scarse begun

XX And that cruel knight and huntsman base, Ne'er again on earth were seen, But with weary pace on the winds they chase, The enchanted Modereen.

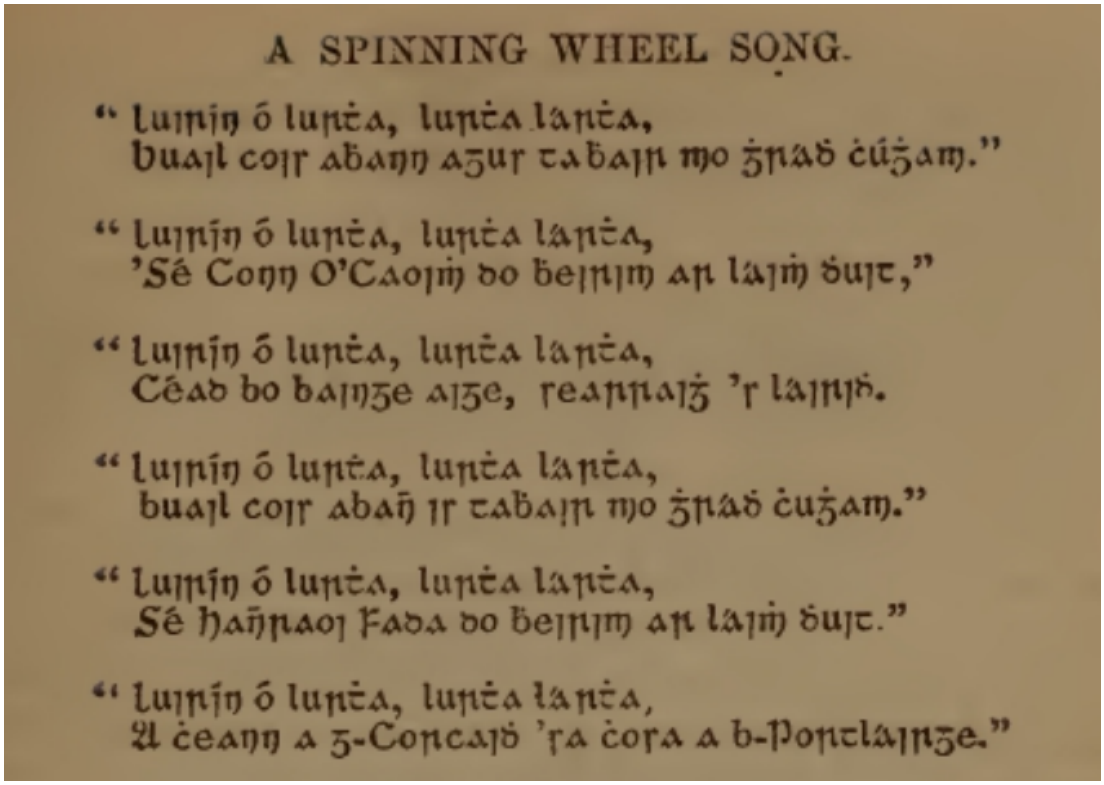
XXI And those hounds have ne'er since been seen, But are often heard in air, Chasing the spiteful Modereen, In the shape of a wounded hare

XXII And when those hounds are heard in air, Well may his septmen cry, Vain leech's cure, vain churchmans prayer, For then OKeeffe must die

XXIII And when those hounds are heard in air, Well may his septmen cry, Vain leech's care vain churchmans prayer, For then OKeeffe must die. —
As told by Mrs Bridget O' Keeffe to Brighid Ní Caoimh, Lyredaowen, Co. Cork
duchas.ie
“I eased my head into the wild form of the hare and I asked that primordial wild form to heal my head and to [remove] my European [western canon] education.” — John Moriarty

First was my effort to substitute and rely on memory rather than history because I knew I could not, should not, trust recorded history to give me the insight into the cultural specificity I wanted. Second, I determined to diminish, exclude, even freeze any (overt) debt to western literary history...For imaginative entrance into that territory I urged memory to metamorphose itself into metaphorical and imagistic associations.
Toni Morrison

“History, despite its wrenching pain, cannot be unlived, but if faced with courage, need not be lived again.” —Maya Angelou



A SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
Buail coir abann agur tabair mo ġrád ċúġam."

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
'Sé Conn O'Caoiṁ do beirim ar láiṁ duit,"

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
Céad bo bainge aige, rearraiġ 'r láirid.

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
buail coir abañ ir tabair mo ġrád ċuġam."

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
Sé Hañraoi Fada do beirim ar láiṁ duit."

"Luirín ó lurṫa, lurṫa lárṫa,
A ċeann a g-Corcaid 'ra ċora a b-Portláirge."

A Spinning Wheel Song In Irish Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, Go by the river, and bring me my lover. Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, 'Tis Conn O'Keeffe I'll bring to you over. Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, He has hundreds of kine, but never my favor. Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, Go by the river, and bring me my love. Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, 'Tis Harry the Tall I'll bring to you over.
Luirin a lurtha, lurtha lartha, His head is at Cork and his heels are at Dover.

"Thade Horgan then told a story about Ó Caomh na madraí."
There were many families of the O'Keefe's in the district of Lyre but they have died out one by one. Some years ago, when Kate O'Keefe died some men who were going to a fair in Kanturk about four o'clock in the morning, heard the barking of dogs. The barking was very strange and the men stood to listen. They got terrified, however, when the wicked yelping came over their heads from the direction of Kate O'Keefe's house and with the speed of a snipe crossed the country towards the north of Dunhallow which was the O'Keefe's country. Afterwards the men learned of Kate O'Keefe's death and the old people of the district told them that she belonged to the "Ó Caomh na Madraí"
Thade Horgan, Dúchas.ie

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning,
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent over the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting:—
"Eileen, *a-chára*,* I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring:
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

In the monastery of Innisfallen there flourished, in the days of Brian Borumha, a remarkable scholar, by name Maelsuthain O'Carroll...Here is the legend attached to his memory: 'Three Ulster students spent some time under him, and at last they formed a design of performing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. They asked his permission, which he granted on one condition. "You will die," said he, "before you return. And now give me your solemn promise that, when your spirits are freed from their mortal bonds, you will not ascend to heaven till you come and announce to me the time of my own death, and whether I shall obtain eternal happiness or not." "We make that promise," said the three together. They died at Jerusalem: and when St. Michael was about to conduct their spirits to heaven, they mentioned the necessity they were under of returning to their preceptor, and making the revelation demanded. "Go," said he. They appeared before the great scholar, and thus revealed his destiny:--"You have made changes in the canon--you have been incontinent--you have neglected to sing the Altus for seven years. In three years you shall die, and hell is your destination." "Not so," said the frightened man. "I will never more make a letter of alteration in the canon; I will lead a

pure life; I will sing the Altus seven times every night; I will turn with true contrition to my Maker. Is it not written, 'the impiety of the impious, in whatever hour he shall turn from it, shall not
injure him'?" So he changed his practices: he lived a mortified and pious life; and at the end of the three years, on the day of his decease, he was again visited by the three spirits who, in the appearance of doves, came to give him an assurance of salvation, and bring comfort to the assistants at his death-bed. ' Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts by Patrick Kennedy

Maurice O'Keeffe okeeffeclans.com Sliabh Luachra is an area in Ireland concentrated around the borders of North Cork and East Kerry as well as a bit of Limerick, famous for its distinct style of traditional Irish music. maurice o'keeffeIt has produced many famous musicians, including such illustrious names as Julia Clifford, Jackie Daly, Padraig O'Keeffe and Johnny O'Leary, to name but a few. This page is dedicated to Maurice O'Keeffe... who is one of the living legends in the music of Sliabh Luachra. Sliabh Luachra translates roughly as "a mountain of rushes", but is really a rolling plateau with its seven glens 'seacht ngleann Shliabh Luachra' and various peaks. Perhaps it was sliding down the sides of the hills which gave Sliabh Luachra music its heavy leaning towards slides and polkas as the mainstay of its musical style. Like the people who inhabit the region, it is music without fuss or ambiguity, full of energy, directness and a charm that always hints at peat fires, glasses of porter and whisky and a set danced around the floor of a space much too small for dancing. Maurice O'Keeffe. Still going at the age of 96 (this being 2015), and with the musical energy of a man a quarter of his age, Maurice has received many honours for his unselfish contribution to irish traditional music in general, and Sliabh Luachra in particular. Since 2002 there has been an annual Maurice O'Keeffe festival in his honour, held every year over the Easter weekend in his home village of Kiskeam, Co. Cork. This year was the 14th. Get to it if you can, for usually legends are only born after the maker of them dies. Here is a unique opportunity to experience a legend in the prime of his fiddling life - and in years to come, you can say "I was there to see the great man himself" Maurice was born the 5th child to Francis and Molly O'Keeffe on 5th September 1919. He still lives in the house he was born in, in Kiskeam Co. Cork - right in the heart of Sliabh Luachra. In 2011 Peg, his wife of 63 years, passed away just one week before the Easter Maurice O'Keeffe Festival

weekend. Maurice, and indeed the rest of the family, were brave enough to carry on with the festival, even though it left them no time to grieve. Peg wouldn't just have wanted that the festival go ahead - she would have demanded it! R.I.P. Maurice has for many years now been a fiddler of great repute and reknown, well known by both lovers of traditional music, and by the musicians themselves. Although he has probably appeared on many a CD and TV show, he has never gone down the road of commercial recording himself. Instead he has opted to adopt the traditional stance of the masters of old - passing down his tunes to those who come by his house to play with him, or who accompany him to the village for a session in one of the pubs there. He has spent many an hour in his "studio" - his small kitchen. Here, he has recorded cassette tapes on his domestic tape player. They have been sent all over the world for no other reward than the joy of the music and the knowledge that he is passing it on to the generations who must carry it along when he is gone.

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eóghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds. They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caoimh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [[Túatha Dé Danann]]. It does emerge that Art O Caoimh, who owned Duarigle, got a regrant of his lands in 1582. Dromagh appears to have been built around this time. They did not support the Desmond rebellion, and it is recorded that Aodh O Caoimh died in pursuit of the Earl. Shortly after the chieftain Art (son of Donal, son of Art) was killed and Art Oge (d. 1610) succeeded his father. Donal, son of Manus (d. 1636) succeeded him. This Donal of Ballymaquirk was very active in the Confederate War; backing Ormond against the disastrous policies of Rinnucini, the Papal Legate.

His brother Hugh, nicknamed 'Paschalis', appears to have been the chief at that time and also had an adventurous life.

It is said of him that when captured by the Cromwellians and having given his word not to escape, he stood up one morning and saying 'Gentlemen, I give you notice - "I'm off"', jumped out of a window to freedom, considering that the 'notice' cancelled any previous undertakings! He was governor of Dromagh in 1652 at its capture by Cromwell, when he was allowed to march out fully armed to join the dying cause of Muskerry. The [Sovereign Native Land] was attainted [Sovereignty Usurped] but restored to Donal's son, also Donal, by Charles II, who was aware of the support given to him on the continent by the O'Keeffes. http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

Churns Long ago the people only used dash churns. In preparing to make a churning they churn should be rinsed with cold water scrubbed with salt and again rinsed in cold water. In winter it should be scalded with boiling water. Then scrubbed with salt then rinsed with cold water a few days before making a churning. The sour cream is then put

into the churn. It is a custom to shake salt on the lid of the churn.
The woman of the house would not let anybody take a coal of fire while she was making a churning because she thought he would take the luck and butter with him. When the churning was made she took out the butter with a and washed it in a wooden dish. Then she put a knife through the butter to see if there were any ribs in it. When the butter is made the bean -an- tige blesses the churn and the butter. She puts luck on the cows in this way. The buttermilk that is left is used for making cakes. It is sometimes given to the pigs. The people long-ago used firkens to take the butter to the market or to store it up for the winter. Sometimes in a bog people find wooden vessels of butter buried. They give them to Dr. Costello of Tuam and he sends them to the Museum in Dublin. Maureen O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam. I got this from my mother - Mrs. O'Keeffe Old Road. Tuam.

An Bád Síde I was spending my holidays in Berehaven last year, and I heard the following story from some fishermen who used to be out seining. When ever a disaster was to occur they would see a Phantom boat, which they called the "Bád Síde", manned by Ghostly forms of men rowing very fast. They would pass so closely that it was quiet possible to hear the men straining at the oars. It was a terrible experience for those who saw it for the first time, but the older men knew that it was a sign of a disaster, and it was always followed by some of them being lost while out fishing in boats. — Told by 70 year old Dan Sullivan to 12 Year old Dermot O' Keeffe. Kilmallock Co. Limerick, February 10th. 1936.

Remember Kinsale. Remember Skibbereen.

Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my le.rned well- reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be [difficult] to grant. 11. Much as Mac Liag * of Luimneach got — half of what he got is not known — he did not merit from the fair ' Muimhneach band as great reward as I. 12. Seeking my reward I will pay a visit — with some importunity — to you, fair sons of Eibhear ! On no bootless visit shall I get it. 13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their

kindred branches, who set no store on paltry love of treasures.'^ McDonogh,Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero. McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modest-visaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is preeminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...

O'KEEFFE, James George (1865–1937) J. G. O'Keeffe was an exceptionally gifted man with an attractive personality, being brilliant in conversation, full of wit and quick at repartee. His father was a ... farmer living near Kanturk .... He inherited from his own people a fine Irish culture including an excellent knowledge of traditional Irish dancing of which he was a most graceful exponent'. Scríobh Fionán Mac Coluim in Irish Book Lover XXVI Uimhir 2, 1935: 'I remember his conducting a large Irish class for us at the rooms of the Irish Literary Society, Adelphi Terrace, soon after we started the Gaelic League at Chancery Lane. O'Keeffe's class, owing to his own connection with the Irish Literary Society, was attended by many of its prominent members... Diarmuid Breathnach Máire Ní Mhurchú https://www.ainm.ie/Bio.aspx?ID=286&AspxAutoDetectCookieSupport=1

Buried Treasure Near the River Suir just opposite the Glengrant which is the village I live in there stands an old castle which belonged to a chief called Power. In the corner of the field in which the castle is built it is said that a great treasure is buried. On certain nights every year Power's ghost comes to the castle on a white horse and it is said that anyone that crosses the field to the corner where the money is buried with the ghost and digs for the money would get it. There was a fisherman called Nolan and he used to be always saying that if he met the ghost he would cross the field with him. One night when Nolan and his companions were coming in from fishing they fastened their boats to a tree on the bank of the river adjoining the field in which the castle is situated. Nolan bent down to tie his boot and while doing so his companions were gone homeward. When he looked up, Power was standing over him and he said " now come over to the corner and I will show you where the money is buried" but the man was afraid. And every night from that on the ghost used to come to Nolan's house and ask for the treasure but Nolan was too afraid and the ghost told him that he could bring anyone to the field with him even the priest but he should cross the field by himself but

he would not. Nolan had to fly to America and the ghost was never seen again. Collected by Michael O'Keeffe, age 16 from Edward O'Keeffe "father of the writer and brother to a certain President of the G.A.A. Mr. Robert O'Keeffe"

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4758481/4747599

Legend of Cairn Thierna The legend concerning the mountain of Cairn Thierna, which can be seen from the town of Fermoy, is familiar to many. For those who have not heard of it the following account may be of interest: On the summit of the mountain there used to be a great pile of stones and the weight of an old woman's words many hundred years ago was the cause of they being there. In those days the great O'Keeffe was lord of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]. He had wooed and won the fair daughter of a neighbouring chieftain; an heir was born to the and his happiness was complete. But alas! it was of short duration for soon after the birth of her son the lovely Darthula died. Long and bitterly did O'Keeffe mourn for her and his grief was like a dark shadow that darkened his life. He had no great zest for the pursuits and pastimes that formerly

delighted him. The excitement of the chase no longer thrilled and the song of the harper ceased to charm. During this time he took little notice of his infant son but one day as he walked - with downcast eyes and moody brow - on the lawn before his castle, he heard the laughing chuckle of a child. Glancing up he saw his little son playing on the grass with his nurse. Something stirred in the father's heart as he gazed at the scene before him; it was as he never noticed this healthy beautiful child of his before. He was just beginning to walk and in the sturdy determined efforts to keep on his chubby legs, O'Keeffe fancied he saw the dawn of a resolute spirit that pleased him. Then and there he determined to conquer his unavailing sorrow for the dead and to interest himself in the child. Then he did, and his interest soon grew to a love almost as deep and absorbing as that which he had given to his wife. When the boy was two years of age a certain woman, reputed to have the gift of prophesy came to the castle. To her the nurse proudly exhibited the precious charge at whom the dame looked long and earnestly. Then solemnly raising her staff above her head, she uttered the portentous words:- "Infant heir of proud [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] fear not the fields of slaughter; Storm nor fire fear not my boy, But shun the fatal water."

When O'Keeffe heard of this, he was both angry and alarmed but he hid his feelings under the assumption of lofty contempt for those who gave credence to the drivelling of a witless hag. Nevertheless, the warning was continually in his thoughts; it haunted him by day and by night till at last he decided to seek out the seeress and make her retract or explain her serious words.

Disguising himself in the dress of a swine herd, he went in secret to her dwelling place. But bribery and threats were alike unavailing, and the father heard that his son was doomed to die by drowning before he grew to manhood. Mighty chieftain and powerful lord though he was O'Keeffe could not purchase happiness; he had recaptured it for a brief period, but it was gone. Care dogged his footsteps and sat at his board like the skeleton at the feasts of old. Still, he could not and would not entirely believe in the threatened fate of his beloved son. He swore fiercely that he would yet give the lie to the hag's prediction and all the man could do towards this end was done. Every instance and approach to the water was carefully guarded; the moat that hemmed round his castle, the lake in the grounds, even the pond and drinking troughs in the courtyard. But in spite of all these precautions the father had no peace of mind, and at last he resolved to build a castle far removed from the dreaded element. The top of Cairn Thierna was

the place chosen; there the boy would live till he was fully grown when all danger would be past. The chieftains vessels were assembled and instructed to collect materials for the building of the castle. When all was ready the little heir was taken to see the mighty stones being raised from the base to the summit of the mountain. One day he begged to be allowed to go up and see the workmen who were about to start building at their work. As he was supposed to be perfectly safe on the mountain, permission was given and he was allowed to roam about at will. Suddenly his attention was caught by something that shone and glittered in the sunlight and he ran towards it. There was a circular vessel containing some water for the workmen. As he drew near a form arose in the water. He gave a cry of joy and drew back; the image drew back also and vanished. Again he advanced and again the form appeared delight in every feature. Eager to welcome the young stranger, he opened his arms and bent over the vessel. Lower still he bent and loosing his balance fell in. The fatal prophesy was fulfilled. The father in despair, abandoned the commenced building and the materials - forming a rugged crest to Cairn Thierna - remained until recent years. As told by: Eileen Barry, Bride Street, Rathcormac Fermoy Co. Cork Found at Duchas.i

There's no secret to balance. You just have to feel the waves. — Darwi Odrade, Frank Herbert

THE GREEN DOVE AND THE RAVEN, ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D., M.R.I.A. 1908, LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO. I There was a dove with wings of green, Glistening o'er so radiantly, With head of blue and golden sheen, All sad and wearily, Sitting two green boughs between On lovely Barna's wild-wood tree. II There was a letter 'neath its wing, Written by a fair ladye, Safely bound with silken string So light and daintily, And in that letter was a ring, On lovely Barna's wild-wood tree, III There was a raven black and drear, Stained with blood all loathsomely, Perched upon the branches near, Croaking mournfully ; And he said, " O dove, what bring'st thou here To lovely Barna's wild-wood tree ?" IV "I'm coming from a ladye [cheerful], To the young heir of sweet Glenore,IIII His ring returned, it is to say She'll never love him more, — Alas the hour, alas the day, —

By murmuring Funshion's [Duine Sí] shore. [Glenore: Glanworth on the river Funshion] V "O dove, outspread thy wings of green ; I'll guide thee many a wild-wood o'er ; I'll bring thee where I last have seen The young heir of Glenore, Beneath the forest's sunless

screen, By murmuring Funshion's [Duine Sí] shore."
VI O'er many a long mile did they flee, The dove, the raven stained with gore, And found beneath the Murderer's Tree The young heir of Glenore, — A bloody, ghastly corpse was he, By murmuring Funshion's [Duine Sí] shore. VII "Go back, go back, thou weary dove, — And tell the cruel maid o'er and o'er, He's Death's and mine ; her hate or love Can never reach him more— To his ice-cold heart in Molaga's卌 grove, wBy murmuring Funshion's [Duine Sí] shore." 卌Molaga old church near Kildorrery Co. Cork The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death. BY H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913 The deepest impression that has come to me from the study or rather the assimiliation of these old records of the mind of our [culture] [instead of "race" because I think it is the word in modern Béarla] is the entire absence of the fear of death... It is, and it has been a very difficult matter for me to make sure that our people of those faraway days apprehended death at all. They saw and recognised a change, but that was all. The modern mind is strongly inclined to look upon death as extinction. Our teaching has to do with this, and it is not healthy. The old Gaelic concept had nothing of this in it. The departed heroes looked down from their grey great hall in the clouds in sympathy of pride or distress upon the actions of their sons or sires below, and their spirits were in the thick of the battle as truly and powerfully and effectively as the bone and sinew of those below upon whom they looked down and inspired.

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The legend of Padraig O'Keeffe a half century after his death. By Matt Cranitch, okeeffeclans.com Excerpts In the history of human endeavor and achievement, many of the most significant contributions, across a wide range of activities and disciplines, were made by individuals. In many cases, the enduring spirits of these people triumphed in the face of great adversity, and now shine like beacons, as we look back over the centuries, one such individual was Padraig O Keeffe (1887-1963), the great iconic figure whose name is indelibly linked to the music of Sliabh Luachra. He has become a major name in the wider world of Irish traditional music, particularly in the realm of fiddle playing. His influence is audible today through the rich tradition of music he left,

directly through his own playing, and by means of his manuscripts written in his special notation system, as well as indirectly through his teaching of so many of the great Sliabh Luachra players. Perhaps his most abiding legacy is the way in which he passed on the unique repertoire of music as well as the style of playing of his own locality Music formed a very important part of Padraig's childhood and developmental years, with his mother's family, particularly his uncle, Cal O Callaghan, being a major influence.

Padraig became a teacher, but it was not the life for him, he gave five years (1915-1920) teaching at Glenntan National school where he was principal. The confines of the classroom were placing too many constraints on his creative spirit and the kind of life of playing his music, as well as what went with it, which he preferred and enjoyed. From then until his death in 1963, he travelled throughout the Sliabh Luachra area playing the fiddle and teaching music. Most of his pupils learned the fiddle, but he also gave lessons in the melodeon. The pace of the class was matched to the ability of the pupil, so each benefited to the greatest extent. Most of his teaching was done in the pupil's houses, he travelled the roads in Sliabh Luachra for four decades approx., he had a Rota of houses to call to and some he would stay overnight in. As part of the lessons he would write out a number of tunes, typically five, and for which he would receive payment. He charged six old pence a tune, and called to eight pupils a day. He used two different styles of notation/tablature when writing his tunes for his students, one for the fiddle and one for the accordion. All his fiddle manuscripts included full bowing instructions, a feature that adds so much to the importance of these manuscripts. He addressed issues related to the holding of the fiddle, the positioning of the hands, and the tempo at which the music was to be played at. He related rules for these verbally and written for his pupils. Reference is often made to Padraig's carefree disposition and to the unconventional nature of his life. He is often described as having been a 'character' and 'wit' who lived a 'rakish' and 'bohemian' lifestyle. He taught many of the 'greats' of Sliabh Luachra tradition, among them Denis Murphy, Julia Clifford, Paddy Cronin and Johnny O' Leary. Although Padraig was genial and outgoing in company, it would also appear that, in various ways, he was a 'private' person who spent a great deal of time alone. While walking the roads of the area gave him the opportunity to think about, and reflect on his music. He spent protracted periods of time in the solitude of his house in Gleanntan. Here, he was able to continue his study of the music and the fiddle, and also play for himself.

He was a highly accomplished fiddle player, accurate intonation, with a sweet and consistent tone were hallmarks of his. Some private houses and public houses locally kept a fiddle for his use whenever he called, at times he had no fiddle of his own. With the passage of time, he became well known in the area, being held in particularly high esteem by his pupils. His fame and reputation also travelled outside the boundaries of Sliabh Luachra, with a number of collectors visiting to record his music. Recordings made by Seamus Ennis provided the material included on the two commercially available recordings, 'Kerry Fiddles' on LP 1977 and CD 1993, with two of Padraig's stellar pupils, Denis Murphy and Julia Clifford whom are also featured, this was recorded in Castleisland. The "Sliabh Luachra Fiddle Master" on CD 1993, was made from recordings for Radio Eireann in 1948-1949. This provides an invaluable opportunity for people now to hear an extensive range of his own solo playing, across the various different tune-types., these gives in extensive insight into Padraig's music. Many of the wonderful versions of tunes which now constitute the general repertoire of the area are attributable directly to him. The way he played airs has been an inspiration to many. However I think this greatest contribution was as a teacher, both directly in terms of the number of people whom he taught, and also because of the legacy of tunes and style he left us in his unique manuscripts, complete with bowing details. Without him, the Sliabh Luachra style as we know it today would definitely be much the poorer, if there at all. (Journal of Cumann Luachra, Vol. 1 No 16. Nov. 2014.)

Padraig played with music with many of the great musicians, it is noted that when he played with Din Tarrant Knocknabowl, it was said they made the stones dance. When he played with Denis Murphy, they complemented each other so well and blended together beautifully. Padraig taught Paddy Cronin and Paddy picked up the tunes so fast from Padraig, that Padraig had to write thirteen tunes at a time instead of the usual five. (Journal of Cumann Luachra, Vol. 1 No 16. Nov. 2014.)

Padraig O Keeffe became ill during the severe winter of 1962-63, he was admitted to Tralee Hospital where he passed away 22-02-1963. He is buried with his family in Kilananama graveyard, Cordal, Kerry. The Padraig O Keeffe Festival is held in Castleisland every year over the October bank holiday, there is a 'Padraig O Keeffe award' presented each year for outstanding service and commitment to the music and culture of Sliabh Luachra. (Journal of Cumann Luachra, Vol. 1 No 16. Nov. 2014.)6

Cliodhna and Aobbhell

From a certain Press Release from Lagan Quarries, now owned by Breedon: Within the Quarry confines there is a legendary rock known as Carrig–Cleena [Carraig Chlíodhna]. In Irish mythology, Clíodhna is a [Chief] of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Cleena. of Carrigcleena is the potent banshee that rules as queen over the sidheog ([Duine Sí] women of the hills) of South Munster, or Desmond. She is ... Ireland. Join our mailing list...

She often appears, disguised in the homely garb of a [daoine] girl, to announce to some late wayfarer the expulsion from her dominions of invading spirits, and the consequent certainty of abundant harvest. Cleena is also stated to be in the Bay of Dublin, and to cry whenever the head of an old Milesian family dies." — Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland; a folklore sketch; a handbook of Irish preChristian traditions, Wood-Martin, 1902

THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA written by Basil Hood composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German Round and round the [Duine Sí] ring, There I heard the [Túatha Dé Danann] sing; This is the [Duine Sí] song I heard, Do I remember it? -- every word. Da Luan, da mort, da Luan, da mort Angus da Dardine! Many, many people may Disbelieve what I do say -- Once I was young and foolish, too, And an ignoramus, just like you;

But whenever you hear of [Duine Sí] tricks, Don't laugh at 'em any more. Then I was a youth of twenty-six, But now I'm ninety-four!
.Now he's ninety four! Dancing round the [Duine Sí] ring All that time I've had to sing; Though you may not believe a word, This is exactly what occurred, Da Luan, da mort, da Luan, da mort Angus da Dardine!

Do not go to the caves of carrig-cleena the libretto warns.

crosántacht
Cliar Sheanchain
Cuir dhachaigh e

MURPHY. Now every Irish boy, And all colleens (or lasses), Professors teach The Saxon speech At Elocution classes! And all who don't employ The purest English accent, Are as a rule To Infant School Incontinently back sent! And will a man be meek and dumb, And see the Irish nation Advance by rapid leaps and hops To be a race of Saxon fops? Ireland, that's what ye'll become Wid all this education! THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA written by Basil Hood, composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German

Scéal Cnoc Raffan There was once a poor man who lived in the fertile glen of Aherlow, at the foot of the gloomy Galtee mountains, and he had a great hump on his back: he looked just as if his body had been rolled up and placed upon his shoulders;

and his head was pressed down with the weight so much that his chin, when he was sitting, used to rest upon his knees for support The country people were rather shy of [Pg 41] meeting him in any lonesome place, for though, poor creature, he was as harmless and as inoffensive as a newborn infant, yet his deformity was so great that he scarcely appeared to be a human creature, and some ill-minded persons had set strange stories about him afloat. He was said to have a great knowledge of herbs and charms; but certain it was that he had a mighty skilful hand in plaiting straws and rushes into hats and baskets, which
was the way he made his livelihood.

Lusmore, for that was the nickname put upon him by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the [Duine Sí] cap, or lusmore (the foxglove), in his little straw hat, would ever get a higher penny for his plaited work than any one else, and perhaps that was the reason why some one, out of envy, had circulated the strange stories about him. Be that as it may, it happened that he was returning one evening from the pretty town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and as little Lusmore walked very slowly, on account of the great hump upon his back, it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton, which stood on the right-hand side of his road.

Tired and weary was he, and noways comfortable in his own mind at thinking how much farther he had to travel, and that he should be walking all the night;

so he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully enough

upon the moon, which—
which— "Rising in clouded majesty, at length Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light, And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains, and the words of the song were these— Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort; [Pg 42] when there would be a moment's pause, and then the round of melody went on again. Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he might lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat; and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over
and over so often without any change; so availing himself of the pause when Da Luan, Da Mort, had been sung three times, he took up the tune, and raised it with the words augus Da Dardeen, and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat, Da Luan, Da Mort, finishing the melody, when the pause again came, with augus Da Dardeen.

The [Túatha Dé Danann] within Knockgrafton, for the song was a [Duine Sí] melody, when they heard this addition to the tune, were so much delighted that, with instant resolve, it was determined to bring the mortal among them, whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind. Glorious to behold was the sight that burst upon him as he came down through the moat, twirling round and round, with the lightness of a straw, to the sweetest music that kept time to his motion. The greatest honour was then paid him, for he was put above all the musicians, and he had servants tending upon him, and everything to his heart's content, and a hearty welcome to all; and, in short, he was made as much of as if he had been the first man in the land.

Presently Lusmore saw a great consultation going forward among the [Túatha Dé Danann], and, notwithstanding all their civility, he felt very much frightened, until one stepping out from the rest came up to him and said—
Doubt not, nor deplore, For the hump which you bore On your back is no more; Look

down on the floor, And view it, Lusmore!"
When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light, and so happy, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle; and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall, where he was;
he looked round and round again with the greatest wonder and delight upon everything, which appeared more and more beautiful; and, overpowered at beholding such a resplendent scene, his head grew dizzy, and his eyesight became dim. At last he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke he found that it was broad daylight, the sun shining brightly, and the birds singing sweetly; and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peaceably round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped dapper little fellow, and more than that, found himself in a full suit of new clothes, which he concluded the [Túatha Dé Danann] had made for him. Towards Cappagh he went, stepping
out as lightly, and springing up at every step as if he had been all his life a dancing-master. Not a creature who met Lusmore knew him without his hump, and he had a great work to persuade every one that he was the same man—in truth he was not, so far as the outward appearance went. Of course it was not long before the story of Lusmore's hump got about, and a great wonder was made of it. Through the country, for miles round, it was the talk of every one, high and low. One morning, as Lusmore was sitting contented enough at his cabin door, up came an old woman to him, and asked him if he could direct her to Cappagh. "I need give you no directions, my good woman," said [Pg 44] Lusmore, "for this is Cappagh;
and whom may you want here?" "I have come," said the woman, "out of Decie's country, in the county of Waterford, looking after one Lusmore, who, I have heard tell, had his hump taken off by the [Túatha Dé Danann]; for there is a son of a gossip of mine who has got a hump on him that will be his death; and maybe, if he could use the same charm as Lusmore, the hump may be taken off him. And now I have told you the reason of my coming so far: 'tis to find out about this charm, if I can."

Lusmore, who was ever a goodnatured little fellow, told the woman all the particulars,

how he had raised the tune for the [Túatha Dé Danann] at Knockgrafton, how his hump had been removed from his shoulders, and how he had got a new suit of clothes into the bargain. The woman thanked him very much, and then went away quite happy and easy in her own mind. When she came back to her gossip's house, in the county of Waterford, she told her everything that Lusmore had said, and they put the little hump-backed man, who was a peevish and cunning creature from his birth, upon a car, and took him all the way across the country. It was a long journey, but they did not care for that, so the hump was taken from off him; and they brought him, just at nightfall, and left him under the old moat of Knockgrafton.

Jack Madden, for that was the humpy man's name, had not been sitting there long when he heard the tune going on within the moat much sweeter than before; for the [Túatha Dé Danann] were singing it the way Lusmore had settled their music for them, and the song was going on: Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, augus Da Dardeen, without ever stopping.

Jack Madden, who was in a great hurry to get quit of his hump, never thought of waiting until the [Túatha Dé Danann] had done, or watching for a fit opportunity to raise the tune higher again than Lusmore had; so having heard them sing it over seven times without stopping, out he bawls, never minding the time or the humour [Pg 45] of the tune, or how he could bring his words in properly, augus Da Dardeen, augus Da Hena, thinking that if one day was good, two were better; and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two. No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was taken up and whisked into the moat with prodigious force; and the [Túatha Dé Danann] came crowding round about him with great anger, screeching and screaming, and roaring out, "Who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?" and one stepped up to him above all the rest, and said— "Jack Madden! Jack Madden! Your words came so bad in The tune we felt glad in;— This castle you're had in, That your life we may sadden; Here's two humps for Jack Madden!" And twenty of the strongest [Túatha Dé Danann] brought Lusmore's hump, and put it down upon poor Jack's back, over his own, where it became fixed as firmly as if it was nailed on with twelve-penny nails, by the best carpenter that ever drove one. Out of their castle they then kicked him; and in the morning, when Jack Madden's mother and her gossip came to look after their little man, they found him half dead, lying at the foot of the moat, with the other hump upon his back. Well to be sure, how they did look at each other!

but they were afraid to say anything, lest a hump might be put upon their own shoulders
Home they brought the unlucky Jack Madden with them, as downcast in their hearts and their looks as ever two gossips were; and what through the weight of his other hump, and the long journey, he died soon after, leaving, they say, his heavy curse to any one who would go to listen to [Duine Sí] tunes again.

THE TALE OF THE LEATHER BOTTLE "Curious Tales from North Cork" by Edward Garner
It begins with the lines: When'er a man to lift the stone is found From near the Funcheon or the country around, The Faeries there can never again come Their power is broken- their charms undone

Many years ago there lived quite close to Labbacallee a man by the name of Seamas na mBó. Late
one night after attending a funeral, Seamas sat astride his old horse making for home. As he drew alongside the ancient tomb, Leaba Chailleach, the horse suddenly took it into his head to rear up, flinging poor Seamas out of the saddle and landing him right in the middle of the grave. Seamas was angered by this treatment and cursed the horse in terms both loud and explicit. The noise caused a very old woman to emerge from Leaba Chailleach to inquire what all the commotion was about. She berated poor Seamas, accusing him of being drunk, which may have been true, for he was a man that liked his drop. Seamas apologised for the disturbance, and having turned on the charm, he spoke some words of plámas to the Cailleach. Flattery calmed the Cailleach down and when Seamas asked for a night's lodgings, she beckoned him to follow down into Leaba Chailleach. Before long, they reached a great hall brightly lit: full of music, ceol, and dance, damhsa. The Lephrechauns stopped suddenly as Seamas and the Cailleach stepped in the door deep beneath Leaba Chailleach.

Seamas was unable to believe his eyes. Weakly he sat down as a leprechaun offered him a drink. Blessed with a permanent thirst, Seamas accepted with gratitude as he took a cautious sip. One sip then another and soon Seamas was quite in his cups. He wrestled with the leprechauns outside their rules defeating them easily. Flushed with his success, he boasted to the the leprechauns that he could lift Leaba Chailleachs's giant capstone high enough for the Cailleach to crawl through and leave the place forever. This he did with great ease. As he raised the stone the Cailleach herself stepped forward, and

wished Seamas a life of poverty for himself and all his family and left Leaba Chailleach, crying, 'Piseóg!'. The Lephrechauns power had been broken and they left the hall in a mighty rush, shrieking and wailing with fear and trembling. Thunder struck, lightning flashed and as each of the Leprechauns passed by Seamas, they gave him a knock on the door with their shillelaghs. One Leprechaun handed a leather bag to Seamas, muttering to open it the day his son got married. Next day when Seamas awoke the little people were gone but the leather bag was still in his hands. His head was pounding. He was dizzy and felt about to vomit. Remembering the warning about not opening the bottle, James kept it locked away in a cupboard at home until the day his only son, Sean, got married.

Everyone turned up...the people showing up uninvited. And with the ceremony due to the occasion, he opened the leather bottle and a drink. Each man in the room took a turn and yet for all they drank, the bottle remained as full as when first opened...until it was broke in the fistfight... Soon the fighting and screaming broke out. Noses were bloodied, eyes blackened and skulls cracked. It was a battlefield. Seamas na mBó was amongst the fallen, and when he awoke it was to see dozens of leprechauns trooping into the room picking up the bits of the leather bottle, and passing them over to the cobbler in the corner. As the cobbler tapped away with a tiny hammer, putting all the pieces together, he'd look over to
Seamas every now and again and burst out laughing. As the last fragment was tapped into place, a rooster crowed nearby and the Leprechaun folk left taking with them their leather bottle.

Tréde immifoilnge báis do gáeth: fúasnad, ferg, mesca. Three things that make a wise man foolish: quarreling, anger, drunkenness.

The Diviner By Seamus Heaney Cut from the green hedge a forked hazel stick That he held tight by the arms of the V: Circling the terrain, hunting the pluck Of water, nervous, but professionally

Unfussed. The pluck came sharp as a sting. The rod jerked with precise convulsions, Spring water suddenly broadcasting Through a green hazel its secret stations.

The bystanders would ask to have a try. He handed them the rod without a word. It lay

dead in their grasp till, nonchalantly, He gripped the expectant wrists. The hazel stirred.

remix
FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come?

NÉDE ANSWERED 20. [Ní hansa] Not [difficult].. From the heel of a sage...from a confluence of wisdom...from perfections of goodness...from brightness of sunrise...from the hazels of poetic art...from circuits of splendour,out of which they measure truth according to excellences...in which righteousness is taught...in which falsehood sets ... in which colours are seen... in which poems are freshened...Angriness of fire...Fire of speech...Noise of knowledge...Well of wealth...Sword of song...Straight-artistic with bitterness out of fire...
FERCHERTNE A question, O instructing lad, what art dost thou practise?

NÉDE Ní hAnsa: reddening, a countenance 56. piercing flesh, 57. tingeing bashfulness, 58. tossing away shamelessness, 59. fostering poetry, 60. to searching for fame, 61. wooing science, 62. art for every mouth, 63. diffusing knowledge, 64. stripping speech, 65. in a little room, 66. a sage's cattle, 67. a stream of science 68. abundant teaching, 69. smooth tales, the delight of [chiefs]. 70.

And thou, O my senior, what art dost thou practise?

FERCHERTNE hunting for support, 72. establishing peace, 73. arranging a troop,
From Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh

In the latter era the monasteries contained the chief collections of books then extant, and here, in the scriptorium belonging to each, their multiplication lay transcribing was sedulously carried on. But this labour was not entirely monopolized in Ireland by ecclesiastics : there was another class, a relic of the old bardic system, which combined the Ollav (or professor), the Brehon (or lawyer), the Filea (or poet), the Seánachuidhe (antiquary, historian, or herald), and the Scealuidhe (or romancer), who also cultivated the national literature in its various departments.

These orders, necessarily laic, formed hereditary corporations, and enjoyed lands and

estates, granted for the exclusive use of the literary profession by the munificence of kings and chieftains.

So late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, Camden writes of the Irish nobility :—" They have their historians who record their exploits, physicians, poets called Bards, and harpers, each of whom have lands assigned them, and each of these professions, in every territory, form distinct families, as Breahans of one lineage and name, the historians of another, and so of the rest." —Gough's " Camden," vol. iv., p. 467. THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 THE BOOK OF MACCARTHY REAGH. BY JOHN WINDELE, ESQ. p.370-

> Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erinn ; in one county Dunnagall, the rental of the lands bestowed on the Ollavs, or Doctors in Learning, was equal to £2000year, of the present currency [1860].—(For proofs, see Annals of the Four Masters, or Irish Penny Journal, vol. I., p. 229.) Seanfhocla Uladh 1907.

Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy Mine is the Proper Cauldron of Goiriath [goriath, i.e. 'it has closed off great falsehood', i.e. 'near to me in every land'] warmly the Good God has given it to me out of the mysteries of the elements a noble privilege which ennobles the breast is the fine speech which pours from it. I being white-kneed, blue-shanked, grey bearded Amairgen, let the work of my goriath in similes and comparisons be related — since the Good God does not equally provide for all, inclined, upside-down (or) upright — no knowledge, partial knowledge (or) full knowledge in order to compose poetry for Éber and Donn with many great chantings, of masculine, feminine and neuter, of the signs for double letters, long vowels and short vowels, (this is) the way by which is related the nature of my cauldron...

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae [movement] with understandings of grace with accumulations of knowledge with strewings of imbas, [the great knowledge which illumines] the estuary of wisdom the uniting of scholarship the stream of splendour the exalting of the un-noticed ones the mastering of language quick understanding the darkening of speech artificer of coimcne [all the ancestral and practical mutual wisdom] the cherishing of pupils, where what is due is attended to where senses are

distinguished where one approaches musical art where knowledge is propagated where the calm and gentle and capable are enriched where the good people who have gone unnoticed gain notice and respect
where legendary names are exalted where praises are related by lawful means with distinctions of competencies according to the needs of the people with pure estimation of nobility with the fair speech of wise people with streams of scholarship, a noble brew which is brewed the basis of all knowledge which is set out according to law which is advanced to after study which imbas quickens which joy converts which is revealed through sorrow ; it is an enduring power whose protection does not diminish.

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae. The Cauldron of Érmae grants, is granted nourishes, is nourished magnifies, is magnified requests, is requested acclaims, is acclaimed preserves, is preserved arranges, is arranged supports, is supported.

Good is the source of measuring good is the acquisition of speech good is the confluence of power which builds up strength. It is greater than any domain, it is better than any patrimony, it brings one to wisdom, it separates one from fools.

Coire Filíochta (Cauldron of Poesy) My true Coire Éirme/Cauldron of Incubation It has been taken by the ancestors from the mysteries of the elemental abyss A fitting decision that ennobles one from one's center that pours forth a terrifying stream of speech from the mouth. I am Amirgen White-knee pale of substance, gray of hair, accomplishing my incubation in proper poetic forms in diverse color.

God does not apportion the same to everyone -- tipped, inverted, right-side-up; no knowledge, half-knowledge, full-knowledge -- for Éibhear and Dunn, the making of fearful poetry, vast, mighty draughts of death-spells in active voice, in passive silence, in the neutral balance between, in the proper construction of rhyme, in this way it narrates the path and function of my coire (cauldron).

I sing of the Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom) which bestows the merit of every art, through which treasure increases, which magnifies every common artisan, which builds up a person through their gift.

Where is the root of poetry in a person; in the body or in the soul? They say it is in the

soul, for the body does nothing without the soul. Others say it is in the body where the arts are learned, passed through the bodies of our ancestors. It is said this is the seat of what remains over the root of poetry; and the good knowledge in every person's ancestry comes not into everyone, but comes into every other person.

What then is the root of poetry and every other wisdom? Not [difficult]; three cauldrons are born in every person, i.e., the Coire Éirme (Cauldron of Incubation), the Coire Goir (Cauldron of Motion) and the Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom). The Coire Éirme (Cauldron of Incubation) is born upright in a person from the beginning. It distributes wisdom to people in their youth. The Coire Goir (Cauldron of Motion), however, after turning increases. That is to say it is born tipped on its side in a person. The Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom). is born on its lips (upside-down) and it distributes wisdom in every art besides (in addition to) poetry. The Coire Goir (Cauldron of Motion), then, in every other person is on its lips, i.e., in ignorant people. It is side-slanting in people of bardcraft and strophes (mid-level poetry). It is on its back in the "great streams" (highest poetic grades) of great wisdom and poetry. On account of this not every mid-level person has it on its back because the Coire Goir (Cauldron of Motion) must be turned by sorrow or joy.

Question: How many divisions of sorrow that turn the cauldrons of sages? Not [difficult]; four. Longing, grief, the sorrows of jealousy and the discipline of pilgrimage to holy places. It is internally that these are borne although the cause is from outside. There are then two divisions of joy that turn the Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom), i.e., divine joy and human joy. In human joy there are four divisions among the wise. Sexual intimacy; the joy of health untroubled by the abundance of goading when a person takes up the prosperity of bardcraft; the joy of the binding principle of wisdom after good (poetic) construction; and, joy of fitting poetic frenzy from the grinding away at the fair nuts of the nine hazels on the Well of Segais in the Sìdhe realm. They cast themselves in great quantities like a ram's fleece upon the ridges of the Boyne, moving against the stream swifter than racehorses driven in the middle-month on the magnificent day every seven years.

God affects a person through divine and human joys so that they are able to speak prophetic poems and dispense wisdom and perform miracles, as well as offering wise judgment and giving precedents and wisdom in answer to everyone's wishes. But the

source of these joys (the ancestors) is outside the person although the actual cause of the joy is internal...199 —

Coire Filíochta, written down perhaps 600s CE
Some by based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy

some translated by Erynn Rowan Laurie with some minor changes.
http://www.obsidianmagazine.com/Pages/cauldronpoesy.html

By your belief in singularities, in granular absolutes, you deny movement, even the movement of evolution! While you cause a granular universe to persist in your awareness, you are blind to movement. When things change, your absolute universe vanishes, no longer accesible for your self limiting perceptions. The universe has moved beyond you.
First Draft, Atreides Manifesto, Bene Gesserit Archives, Dune, Frank Herbert

> Mo Sgeal Féin Eoin O Siulleabáin Drom Mór, Mágh Calla, Carraig Cliona [Cliona's Rock] There is a big high rock in the parrish of Kilshannig, overlooking the valley of the Blackwater. It is said that Cliona the Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of Munster lived in that rock and also that she had a home in a wave in Glendore. A part of the rock was used for making the concrete road into the Beet Factory from the main road. The stone of the rock was found to be very [resistant to drilling]; so [resistant] that the steel drill used for blasting operations could not hole it. The Schools' Collection, Volume 0364, Page 011 Image and data © National Folklore Collection, UCD.

> RTE Jenny Butler, UCC Analysis: a rock in Co Cork in closely associated with many legends around Chlíodhna and is known as a door to the Otherworld
> Special rocks and ancient sacred stones feature prominently in Early Irish literature and in legends. Some are linked to the sovereignty Banríon tradition where [Bean Sí] are connected with particular clans and areas. "At

the regional and local level", writes Gearóid Ó Crualaoich in The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise-Woman Healer, "the divine female represents the sovereignty principle in respect of more localized dynastic identity, as for example, in the case of the O'Brien dynasty of Thomond in North Munster (Aoibheall) and the O'Keeffe dynasty of East and North Cork (Clíodna)." Clíodhna, whose name may mean "the territorial one", is also associated with Cork's McCarthy family line, to whom she is said to have passed the secret of the Stone, which is now housed at Blarney Castle, built by Cormac MacCarthy in the 15th century. "The [Bean Sí] Clíodna together with Aoibhell and Áine constitutes a triad of Munster [Bean Sí]", with links to the banshee", explains Daragh Smyth in Earthing the Myths: The Myths, Legends and Early History of Ireland. It's referenced in a story that "there is no morning of the year when Clíodhna isn't outside of that Carraig before sunrise, combing her hair", an activity associated with the banshee. Indeed, Clíodhna is also regarded as the banshee that rules as Banríon over the [Sí] of south Munster. Patricia Lysaght explains that "the association of the deathmessenger with a former land [Bean Sí] who is now a bean sí is again evident in Clíona, territorial [Bean Sí] of south-Munster, and as such intimately connected with important families and individuals in the area"...

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. (CONT'D) (MORE) 264. 1856-57 The names of several banshée are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aeibhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshé of the Dal-gCais of North Munster ; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshé of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany,in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshé of the O'Carrolls; Cailleach Beirre, of Dun-Caillighe Beirre, the banshé of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O'Corra ; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c.... ...The good-natured banshé ...Aoibhell...is mentioned in various other poems relating to the DalgCais. Donogh Roe Mac Namnara, in his " Mock Aeneid," makes Aoibhell the sybil of his poem ; and

Brian Merriman introduces her into his facetious poem, called the " Midnight Court as holding a court at Craigliath to enact laws for the more rapid growth of the Dalcassian population, who are to be the future liberators of Ireland from unjust laws. Of the goodnatured banshé Cliodhna [Cleena] many stories are also told. Her principal palace was situated in the east side of the townland of Carrig-Cleena-more, in the parish of Kilshanick, barony of Duhallow, and county of Cork. She is believed to have haunted this place till about forty years ago, when the wickedness of men, who are growing too intelligent obliged her to desert it. There is another very remarkable rock, called after her, in the harbour of Glandore, where she still wails most mournfully for the approaching dissolution of her favourite families....

...Donnell O' Donovan, chief of Clancahill, is called Dragon of Tonn Chliodhna by Muldowny O'Morrison in his Inauguration Ode addressed to this Donnell in 1638. The wail of the banshé in this harbour is the natural moan of the caverns of the rocks, •which frequently takes place some time before an approaching storm.

"Aoibhneas (EEV-nass) – Bliss, delight. FILLING OUR SENSES. This word generally refers to the joy we feel from external things such as music, song, scenery and good weather, and may be contrasted with áthas (AW-hass), which is joy arising from internal considerations.
, Eoghan Ó Raghallaigh

Aoibheal's Rock, the legendary abode of Aoibheal, bean sí of the Dál Cais (Brian Ború's family tribe), is located on Crag Hill. She is most famously reputed to have appeared to Brian Ború on the eve of the battle of Clontarf warning him of his impending death. In the past oak woodlands covered these slopes, but they were cut down in the early 19th century to supply the local iron industries. Aoibheal is said to have left her home when this happened.
Lough Derg Heritage Trail pamphlet

Cork Journal Historical and Archaeological Society

The Revd. Father "Matt" Horgan,

Late P.P. of Blarney and Whitechurch, Pastor, Poet, and Antiquarian, with brief notices of some of his Colleagues in the old Cork Cuiverian Society.

Meeting, Wednesday, May 10th, 1893.

Mr. Robert Walker, Pres. Soc. Architects, in the Chair.

Mr. C. G. Doran read a paper on Father "Matt" Horgan, as detailed above. Born in the parish of which he was afterwards pastor, he received his education on the Continent, and was distinguished by the zeal with which he laboured for the welfare of his flock and in encouraging a love of learning and of national literature and games, and a desire to excel in moral, social, and industrial pursuits. He not only built, but designed several churches and schools, and is well entitled to the notice of posterity for having boldly ventured to erect a round tower in each of the two places of which his parish consisted. Although departing somewhat from the original models, he yet retained sufficient of their character to stamp his works with a close kinship to their prototypes. As a designer and builder of round towers he must be considerately dealt with, when it is remembered that he was separated from the latest of those erected by his predecessors by a space of nearly a thousand years.

As a poet he composed many pieces in the Irish language, notably "Gortroe," an elegy in imitation of the ancient Irish *Caoine*, and "The Legend of Cahir Conri," the first of which has been translated by the Rev. J. Murphy, Adm., Queenstown, and the latter by the talented Dr. Kenealy. Of Father Matt's prose writings many MS. volumes are in existence, some in the Royal Irish Academy, some in St. Colman's College, Fermoy, some in the library of the Most Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, and others among the libraries of collectors of Irish MSS.

But it is, perhaps, as the inventor or discoverer of the key-word *Maqui*, "of the son of," by which archæologists are enabled to correctly read Ogham inscriptions, that Father Matt will be best remembered. His Ogham key is now almost universally adopted, a proof that the good old Sagart, as an antiquarian, did not labour in vain. He died on the 1st of March, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and is buried in the transept of his church at Blarney, within range of the shadow of his favourite round tower.

Of Father Matt's colleagues in the old Cork Cuiverian Society and South Munster Antiquarian Society, many were authors of learned works on Irish antiquities and kindred subjects, which

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of South Munster. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – "To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following [Duine Sí] legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839 1839
Fr. Matthew Horgan records what shepherd said in densely forested [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]: The quantity of [forest] is very great, and there are mounds of earth raised round them for better preservation. In summer they afford an agreeable shade, and in winter the rain can scarcely penetrate through them, their boughs are so thickly matted together. ... I perceived an elevated spot, which I ascended. It was covered with ancient oak and ash, coeval with time, spreading their immense arms, and forming a deep and cool shade.
Sliabh Luachra Pub, Ballydesmond, wall article confirms deforestation happened in 1830s with arrival of "kingWilliamstown" 1832, the very year my family left.

1832 My Great Great Great Grandfather Donnchadh Ó Caoimh (Dennis Kiff in

immigration records) leaves Cork and settles on Haudenosaunee lands. This is the year of a national cholera epidemic, the one that inspired the writing of Dracula.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT (CHANGE OF NAME OF TOWNLAND) ORDER, 1951. The Government, in exercise of the powers conferred on them by section 77 of the Local Government Act, 1946 (No. 24 of 1946), hereby order as follows :— 1. This Order may be cited as the Local Government (Change of Name of Townland) Order, 1951. 2. The name of the townland specified in the Schedule to this Order is hereby changed to Ballydesmond. SCHEDULE. The townland named kingwilliamstown in the district electoral division of Williamstown in the administrative county of Cork. GIVEN under the Official Seal of the Government, this 11th day of May, 1951.

Sliabh Luachra By Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra is, you know, such a vast area, but in a way undefined also. And it has produced some of Ireland's greatest poets, especially Aoghán Ó Rathaille and Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin. It has also been the birthplace of An tAthair Ó Dinneen, Patrick Dinneen, who is responsible for our great Dictionary, and also the birthplace of Tomás Ó Rathaille, the Superior General of the Presentation Brothers from 1905-1925, and indeed to other interesting literary people which I will mention later. I was reading something recently where somebody said, you know, described being asked, "Where exactly is Sliabh Luachra?" And the answer was, he said to himself, "You know, I don't think Sliabh Luachra has ever been exactly defined, because it's such a broad and extensive area." Con Houlihan, whom Pat mentioned, the great journalist and writer and critic, when he was asked about Sliabh Luachra, he said, "I think it's a state of mind." And in a way, isn't that a wonderful description of an area which has given birth to so much, and that the state of mind which must have permeated the area here over the centuries is obviously hugely significant. Sliabh Luachra was first noted in the Annals of Inishfallen in 534, and that stated the Rí of Luachar won a battle against Tuathail Mac Garbh. And it comes to that again in 741 with the death of Cuaine, the Abbot of Ferna, son of Cormac, Rí of Luachra.

Throughout the years, and for many centuries, Sliabh Luachra was an area of very poor land, and indeed it was only after Gearóid Iarla, the Fifteenth Earl of Desmond, died, and even before that, you know, that the land was so bad that it wasn't populated at all. And then, after the death of Gearóid Iarla, with the coming of the plantation of Leinster, and then terribly so after the defeat at Limerick, at the Treaty of Limerick, so much hope was

gone from the people of Ireland, they no longer had even Bonnie Prince Charlie to look to any more, and the English crowded in on the area around Sliabh Luachra, not Sliabh Luachra itself, but they found that it was very difficult to persuade landlords to settle anywhere called Sliabh Luachra, which means the Mountain of Rushes, very poor, very poor land. And then, in time, people from other areas moved in a little, because all of the Irish people were suffering so terribly in those years, because of the Penal Laws, that they had little to survive on and were growing more and more poor. But as well as that, they were being pushed out of any land they had, or might previously have had under the rule of the Irish chieftains, taoisigh, and so you find that people, like the O'Sullivans of Kenmare, then moved into the edges of Sliabh Luachra and began to settle there. Then as landlordism grew, more and more people, the Irish people, who were poor, who were struggling, who were deprived, moved into the area, and of course it was a very lucky thing in later times. I thought I'd mention two other things to do with the history of Sliabh Luachra, as a background to what we're speaking about, because I found them interesting and relevant. There was a report called the James Weale Report, and this came about because the British were so worried about all of the dealings, and underhand things, and threat that was emanating to the British system, from the heart of Sliabh Luachra over the years. And so he made a survey, and actually reported on it in the House of Commons in London. What's important about it is that it was the first time, as a result of his recommendations, and indeed as the result of the recommendations of Nemo, the man who was responsible for so many piers and roads throughout

the country, in Galway for example, but that for the first time roads were built. And up to then horses carried the butter, as we all know, on the Butter Road from Sliabh Luachra to Cork, and in 1830, I read, that Cork city was the largest butter market in the world in that year. Anyhow, to come closer to where we are now, arising out of that Report and the development of the area, the Weale Report also recommended the erection of a town in Sliabh Luachra, and the town that was created, or the village, was the village of kingwilliamstown, which today we know as Ballydesmond."

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from [difficult] times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. And, you know, there are

people composing nowadays, and they want is rhyme and to fill in. But that wasn't so in the old days: you were driven to poetry - driven to saying something. It was like crying your eyes out over something: you put it into words and you got relief after composing something that you were satisfied with. — Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh

Sliabh Luachra Lectures. Ballydesmond, Sliabh Luachra, Ireland Friday August 1, 2014, Lecture 3, Speaker: Bertha McCullagh, The Poetry of Sliabh Luachra.

Peter Berresford Ellis [Occupied] Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Irish Democrat. When I first published my History of the Irish Working Class, in 1972, I wrote in the preface that I was conscious of many aspects of working-class history that deserved to be dealt with in more detail. Indeed, many aspects at that time were largely unexplored territories. In the last thirty years, some of the avenues of research that I mentioned have now been studied and written about. Among them I felt that the militant agrarian organisations of the 17th to 19th Centuries should be investigated. Movements like the 'Whiteboys', the 'Ribbonmen', and the followers of 'Captain Steel' or 'Captain Right' and so on. In the south-west of [Occupied] Ireland during 1821-1824 there arose a movement, whose leader was a mysterious 'Captain Rock'.... ...In December, 1821, magistrates in Duhallow discovered an oath. The administration soon found evidence of a widespread organisation with co-ordinated groups through the southern counties. By early 1822, the mountains of west Muskerry had become the central guerrilla base. The insurrection occurred on January 24, 1822. The first major engagement between the Rockites and companies of Yeomanry troops, commanded by Lord Bantry, took place when Bantry, led his troops to the Pass of Keimaneigh. He was ambushed and several of his men were killed before he could retreat. That same day Lt. Colonel Mitchell, commanding the garrison at Macroom, reported that hundreds of men armed mainly with pikes had surrounded the town, attacked and stopped the mail-coach from Cork City. The Rockites fought with "presumption and boldness although so badly armed". Colonel James Barry, commanding the garrison at Millstreet, reported that upwards of 5,000 'rebels' had
surrounded the town and many houses of loyalists between Inchigeelagh and Macroom were destroyed. The local Millstreet magistrate, E McCarty, added: "The people are all risen with what arms they possess and crown all the heights close to the town ..." Cork City and Tralee were cut off for two days before troops fought their way through. Reports of battles between the insurgents and troops were growing. Colonel Mitchell

reported that he engaged some 2,000 insurgents at Deshure, between Macroom and Dunmanway. His men killed six, wounded many and took 30 prisoner for the loss of 'a few' of his own men. Soldiers were among the casualties although the government reports make light of them and claim high figures for the insurgents. At Kanturk, Captain Stephenson reported his men had attacked a thousand insurgents, killed forty of them for one soldier slain. It would seem that during this January, according to the local newspapers and military reports, many thousands of people from Limerick, Kerry, Cork and Tipperary were being mobilised by express orders to report to certain rallying points at certain times. This shows an organisation at a time when we are told that the United Irishmen organisation had ceased to exist and agrarian unrest was confined to small groups of 'disturbers' from isolated communities rising without co-ordination against local landlords.
https://archive.irishdemocrat.co.uk/features/rockite-rebellion/

"A dhuine uasal úd síos laochra Ó Caoimh fíll orm airís ó bráthair na "Raparee" do chuaidh go Aughrin cun seasamh do'n cirt Ui Chaoimh.

The Execution of James Cotter

"As cold as Cotter" is heard daily in this district yet. James Cotter was executed by Colonel Cronin for complicity in Captain Rock's Rebellion. The gallows were erected at Shinnagh Cross in 1822 A.D. He was offered his freedom if he turned "Informer." Cotter refused saying No I'll never put a child crying for his father or no woman for her husband. Nobody will cry for me but my mother and she'll soon follow. You can make "frost nails" of my bones if you have the power but you have no control over my soul. Some weeks after this execution two bullocks strayed from Colonel Cronin's land at Sinnagh Rái-Mór. A "paid" informer swore he saw two Healy brothers from Barradur 6 miles east of Killarney and half way between it and Rathmore. They proved that they were at Killarney market selling potatoes but their proof of innocence was ignored and they were both hanged near Barradur.
A few days after the execution the bullocks were found drowned in a bog-hole at Clounts. When the Healy's mother was assured of the innocence she went on her knees in Colonel Cronin's presence and said "You'll die by your neck too but not by a rope but a far more agonising torture" Some time after he developed a growth in the throat. This caused him to be unable to take food or drink so he died of hunger and thirst. For many

years after the death of Colonel Cronin Rathmore road was haunted and travelling after dark was often accompanied by fright after fright from something supernatural.
On one occassion a man travelling with a horse and cart. Just at the Mill Cross a greyhound jumped from inside the fence and licked the spoke of one wheel. The horse stood as if rooted to the road and the man had to take refuge in a neighbouring house until morning.
Again two men returning from illarney were started by the roaring of a bull at the priest's gate just beside Shnnagh Cross. They continued on their way the bull coming along with them inside the fence. Suddenly the animal jumped clear over the fence and on to the road, so the men were forced to turn back and remain in a farmer's house near by until the cock crew.
After Cronin's death four men were appointed caretakers of his lands. The first night they sat up and kept vigil all in one room. Suddenly the light was put out. In the darkness the four men were gripped by some supernatural force, were raised to the ceiling and dashed against the hard floor. This was repeated several times. The bodies of three of them bruised and battered were found in the morning while the fourth was unconcious. He recovered and told the tale.
When the "invisible" gripped him for the third time (the others were now dead) his dead wife appeared in the room clothed in white and immediately she threw out her hands he felt the grip on his arms relax but his became unconcious.
Rathmore road was haunted until the arrival of the Cistercian monks from France. They were credited with banishing evil spirits from Rathmore House (where Colonel Cronin lived) and district.
John O' Leary, Knocknagree, Co. Cork duchas.ie

You true sons of Erin, come now raise your voice,
The day is our own we have cause to rejoice,
For the "Sassanagh tyrants will soon have a fall.
And peelers and proctors must go to the wall
And its down with knavery
And Saxons , and slavery
Hurra, for the whitefeet and bold Captain Rock.
From Song by John Keegan, duchas.ie

Caol Art O'Caoimh. Do bhí muinntir O Chaoimh ag rialiu na h-áite seo uair. I n-aimsear Cromail do cuireadh ar a dtaltaí iad agus dubhradar leo "dul go ifrinn no go Connacht." Do bhí Art pósta agus do chuaidh a bhean agus a chlann go Connacht, ach d'fhan é féin ins na sléibte, agus bhíodh sé ag robáil ós na Sasanaigh. Do bhí capall aige, agus nuair a bhí na Sasanaigh ag dul ó gCorcaig go Mág-Ealla, do chuireadh sé (Art) stop leo, ach do bhí ortha gach a raibh acu do thabáirt dó. Tar-éis tamaill fada do gortuigheadh é, agus nuair a bhí sé ag fágháil bháis, do tháinig an sagart cuige agus dubhairt sé leis, airaí a dheanamh. Dubhairt Art nach n-déanfadh sé é, mar níor dhein sé aon rud ar as an slighe, agus nár goid sé aon rud ó aoinne ach ós na daoine do ghoid uaidh. Dubhairt an sagart leis, go raghadh sé go h-ifrinn. Do gheall Art de'n sagairt go dtiocfadh sé thar n-ais arís tar-éis a bháis cun innsint do, cá raibh sé. Tar-éis tamaill do bhí an sagairt ag teact abhaile oidhche. Do chonnaic sé (an sagairt) fear agus é ag marchaidheacht capall agus bhí fhios aige, gur ab'é Art a bhí ann. Dubhairt Art leis go raibh sé i bhflatis Dé. Do bhí ionghnad ar an t-sagart, mar do cheap sé go raghadh Art go Ifrinn.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921861/4896939

"Recollections of the life of John O'Keeffe : written by himself (1826) by John O'Keefe (1747-1833) When I was first in London, I was eager to bring all my young companions to see the monument of Arthur O'Keeffe, and his wife, Isabella. Near the foot of the steps, in the cloisters on the right hand, there it is up against the wall; most of my friends, whose names were not so old as mine, by some centuries, affected to laugh at my youthful, ancient piece of vanity ; and one day, bringing M. Bartlett, among others, to admire it, he quoted to me the well-known retort of — " I do not know any one who is not of an ancient family." His taking the fancy to call me Jack Keeffe, set me to versifying, and I wrote the following, to the old song of " Do you want a coat, or a vest, young man ?"

You say not mine the letter O, Though to my name I add it Where Shannon glides, and shamrocks grow, My ancestors all had it. Biography is apt to err Why credit such narration ? Historic truths if you prefer, Accept true information. As many had St. Patrick knows, Of land, lost snug possessions. The Irish wisely dropp'd their O 's. That mark'd them old Milesians. To Spain went some, and some to France, To Germany went others. In honours rapid their advance Received they were as brothers

The dormant O, abroad they mount As sure recommendation ; It proves them men of some account, To every foreign nation. In England some their fortunes seek. But find it [difficult] to find her, With tear-fraught eye and sunken cheek Full far they lag behind her.

Here some are huff'd at great men's doors, By porters and by pages, And some are nabb'd for milkmen's scores. And some write plays for stages. Some in the Park, from tree to tree. Parade in thread-bare habits. And some teach babes their ABC, And some in streets cry rabbits. And some for wit are much admired. Whilst others starve in learning. And some by trade have wealth acquired. Some not a sixpence earning. Like poneys harnessed to a chair. Fat gentlemen some carry. And some are favourites of the fair. And thus rich widows marry.

And some make hay, and some write jokes, And some taste wine for princes. And some on hustings make a hoax, [husting is a place for political speeches] Which English mob convinces. Yet Bryen, Leary, Kelly, Toole, Keeffe, Callaghan, Byrne, Connor ; As party feuds began to cool. Soon reassum'd this honour. To ancient names their O 's return. Their right admits no query, O'Keefe, O'Bryen, and O'Byme, O'Kelly, and O'Leary

Of my poor O, I'm full as proud As Knights of Stars and banners ; Pray grant it me, as you 're endowed With kindness, sense, and manners."

MY LAMENTATION John O'Keeffe Copied from the original in his own hand-writing. Tune — " Erin go Bra!" INTRODUCTION by Adelaide O'Keeffe. This song was one of the author's greatest favourites ; he often sung it, accompanied on the piano by the Editor ; his voice having lost but little of its former sweetness, rich harmony, and pathetic expression. At the conclusion he generally, after a short pause, burst into the joyous carol of " Patrick's Day in the Morning !" — the latter tune being the invariable signal of retiring from his sofa in the drawing-room, to his bed in the chamber, which was separated only by a narrow landing — he would, when in good spirits, remark, " As it is Patrick's Day in the Morning, hey for my nightcap !" And shall I ne'er again behold thee, My infant joy, thou much-loved Isle?

Ah, no ! thy faithless sons have sold thee, For ever lost is freedom's smile ! That smile wherein thy shamrock sported, Thy smile which lingering sunbeams courted. Where nature's every grace resorted, To sing so sweetly, Erin go Bra ! Of Albion fogs so dense and dreary, Of strife, cabal, and gloomy place, Of wars and cursed gain I'm weary, I long to see sweet Erin's face ; For carol blythe the Banshee wailing, At clouded moon the ban-dog, railing, And persecution fierce assailing Thy comforts, much-loved — Erin go bra !

A sister's faith she placed her wish on, In whom can Erin now confide ? Content take place of vain ambition, And scorn to ask, so oft denied, Thy guardian genius to thee speaking, Says " Guilty honors thou art seeking, Britannia's lance with slaughter's reeking." In peace sing thou sweet Erin go bra ! East, west, north, south, I've early viewed thee, Thy hill, thy dale, thy gem-spread strand ; But where Atlantic showers bedewed thee, More lovely seemed my native land. Thy locks with myrtle wreaths entwining, Thy cheek on Ocean's breast reclining, Thy harp and voice in strains combining, To play and sing sweet Erin go bra !

PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING. So, list to my verses, ye sons of loved Erin, Though over rough pebbles my numbers may roll ; My song for its subject at least is worth hearing, This shamrock my beaver adorning : Last morning was bright, yet I walked out in sorrow, And thought on the sod where the green myrtles grow, No leaf of its verdure to crown me to-morrow

The joyous occasion, The ruby libation By anticipation, No pleasure can show; Some [Duine Sí] befriend me ! A shamrock, O send me ! For Patrick's Day in the morning ! Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her ! While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores, And O may her sons by no act of dishonour Make nations look towards her in scorning. I erne had never or poison or vipers, From venom for ever blest influence guard, Her Harp gives this tune to her minstrels and pipers. Two rotten potatoes For Caesars or Catos, Of freedom who'd cheat us, By hum or reward ; Where'er we are hurled All around the round world, Sing, Patrick's Day in the Morning !

Let prejudice aim the sly shaft of detraction, Our own pretty conduct its slanders refute, An Irishman's word be the bond of his action, And pride of the Isle he was born in ! His

anger a flash that flies off in a twinkle, His love a pure flame that for ever must shine, The tears of compassion his glowing cheeks sprinkle, By Cupid's direction In joy or dejection, For love or protection, Dear woman, we're thine ; So, lads, fill your glasses, And toast your fine lasses, 'Tis Patrick's Day in the Morning !

A Tragic Troubadour. Life & Collected Works of Folklorist, Poet & Translator Edward Walsh 1805-1850. Rewritten by John J. O' Riordain, year 2005. http://okeeffeclans.com/danieltheoutlaw.html The story of Daniel O'Keefe, surnamed the outlaw, is involved in much obscurity. He was, it seems a follower of that O'Keefe, who, when driven by the Roches from [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], obtained large possessions in these western districts, and that having accidentally slain McDonough, the chieftain of Duhallow, he was forced to betake himself to these mountain fastnesses to shun the vengeance of McDonough's powerful clan. At length having associated with him a band of daring spirits, he gave proof of his Milesian hatred of the Saxon invader, in bold and desperate outrages on the possessions of the intruders on the native right of the Gael. His daring enterprises and extraordinary escapes from the frequent parties of soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and the protection he afforded the weak and defenceless, are yet the theme of many an Irish song. The outlaw himself was a polished scholar and poet; and fragments of his verses yet survive among the more aged dwellers of the glens. The Common mode of depredation practised by this freebooter was to carry off Creaghs whole herds of cattle from the enemy until a sufficient sum was sent for their release. The deep glens surrounding his retreat in the cliff, screened the booty, taken in his predatory excursions, from the closest search; but the cave of Gortmore, by the river Blackwater, about fourteen miles from Kiskeam, was his most usual place of resort, because its vicinity in Mallow, then the great thoroughfare between the north and south, and its immediate proximity to the lands of the stranger, rendered it an excellent centre of operation. Likewise, this retreat could afford full security against all attacks. On the side of a huge cliff that fearfully overhangs its base, gaped the opening of the cave; the river which has since receded from the rock, then rolled its wild waters along its base. From the water's edge a few rude steps cut in the limestone rock, led into the cave, but from every other side it was wholly inaccessible. The reader will form an idea of the importance of this retreat, as it could be approached only in a boat or by swimming; and the cave, as tradition relates, extends for many a mile beneath St.

Hillary's hills. Daniel the outlaw had a female companion to soften the horrors of this dark dwelling to share his life of depredation and danger – her name was Margaret Kelly. She is said to have been extremely beautiful, and Keefe loved her with a long and faithful affection; but temptation of a large reward offered for his head, induced her to betray him. It was she who generally procured him provisions from the neighbouring town of Mallow; and she always crossed the river in a boat which was kept concealed in the cave. She agreed one day with the commanding officer at Mallow, to betray O'Keefe into his hands. A few soldiers were to be stationed convenient to the landing place on the opposite bank, and when the outlaw, on the next occasion, had conveyed his perfidious messenger in the light skiff over the river in her way to town, the soldiers were to shoot him from their place of concealment on his return to the cave.

For this service she received an acknowledgement entitling her to the reward on the outlaw's death or apprehension. After concluding this horrid compact, she returned to the cave, when O'Keefe, in a moment of soft dalliance, gently put his hand into her bosom, and was horror stricken to find the parchment that confirmed to the beloved of his heart the price of his blood, and urged to madness at her detestable perfidy, he plunged his skein into her bosom, and she expired with a single groan. This celebrated freebooter was endued with great swiftness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops and was pursued for many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him as he reached the fearful cliffs that overhang the broad Blackwater. He bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank; his pursuers' durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat, exclaimed, in the Irish tongue- “How great is thy leap, O! Man of wonder,” and he quaintly replied- “It is trifling, compared with the length of the run”.

Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Millstreet, betrayed by his nurse-tender. O'Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, which he was confined and surrounded by armed men; he was wrapped in his blanket, laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were less watchful of their prisoner. Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down with the sword which lay close at his side during his illness which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment, and moment of their irresolution

and dismay he effected his escape. At length the hour that was to terminate the career of this extraordinary man approached. A person in whom he reposed great trust, unable to resist the rewards offered for his apprehension, invited O'Keeffe to partake of his hospitality, that he might betray his guest. This man communicated his intention to his wife, who used every means of persuasion to induce him to forego his base design, but in vain – and upon leaving home for the purpose of bringing a strong party to seize O'Keeffe.

He bound her on oath to conceal the treachery from the confiding outlaw. In the course of some time, O'Keefe finding himself thirsty, desired to drink and his hostess brought a draught of new-milk. Upon his expressing a wish to have the draught warmed, she pointedly said –"Ma's maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus TEITH". The ambiguity of these words which equally mean " to drink hot and cold" or"to drink and flee," excited his attention: he flung the bowl to the earth – drew his well-tried sword and rushed from the house – but the red coats had that moment arrived, and a well aimed bullet cut short his speed and his life.

O'Keeffe Families in Duhallow from okeeffeclans.com ....Among the O'Keeffe family heirlooms was a relic of the True Cross known as the Caoine or Memorial. The reliquary consisted of a small brass-bound wooden box containing the triangular relic. The Local parish priest, Father Fitzpatrick, took possession of this relic around 1856...

On a hill beside the river Blackwater, nine miles west of Mallow, stands the ruins of the Castle of Dromagh, erected by the O'Keeffes. It guards a pass over the river. It was near Dromagh that the last battle in Munster was fought in the war of 1641. Hugh O'Keeffe was then the owner, a firm adherent of Ormonde's and an opponent of the Nuncio's. For some reason he got the name of " Paschalis.' He was made a prisoner in some engagement by Moriertagh O'Brien, a supporter of the Nuncio's, and passed his word not to escape privately. One morning, rising up suddenly in bed, he said, Gentlemen, I give you notice that I'm off, and jumping out at the window, escaped, pretending that he had not broken his word, because he had given notice of his intention....
John Patrick Prendergast (1808–1893)

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann] of South Munster.

THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or “gentle”, who was the head of the illustrious sept of O’Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including the fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the [chief] of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity of the [chief] of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct. The Momonians returned home, full of joy after gaining a decisive victory and considerably extending their territory, on which occasion the [chief] raised the Druid to the dignity and title of Prince of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation]. The Druid had two very accomplished daughters, who were considered the greatest beauties of the age, and on whom nature and art showered their choicest gifts. They were mistresses

of the sciences, particularly the elder, Cliodhna or Cleena, who made such a progress in enchantment that she could transform creatures to any figure or form she pleased, so that in process of time she was entitled "the queen of the [Túatha Dé Danann]". The younger sister, her inseparable companion, was named "all beautiful," or Aoivil, as well as Cleena was "lovely."

> **The Departure of Cliodhna from Carrigcleena as remembered by Domhnall Mac Óda The last account of Cliodhna, as told by local residents around Carrigcleena, runs as follows: Situated about two miles north of Carrigcleena, and on the road to Mallow, is a cross-roads called Pindy's Cross, Pindy being a corruption of pente, Greek for five. There are five roads branching off at these cross-roads. It seems there was a smithy or forge at this spot long ago, no trace of which is to be found now. Cliodhna, mounted on a white horse, appeared before the forge and asked the smith to put a shoe on one of horse's legs. This the smith promptly did. When leaving Cliodhna is reported to have called the smith's attention to a clump of bracken that was quite green-looking and growing nearby. She said that she was leaving the place, but did not disclose where she was going, and gave the smith a sign whether she would return again or not. The sign was the green bracken. If, on the following day, the bracken was green as usual, she would return, but on the other hand, if the bracken was withered, then never again would she come back. The smith next day saw the bracken shrivelled up and withered, and Cliodhna has never been heard of since. "Bhí bean ag cuardach a dearbhrathar i bhfad ó bhaile."**
>
> **http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921885/4898842**

Tonn Chlíodhna From Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh Now along with Patrick was one that to Muiredach mac Finnachta Rí of Connacht was an óglaech attached to his person: Corc mac Dairine, son of the Rí of corca Dhuibhne or 'the barony of Corcaguiney' in Kerry, and he said: Caeilte, my soul, there is a question I would fain put to thee: why is a certain wave called tonn Chlíodhna or 'of Cleena,' and

another one tonn Téide or ‘of Téide’? Caeilte said then: “It was an óglaech of trust that Finn had: Ciabhán, son of Eochaid Red-weapon Rí of Ulidia in the north;

and he was so that, as the moon in her twelve provinces exceeds in brilliance all stars of heaven, even such was the measure in which for form and feature that young man outshone all Chiefs’ sons in the world. With him the Fianna grew to be discontented however, the cause of their discontent being this: among them was no woman, mated or unmated, that was not in love with him. Finn renounced him therefore; yet was he loath to have him go, only that for the greatness of their jealousy he feared the Fianna of all Ireland. Ciabhán went his way accordingly, and to trágh an chairn or ‘strand of the cairn’ (which now is called trágh na dtréinfher or ‘strand of the strong men’) in the province of Ulidia, between dún Sobhairce or ‘Dunseverick’ in Antrim and the sea. There he saw a high-prowed currach having a narrow stern of copper, and in it two young men that wore each one a robe wrapping him to his shoulders. Ciabhan salutes them and they return it: ‘whence are ye, youngsters?’ he asked them. Says one of them: ‘I am Lodan the Rí of India’s son, and yonder other is Eolus son of the Rí of Greece; the sea has drifted and the wind driven us, nor know we what land or what race of the world at large is that in and among which we are.’ ‘He that should fancy to sail the sea with you,’ said Ciabhán, ‘would ye give him a berth in the currach?’ ‘Wert thou all alone we would do so,; they answered. ‘Come now, Ciabhan,’ his culchies said, ‘is it Ireland thou hast a mind to leave?

Even she it is,’ he replied, ‘for in her I find neither shelter nor protection.’ Ciabhán stepped into the currach and bade farewell to his men, who were gloomy and discouraged: for to part from him they felt to be a divorcing of soul and body; then with the two young men in the boat he ratified amity and friendship. “Now rose at them white and bellowing waves, insomuch that each huge ocean billow of them equalled a mountain; and that the beautiful variegated salmon wont to hug bottom sand and shingle touched the currach;s very sides; in presence of which phenomena horror affected them, and fear and affright, Ciabhán saying: ‘by our word and verily, were it but on land we were we could whether on battle-field or in single combat make a good fight for ourselves.’

In this great extremity they continued until they saw bear down on them an óglaech

having under him a dark-grey horse reined with a golden bridle; for the space of nine waves he would be submerged in the sea, but would rise on the crest of the tenth, and that without his breast or chest wetted. He enquired of them: 'what fee would ye give him that should rescue you out of this great strait?' They made answer: 'is there in our hand the price that is demanded of us?' 'There is so,' said the warrior: 'that yourselves be by conditions of service and of fealty bound to him that should so succour you. They consented and struck their hands into the óglaech's. "

This done he drew them all three to him out of the currach on to the horse, abreast and alongside of which the boat on its beam ends swam till they came into port and took the beach in Tír tarrngaire or 'the land of promise.' There they dismounted and went on to loch luchra 'bright lake' ... and to Manannan's cathair or stone fort in which an end was just made of ordering a banquetting-hall before them. All four of them were served then: their horns, their cuachs, their cups were raised; comely darkeyebrowed gillas went round with smooth-polished horns; sweetstringed timpans were played by them, and most melodious dulcetchorded harps, until the whole house was flooded with music.

"Then there appeared a set of longsnouted spur-heeled lean-hammed carles, foxy and bald, full of ribald quips, that in Manannan;s mansion used to practise games and tricks, one of which was this: to take nine straight osier-rods and (the while they stood on one leg and had but one arm free) to dart them upward to rafter and to rooftree of the building, he that did this catching them again in the same form. The purpose for which they practised this was the putting to shame of such free-born scions of noble race as out of far foreign borders from time to time arrived there. On the present night therefore the performer, according as previously he was wont, executed his feat and, coming to Ciabhán then (for in form and gait, as in fame, he excelled all such as both of tuatha dé danann and of Milesius' sons were in the house of Manannan), put the nine rods into his hand.

Ciabhan stood up and before Manannan and all chiefs of the land of promise did the trick as though that had been his one and only study always. He handed the things to Eolus son of the Rí of Greece, who promptly and accurately achieved the matter, passed the implements to the Rí of India's son Lodan, and in like wise he too managed it. "Now in the land of promise Manannan possessed an arch-ollave that had three daughters: Clíodhna or 'Cleena,' Aeife and Edaein Fairhair, the tuatha dé danann's three treasures of

spinsterhood and chastity, whom in fact it was not to be feared that aught else but pernicious effects of continence would ever kill. Yet upon our three warriors these at the one instant cast their affections, and appointed to elope with them on the very next day. To meet said three the girls sought the landing-place, where the Rí of India's son Lodan and Eolus son of the Rí of Greece [with their damsels] got into one currach, Ciabhan son of Eochaid imdherg and Cleena entering another. From this point they sail away to trágh Théite or 'Teite's strand' in the south of Ireland ...it was Ragamain's daughter Teite bhrec or 'the freckled,' that with thrice fifty young women resorted thither for 'a wave-game' [i.e. surf-riding], and they all were drowned; whence trágh Théite.

"As regards Eochaid imdherg's son Ciabhan, he landed upon this shore and went off to hunt in the adjacent country; but the outer swell rolled in on Cleena, whereby she was drowned there, and from her it is called Tonn Chlíodhna or 'Cleena's Wave' [in cuan dó —r or 'Glandore harbour']. Now came after her Manannan's own special household: Ildathach and his two sons, who also were enamoured of the girl, and on the same beach were drowned." As Caeilte said: 'Cleena Fair-head'—a lasting calamity it is—upon the shore her death took place; a cause sufficing for her mother too to die was the event from which the old name is derived. When they of the promised land once had a general convention made, Eochaid Imdherg's son Ciabhan it was that by contrivance carried off his wife. Across the wide ship carrying sea Ciabhan with the curly mane abducted yonder distant gathering's queen, whose name was Cleena. Afloat he left her there, and went upon a careless enterprise: in quest of game—a seemly employment 'twas—Ciabhan passed in under the forest's tangled tresses. He being gone the wave came into Ciabhan it was no propitious incident; a disaster at which we felt grief and displeasure was the fair-headed Cleena's drowning, Tonn Chlíodhna, such was the name the spot had borne until that billow drowned the woman to whom 'Cleena' was cognomen. On this shore to the north ye have lecht Téite or 'Teite's grave' [where she was laid], surrounded by a numerous company; upon the southern side lecht Clíodhna, 'Cleena's tomb,' lying close up against the sídh of dorn buidhe or 'the yellow fist.' Dornbuie's locks are drenched with the rollers of that mighty deluge; but many a one though there be there, yet Cleena is she whom they drown. Across the salt sea fifty ships in number Manannan's own especial household come—that was not an uncomely assemblage—and are drowned all in Cleena's Wave.

Ildathach and his two sons—the three are drowned upon their wooing expedition; alas for them that trusted in the ship which found no mercy from the Wave of Cleena. “Then Ciabhan casmhongach came to us at the druim or ‘ridge’ of Asal mac ú-Móir; in which same night died Eochaid imdherg Rí of Ulidia, and Finn invested Ciabhan with that Ríocht’s rule after his father. This then, Corc mac Daire, is the narration thou soughtest of me,” ended Caeilte.

Frank Herbert(mother was Eileen Ní Chárthaígh)in his book The White Plague “And finally I tell the Irish to remember the Banshee of Dalcais Aibell, the Banshee warning Brian Boru that he would die at Clontarf. Listen for the Banshee, Ireland, for I will have my revenge upon all of you. No more can you evade personal responsibility for what you did to me and mine. I am the ultimate gombeen man come to make you pay -- not just during the [difficult] months but forevermore.”

Clíodhna foretold, that because of the way she was treated by mortals, a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster. Bard Mythologies

Writing in 1849 to a friend, O'Donovan says: “ When my grandfather died in Leinster in 1798, Cleena came all the way from Ton Cleena to lament him; but she has not been heard ever since lamenting any of our race, though I believe she still weeps in the mountains of Drumaleaque in her own country, where so many of the race of Eoghan Mor are dying of starvation.”

The great Irish leader Michael Collins was called Dracon Chlíodhna. Stories were told of Clíodhna in the Rosscarbery school he attended, and they took Sunday trips to Clíodhna's rock.

Here, according to Michael's friend Piaras Béaslaí:
“ Michael heard many a wonderful tale of Clíodhna's enchantments, of wrecks and perils, and drownings and treasure trove. ”
wikipedia

[CHAP. XXX] VARIOUS SOCIAL CUSTOMS 525] The three Tonns or Waves of Erin

are much celebrated in Irish romantic literature. They were Tonn [Chliodhna] in Glandore harbour in Cork ; Tonn Tuaithe outside the mouth of the Bann in Derry ; and Tonn Rudraidhe in Dundrum Bay off the County Down. In stormy weather, when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea at these places, as it tumbles over the sandbanks, or among the caves and fissures of the rocks, utters an unusually loud and solemn roar, which excited the imagination of our ancestors. They believed that these sounds had a supernatural origin, that they gave warning of the deadly danger, or foreboded the approaching death, of [chiefs] or ...chieftains, or bewailed ... a great chief's death. Sometimes when a [chief] was sore pressed in battle and in deadly peril, the Three Waves roared in response to the moan of his shield ...

AN CAT BÁN Tharla, oíche amháin, go raibh ceathrar fhear imithe go Leaba Chaillí....agus iad ag lorg óir. Bhí an ghealach go hard sa spéir is iad ar an mbealach abhaile agus cheap siad nach rud aon rud le deanamh acu ach an t-ór a bhaint amach. Stad siad ag an uaimh agus bhí braoinín acu... ionas, tá a fhios agat, go mbeadh misneacht acu agus job mar sin ar siul acu. Bhuel mar a deir an sean fhocal "Tús maith leath ne hoibre" so thosaigh na fir ag tochailt. Bhí siad ag tochailt is ag tiochailt is ag tiochailt agus deamhain ar bith le fail acu. Sa deireadh thiar, stop duine amháin acu. "Is doigh liom, " a deir sé, "go bhfuil sé in am dúinn dul abhaile." Bhuel níl raibh na focail ráite aige nuair a léim sé amach..... cat mór ait...súile feargacha ag faire orthu go gear, agus eireaball fada ag síneadh amach agus é faoi thine. Bhuel lig na lads scread astu.. a leithéid nach raibh le cloisteáil le fada an lá. Chas siad díreach ar a ruitíní agus thosaigh siad ag rith chomh tapaidh agus ab fhéidir leo. Níor stop siad gur shroich siad an abhainn. Leim siad isteach agus is oth liom a rá gur bháidh duine amháin. Níl orm le rá nach raibh teaspaí ar éinne eile dul ag lorg óir i Leaba Chaillí as sin amach.14 Chonaic mé cheana thú, arsa an cat leis an mbainne te.
Heather Smith, Munster

CCC vs CGG

The name of Dal Cais (i. e. the race of Cas) is usually derived from Cormac Cas, the son of Ailill Olom. Dr. Todd, on the other hand, thinks that the name is derived from Cas mac Tail, grandson of Lugaid Menn, King of Thomond.)
Alexander Bugge's Notes on Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil (1904) the victorious career of Cellachan of Cashel, or, The Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the 10th century, Norske historiske kildeskriftfond

"Until 1111 the church was organised on the basis of great federations of Monasteries governed by Abbotts. While there were Bishops, their roll was restricted, and they played little or no part in the government of the church. At Rathbreasail this was changed. The power of the [Irish] Abbots was greatly reduced. [Irish] Monks were ordered back into their cloisters and the extent of their activities were curtailed. [Roman] Dioceses were established and [Roman] Bishops appointed, and authority within the church was transferred to the [Roman planted] Bishops. The process of establishing a secular parish clergy to look after the ordinary spiritual needs of the faithful [is that what they call it?] was begun."
http://okeeffeclans.com/rathbreasail.html

A History of the Clan Eoghan or Eoghanachts, descendants of Eoghan More or Eugene the Great Compiled from all the accessible sources of Irish Family History BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence (by post two-pence extra) 102. Ceallachan Chaisil, born A. D. 886. In the second quarter of the 10th century this distinguished prince defeated the Danes in the sanguinary battle fought at 'Knock-Saingal, now Singland, in the county of Limerick, where with a single stroke of his battle-axe he cleft the skull of Aulaf, the Danish general, through his heavy brass helmet. He was taken prisoner soon afterwards near Dublin, with Dunchuan, son of Kennedy, by Sitric, king of the Danes of that city, who had him conveyed under a strong escort to Armagh, where he was kept in close confinement. When the news of the capture and detention of Callaghan reached Munster, Kennedy, son of Lorcan, and father of Brian BorU, raised a powerful army of

the Eugenians for the purpose of rescuing the distinguished prisoners, and thisdivision of the Munster forces he committed to the conduct of Donogh [another version says he was unanimously chosen, but this is the dividing line of Native sovereignty vs. Feudalism], son of Caomh, or Keeffe, prince of [Fir Maige Féne First Nation], whom he thus addresses :— " Fight well your battles with Munster's warlike forces Who shall banish the sons of Loghlin beyond the wave, Level their stone fortresses, bring back the son of Buadhachan, .Humble the sons of Lochlain, and despise their threats," Kennedy now returned into Thomond and raised an army of the Dalcassians to the number 2,000 men, half of which he committed to the care of his own three brothers, Cosgrach, Lonargan, andCongallaeh, whom he addresses thus :— " Go, my renowned brothers. and command This warlike tribe; your names shall not be lost, But the brave Cosgraeh, and the stout Lonargan, And Congallach invincible in war, Shall stand immortal in the lists of fame." Over the remaining one thousand he appointed, as general, Sioda, a prince of Clan-Choilean, and Deagha, son of Daniel, a chief of Corca-Bascin, in Clare. To the support of these came the Gailengais, under the conduct of Hugh, son of Dualga ; the Luighnii, or Leyneys, under Dermod, son of Finachty; and the Dealbhnas, or Delvins, under Donogh, son of Muldoona....

Muirchertach Ó Brien gave Cashel to Norman-controlled Rome in 1101. He also wrote his own version of history, which historians use to this day. He also sacked Ailleach in 1101, and brought in Norman Roman Synods to finish the destruction of the Aboriginal Irish Catholic Church.

> The entire Province of Munster was under the control of the O'Brien (Ua Briain) clan under the leadership of Toirrdelbach Ua Briain and his son Muirchertach from 1072-1114. Their capital was located in Limerick. In a bid to secure the High Ríocht of Ireland for the clan, Muirchertach encouraged ecclesiastical reform in 1111 with the creation of territorial [Roman Catholic] dioceses over the entire island. They had support for their bid from several foreign connections including the Norwegian [Rí] Magnus Bareleg and the Anglo-Norman baron Arnulf de Montgomery, who were both united to the clan through marriage in 1102. Their claim to the High Ríocht was countered by the O'Neill (Uí Néill) clan in Ulster under the leadership of Domnall MacLochlainn of Ailech." wikipedia

Well, when we look at the First Synod of Cashel in 1101, we see that Muirchertach sold the sovereignty of Munster, the seat at Cashel, to the Roman Catholic Church.: "In the year 1101, a synod was convened at Cashel by Muirchertach Ua Briain in his capacity as [Rí] of Ireland. Although many people are reported as attending, both cleric and lay, the only names we have, apart from that of Ua Briain, are his brother Diarmait and bishop Mael-Muire Ua Dunain. According to one source, Ua Dunain presided over the synod as papal legate... ...This synod is seen as a reforming synod by virtue of the decrees it passed by those who interpret them as reforming decrees. However, there is another event that occurred at the synod, by virtue of which it is perhaps more entitled to carry that title. And it is this event in particular that the annalists picked out for mention, referring to it as unprecedented in Irish history: the grant of Cashel, the ancestral seat of the Chiefs of Munster, by Muirchertach Ua Briain, as a gift to the Irish [meaning Roman Catholic] church forever. The significance of this became clear ten years later when Cashel was chosen at the synod of Raith Bressail as the metropolitan see for the southern province in the new church structure planned there [the new church structure being the Roman Diocesan Catholic Church structure instead of the Celtic Monasteries]."

http://what-when-how.com/medieval-ireland/cashel-synod-of-i-1101-medieval-ireland/

In Munster the power of the Eoganacht Locha Lein (Killarney), the powerful overlords of west Munster, declined, and there was a corresponding rise in the strength of the Ciaraige Luachra (Kerry)(O'Corrain). The Ui Fidgente in present County Limerick remained strong in this century but went into decline after 900 allowing the Norse to establish themselves in the next century. After 820 the nominal overlordship of Munster was held almost exclusively by the Eoghanacht of Cashel. ...[T]his overlordship was given to an abbot or bishop on more than one occasion... — The True Origins of Irish Society By Desmond Keenan p.362

monasticon hibernicum

Gleanchaoin.[8] This valley is in Hy Luigdheach in Munster, at the bounds of the see of Killaloe. St. Patrick built an abbey here.[p]

This place is now unknown.

Papers," R.I.A.

[8] Gleanchaoin, now Glanquin, in the parish of Killenaboy, and barony of Inchiquin, a small distance to the north-east of the town of Corofin. The place is pointed out on the "Ordnance Map of the County of Clare," sheet 10.

[9] Glancholuimchille, or Gleann-Choluim-Chille, i.e. *Vallis Columbae, Gillae*

Munster tell us, that Morogh O'Brien burnt the abbey of Kilfenora,[18] and slew many people therein, A.D. 1055.

Killaloe;[e] the seat of a bishop, and situated on the western banks of the river Shannon, near the noted cataract. St. Molualobhair, the grandson of Eocha Bailldearg, King of North Munster, founded an abbey here about the beginning of the 6th century.[f] He was succeeded by his disciple St. Flannan, who about the year 639 was consecrated bishop of the place; from this time we hear no more of it as an

The Rock of Cashel could not really be given away, as its sovereignty was invested by St. Patrick himself to the Eóghannachta tribes, something we will demonstrate is why many discrepancies exist in the various Irish manuscripts thanks to the same Ó Briens.

The Uí Chaoimh have our own manuscript collection to compare to all other sources called the Book of Lismore, which most correctly call An Leabhar McCarthy Riabhach, which is more even correctly called An Leabhar Eóghannachta. The same Ó Briens changed our Gaelic naming conventions, it seems to better align with European Feudalism or Supremacy as it is known today.

> **Raiding Inis Cathaigh**
> **Clare Library**
>
> **The Vikings first raided Scattery in 816 killing many monks. They returned on another raid in 835. By 954 the Vikings (or Danes) of Limerick had established a community of their own on the island which lived in peaceful co-existence with the monastic one. In 974 the [Rí]-chieftain Magnus, son of Harold, plundered Scattery and captured Imar, one of the Vikings who had settled on Scattery after being driven out of Limerick in 968. Imar must have ransomed himself, or escaped, because he and his two sons were killed the following year, 975, when Brian Boru crossed from Thomond and slaughtered 600 to 800 people here. A Clonmacnoise chronicler claimed that Brian had violated the holy island by this raid and Brian himself may not have been too fussy over whether it was Viking of monastic plunder that filled his treasure chests....**
>
> **from Inhabitants of Scattery Island, Shannon Estuary, Co. Clare by Senan Scanlan, from Clare Library**
>
> **About the year 540 AD Saint Senan had established a religious house on Scattery and he died in 544 and is buried on the island, his feast day is usually observed on the 8th March. Senan's successor was Saint Odran who was well established by 580 AD. Saint Aedhan was also a Bishop and he died in 651. Olchabhar, Head of the Abbey of Iniscathy, died in 792 AD. The Danes raided the island in 816 and again in 835 AD and destroyed the monastery and killed the monks.**

In 861 the abbot Aidan died and in 950 the Danes made the island a stronghold. In 974 the island was plundered by Maghnus and in 977 Brian Ború arrived and slew about 800 of the foreigners.

In 994 Abbot Colla died, in 1050 Úi Schula Head of the Abbey died and in 1119 Dermot O'Leanain Coarb of St Senan died. In 1176 the Danes of Limerick plundered the Abbey and in 1179 William Hoel an English knight wasted the island.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGSBY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY BY ERIONNACH. 1860 Ó Daly Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my le.rned well- reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be [difficult] to grant. 11. Much as Mac Liag * of Luimneach got — half of what he got is not known — he did not merit from the fair ' Muimhneach band as great reward as I. 12. Seeking my reward I will pay a visit — with some importunity — to you, fair sons of Eibhear ! On no bootless visit shall I get it. 13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their kindred branches, who set no store on paltry love of treasures.'^ McDonogh,Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero. McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modest-visaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is preeminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...

These changes in the Investiture of the church and state before the Norman Invasion will eventually be exposed as the effects and machinations of the earlier viking wars and Holy Roman infiltrations. It was building for some time.

Rock of Cashel okeefeclan.org The Rock of Cashel has a rich and important history. Its history starts in the forth or fifth century when the Eoghanachta clan built a small defensive position on the site.

Saint Patrick visited the small stronghold and converted the clan leader.

Unfortunately the saint accidentally stabbed the Rí in the foot with his crosier. The Rí, thinking it was part of the initiation rite, bore the pain.

The Rock of Cashel stayed the seat of the Chiefs of Munster until the O'Brien tribe, under leadership of Brian Boru, conquered the fortress in the tenth century. After his victory Brian Boru was crowned Rí of Ireland, only to be killed in the Battle of Clontarf a few years later.

In order to prevent the Eoghanachta clan, by now the McCarthys, retaking the fortress it was handed over to the [Roman Catholic] Church by Rí Muircheartach O'Brien in 1101.

...Soon it became the seat of the [Roman Catholic] archbishop.... community was ransacked in 1647 by Cromwellian forces...

Nad Froích father of Aengus married Faochan, his mother, Princess of Pendragon lines, daughter of Rí of Britton, about the same time as the Romans legions were leaving Brittain, 415. It looks as if the Angles and Saxons were the groomed administrators of Roman Britton but may take more research to ascertain. Faochan is the Aboriginal British Princess, by all accounts. Goreu Heddychydd, gwir.

Gleeson at Queens university Belfast 2019 Gleeson writes....

> **In Gaelic Ireland, the nexus between authority, genealogy, landscape and place is fundamental to the exercise of power.**
>
> **'It will be Nad-Fraich's city; everyone's land will be Nad-Fraich's. He who possesses Cashel, he it is who speaks for all Munster [...] all Munster will be pledged to him'.**
>
> **The OKeeffes" writes Cronnelly are "Senior families" of the Eoganacts of the race of Hebrews and derive their name and decent from Camh (and) called Art Caemh or Art the handsome according to a a pedigree in the possession of the late Sir William Bethany which shows Art Og OKeefe**

1547-1610, to have been of the 23rd generation in descent from Finghen, 27th from Cairbre crom, and 31st descent from Nadfrach, the [Rí] of Munster.
Dernagree, Co. Cork duchas.ie

Beatha Naomh Páidraig Book Lismore
After that Naomh Páidraig went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chief]. And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Padraic is to-day.

And Oengus there believed in God and in Naomh Páidraig, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him.

There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster.
And then said Naomh Páidraig :
'If Munster-men outrage me
Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism,
They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land,
Their realm will be in disgrace.
From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders.
With my two hands have I blessed,
So that Munster will not be without good.

Now when Naomh Páidraig was blessing the head of Oengus, the spike of the crozier went through his foot. So, after the end of the benediction, Naomh Páidraig saw the wound in Oengus's foot. Said Naomh Páidraig: 'Why didnt you tell me?'

'Meseemed,' saith Oengus, 'that it was a rite of the faith.'

'Thou shalt have a reward for this,' saith Naomh Páidraig.
' From to-day to the Judgment thy successor shall not have a death by slaying, save one man only [Cenngecan was slain A.D. 897].

Patrick saith that his grace would abide in Cashel: 'Patrick's resurrection in Down, His primacy in Armagh, On the hillock of musical Cashel, He granted a third of his grace.'

Monastic schools in Ireland became centers of excellence for peoples from all over Europe. The historian Bede and an earlier English contemporary, Aldhelm, report that sizeable contingents of English students trained as missionaries in Ireland, specifically at Rath Melsigi, County Carlow, in Leinster. These English monks trained in Ireland in order to convert their pagan relatives on the continent. Several of them had successful ecclesiastical careers after their Irish training. Bede and Aldhelm, being clerics, emphasized religious training, but both confirm that secular subjects were also taught at Irish monastic schools. Study of the scriptures was paramount, but they both make it clear that students often traveled from site to site seeking out teachers who had specialized knowledge in secular subjects as well. During the early decades of the seventh century, many Anglo-Saxon nobles were educated at Irish monasteries in northern Britain, specifically at Iona. Bede said that the Irish willingly welcomed the English students, gave them food, and provided them with books and instruction, without seeking any payment. When these Irish-educated English nobles returned to England, they invited Irish missionaries ... to evangelize. For example, the Anglo-Saxon [Rí] Oswald invited the Irish bishop Aidan from Iona into his [Ríocht], and Aidan founded the monastery at Lindisfarne on the coast of Northumberland around 635. The English historian Bede shows that Irish missionary activity in northern England was more successful at converting the pagan English than that started by Rome in 597 from Canterbury in the south of England....https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_Christianity_in_Ireland

Historian of Limerick Maurice Lenihan

> **“in 901 In Cashel, County Tipperary so like right here were 5000 students and six hundred Conventual monks; the like number were in Lismore and Dunda-leathglass.”**

2.—AENGUS MAC NADHFRAICH

Was the first Christian King of Munster, having been

D

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baptized by St. Patrick before he reached the throne. He was killed at the battle of Cill-osnadha (now Kelleston), in the present County of Carlow, in 490— about seven years after the birth of St. Brendan.

1130 AD Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil Do you not think it a pity, A chaomha Donnchadh mac Caomh, that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity — without deceit — — And that the Norsemans. should carry off their cows?

> Alexander Bugge's Notes on Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil (1904) the victorious career of Cellachan of Cashel, or, The Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the 10th century, Norske historiske kildeskriftfond 5. Caisel, now Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, was once the capital of Munster, and the chief residence of its Chiefs. The word caiscl signifies a circular stone fort... The city of Cashel was at this time in the possession of the Norsemen. Glendamain is in the next chapter written Glenamain (gen. Glennamnach) which is probably the right form of the name. — Glennamhain is derived from abhainn abounding in rivers«, and signifies »the watery or marshy glen«. The place is now called Glanworth, and is situated in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork. I should think that in Munster there has also been another Glennamain. near Cashel, since our Place is called »Glennamain of Cashel «...

. Cennédig, son of Lorcan, was the head of the Dal Cais; to his race belonged the hereditary Ríocht of Thomond, in northern Munster (the County of Clare). Cennedig had three sons, Donnchuan who is also mentioned in our saga, Alathgamhain, [Rí] of Munster (murdered A. D. 976), and the famous Brian Borumha, who fell in the battle of Clontarf 1014...

Irish Nationality (1911): Alice Stopford Green

At the end, therefore, of two hundred years of war, the Irish emerged with their national life unbroken. Irish [realms] had lived on side by side with Danish [realms]; in spite of the strength of the Danish forces, the constant irruptions of new Danes, and the business capacity of these fighters and traffickers, it was the Irish who were steadily coming again to the top. Through all perils they had kept their old order. The high-Chiefs had ruled without a break, and, except in a few years of special calamity, had held the national assemblies of the country at Telltown, not far from Tara. The tribesmen of the sub-[realms], if their ancient place of assembly had been turned into a Danish fort, held their meeting in a hidden marsh or wood. Thus when Cashel was held by the Norsemen, the assembly met on a mound that rose in the marshy glen now called Glanworth. There Cellachan, the rightful heir, in the best of arms and dress, demanded that the nobles should remember justice, while his mother declared his title and recited a poem....

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Donnchadh Ó Corráin: Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil : History or Propaganda? [CCC Found in Castle Lismore 1814, buried treasure] -- The genealogies of Donnchad's family, the Uí Chaímh amd Eóganacht Glendamnach, are in a bad state of repair for the tenth

century. They disagree with the Annals... ...Donnchad is referred to variously in the text: Donnchad, mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, Donnchad mac Caeim, Donnchad Ua Eógain...ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, Donnchad mac Caeim meic Airt meic Cathail, Donnchad mac Caoimh ... mac Áirdrigh... ...The prominence of Donnchad in the saga of Cellachán must be ascribed to the desire to flatter the Uí Chaímh, his descendants, who were amongst the most prominent followers and supporters of Meic Carthaig in the early twelfth century. A verse excange between Cellachán and Donnchad. The first portion is devoted to establishing the kinrelationship between the two; in the second portion Cellachán urges Donnchad to unite with him against the Vikings and he recites the Tuarastal which he will grant him....

1161 AD Aedh Ua Caeimh Tiarna, Fir Maige Féne First Nation, Slain Ollamh Eógan Ó Donovan Annals of the [Chiefery] of Ireland Volume 2, 1856

Donnchadh Ó Corráin Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil: History or Propaganda?

"...The claim that the Éoganacht and Dál Cais had an equal alternate right to the Ríocht of Cashel is first put forward in the Dál Cais genealogical tracts "

It is strange that this election should take place at Glanworth, the homeland of the Éoganacht Glednamnach but this may be explained by the author's notion that the Vikings were in possession of Cashel(22,20). Further, when Cellachán and his troops arrive at Cashel (20) Donnchadh, [Rí] of Éoganacht Glendamnach, musters his forces to Cashel to oppose Cellachán....

...Cellachán addresses the troops and it is decided that they should attack Limerick. A message is sent to the Vikings of Limerick asking them either to abandon the city or hand over hostages. The Vikings decide to offer battle. Súilleabán harangues the troops and he urges them not to let Clann Cormaic Cais (i.e. Dál Cais) or Clann Eachach (i.e. Éoganacht Glendamnach, who were descended from Echu mac Óengusa) hear of any terms or weakness of their part.

...Donnchad mac Caím, who appears at Cashel to oppose Cellachán, is [Rí] of the Éoganacht Glendamnach and plays an important role in CCC. He is one of the candidates for the Ríocht of Munster that stands down in favour of Cellachán (5,7). Súilleabán, in his address to the troops before the attack on Limerick urges that Donnchad and Éoganacht Glendamnach should hear of no weakness on their part (9,10).

The genealogies of Donnchad's family, the Uí Chaímh amd Éoganacht Glendamnach, are in a bad state of repair for the tenth century. They disagree with the Annals lol and seem to be quite unreliable after the death of Artrí mac Cathail (821)...

.....Donnchad is referred to variously in the text: Donnchad, mac Caeimh Hi

Caeimh, Donnchad mac Caeim, Donnchad Ua Eogain, ua Oililla Oluim, ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, Donnchad mac Caeim meic Airt meic Cathail, Donnchad mac Caoimh ... mac Áirdrigh... ...What the twelfth-century author of CCC had before him was the early genealogy of Éoganacht Glendamnach ...to which he splices (as does the UM tradition) unhistorically Cáem, the eponym of the Uí Chaím, and probably the known Uí Chaím descent thereafter to form a highly syncopated pedigree.

And this period of ignorance corressponds to to the period stretching from the decline of Éoganacht Glendamnach after the fall of Ártri (821) to their emergence as the dynastic family Uí Chaím in the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries
[Annals of the Four Masters M1063.4 Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite, died.]

The prominence of Donnchad in the saga of Cellachán must be ascribed to the desire to flatter the Uí Chaímh, his descendants ...
...A verse excange between Cellachán and Donnchad. The first portion is devoted to establishing the kinrelationship between the two; in the second portion Cellachán urges Donnchad to unite with him against the Vikings and he recites the Tuarastal which he will grant him.... Donnchad becomes Cellachán's battle champion. They attack Cashel, defeat the occupying Vikings and spend the night there...

...The strategy is not simply a military plan : it is a genealogical schema. All the Éoganacht are placed together.; in the attack from the west the Dál Cais are grouped together with those peoples who claimed genealogical affiliation with them; then the attack from the north is carried by four groups who stand in exactly the same relationship to the Éoganacht in the genealogical scheme; the Déisi acting as militar y allies of the Éoganacht, attack from the south; and the reserves are peoples who claim no kin relationship whatever with the Éoganacht. And though it is evident that the author appreciates the advantages of a four-pronged attack, it is clear that he is an armchair strategist working from genealogical materials."

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. — Elizabeth A. Gray, 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: [Rí] and warrior, [hero] and man, in Studia Celtica XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44. As cited in Ríocht in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh.

Ríocht in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh Lug is the paragon of Ríocht: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture.

“The surest way to keep a secret is to make someone think they already know the answer.” — Frank Herbert, Heretics of Dune

"The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exhuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out."
Steve MacDonogh,Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle cited in Margaret Johnson, Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts

I'm being so candid with you that I must tell you about my unswerving honesty. — Bene Gesserit Protestation, Chapterhouse Dune, Frank Herbert

CATH MAIGE TUIRED Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray 33. Now Nuadu was being treated, and Dian Cecht put a silver hand on him which had the movement of any other hand. But his son Miach did not like that. He went to the hand and said "joint to joint of it, and sinew to sinew"; and he healed it in nine days and nights. The first three days he carried it against his side, and it became covered with skin. The second three days he carried it against his chest. The third three days he would cast white wisps of black

bulrushes after they had been blackened in a fire. 34. Dian Cecht did not like that cure. He hurled a sword at the crown of his son's head and cut his skin to the flesh. The young man healed it by means of his skill. He struck him again and cut his flesh until he reached the bone. The young man healed it by the same means. He struck the third blow and reached the membrane of his brain. The young man healed this too by the same means. Then he struck the fourth blow and cut out the brain, so that Miach died; and Dian Cecht said that no physician could heal him of that blow.

35. After that, Miach was buried by Dian Cecht, and three hundred and sixty-five herbs grew through the grave, corresponding to the number of his joints and sinews. Then Airmed spread her cloak and uprooted those herbs according to their properties. Dian Cecht came to her and mixed the herbs, so that no one knows their proper healing qualities unless the Holy Spirit taught them afterwards. And Dian Cecht said, "Though Miach no longer lives, Airmed shall remain." 36. At that time, Bres held the sovereignty as it had been granted to him. There was great murmuring against him among his maternal kinsmen the Tuatha De,

36. for their knives were not greased by him. However frequently they might come, their breaths did not smell of ale; and they did not see their poets nor their bards nor their satirists nor their harpers nor their pipers nor their horn-blowers nor their jugglers nor their fools entertaining them in the household. They did not go to contests of those pre-eminent in the arts, nor did they see their warriors proving their skill at arms before the [Rí], except for one man, Ogma the son of Lain. 37. This was the duty which he had, to bring firewood to the fortress. He would bring a bundle every day from the islands of Clew Bay. The sea would carry off two-thirds of his bundle because he was weak for lack of food. He used to bring back only one third, and he supplied the host from day to day. 38. But neither service nor payment from the tribes continued; and the treasures of the tribe were not being given by the act of the whole tribe. 39. On one occasion the poet came to the house of Bres seeking hospitality (that is, Coirpre son of Etain, the poet of the Tuatha De). he entered a narrow, black, dark little house;

and there was neither fire nor furniture nor bedding in it. Three small cakes were brought to him on a little dish--and they were dry. The next day he arose, and he was not thankful. As he went across the yard he said, "Without food quickly on a dish, Without cow's milk on which a calf grows, Without a man's habitation after darkness remains, Without paying a company of storytellers--let that be Bres's condition." "Bres's prosperity no longer exists," he said, and that was true. There was only blight on him from that hour; and that is the first satire that was made in Ireland.
37. http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/cmt/cmteng.htm

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh
The hero of the Túatha Dé Danann...who leads them to victory at Mag Tuired, is Lug ...Bres's reign stands in contrast to that of Lug. His relationship with the Túatha Dé Danann is a contractual one, and, as Dumézil (1943, 230–41) has seen, his failure to fulfill his obligations to his people signals the breakdown of the social contract: a [Rí] is obliged to show generosity to his subjects, and Bres declines to do so ...

" A vision I beheld last night, 'Twas a fair spell, 'Twas a power of strength when to me appeared The Ríocht of Erin
https://archive.org/stream/aislingemeiccong00meye#page/64/mode/2up/search/begins+the+fable

Irish Myths and Legends Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture The literature that survives from the early Irish period, in Irish and in Latin, is the product of an intellectual elite that included ecclesiastical scholars and learned poets (filid, singular fili). The filid were the most prestigious of the óes dána('[people] of art') in early Ireland: they were highly trained and their power largely resided in their role as purveyors of praise and blame.

Chris Thompson and Isolde Carmody of Story Archaeology explaining a bit: The filid, “poets”, of early Irish society were not poorly paid struggling artists: they were held in the highest esteem and a crucial part of culture. Indeed, the word fili, “poet”, more literally means “seer“, and the ollamh, “great poet, chief poet”, had comparable status with the [Rí] of the túath, “petty [Ríocht]”, and the bishop in Christian times.

Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu,Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152. In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [Chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht.

Tréde neimthigedar filid: immas forosna, teinm laeda, dichetal di chennaib. Three things that constitute a poet: Universal wisdom, poetic exegesis, improvisation. Uraicecht Becc

**Ni fili nád chomge comathar na scéla uile.
“One is no File who does not synchronise and harmonise all the tales and mutual wisdom.” Book of Leinster**

Imbas forosnai is the subject of an entry in Cormac's Glossary....it purports to give us a recipe of the means employed by the ancient Irish poets (filid) to obtain inspiration. In the second place, in an interesting colophon,(1) it claims to tell us something specific of Saint Patrick's attitude to the filid and to poetry...

...Imbas forosna, 'Manifestation that enlightens': (it) discovers what thing soever the poet likes and which he desires to reveal ...

...Dichetal do chennaib, extempore incantation ...

...Another example of a poem (dicetal) chanted through imbas forosnai occurs in the story of Finn and the Man in the Tree.(25) Here we are told

that when Finn finds his servant disguised in the tree he puts his thumb into his mouth, and when he takes it out again his imbas illumines him (fortnosna a imbus) and he chants the following rhetorics: 'Con fri lon leth cno contethain cotith indithraib Dercc Corra comol fri hich ni ba filliud fobaill a uball fin mblais cona fricarbaith mac ui co dedail Daigre.' Whereupon he ... declares his identity ...

...As a further example of imbas forosnai (here, immus forosnudh) we may refer to the following brief passage which is quoted in Tractate III. (no. 187) of the Metrical Tractates.' Fegaid uaib sair fothuiadinmuir muad milach adba ron rebach rán rogab lan linad.

...An example of the tenm laida (here, tedmleoda) is given in 'Tractate' III. immediately before the passage just cited relating to imbas forosnai. The passage is as follows: Amhairbthese mongthigi mhinchuile asalchide sinnchaidhe salachluim imarith galaidhe imcleacaire abrataire imarith galaidhe imcleacaire abrataire inbecuidhe ingataile incetaile rigataile nichetaile inlataile indleacaile apaidhe acaite anachlaim

...As an example of cetal do chennaib, reference may be made to the poem contained in the first of the 'Metrical Tractates' (No. 123), published by Thurneysen. Here it is actually cited as an example of cetal do chennaib; but the same poem is also quoted in the Leabhar na Gabhala, where it is attributed to the fili Amargin, and where it is said to have been recited by him when he first set foot on Irish soil. The poem is too long to quote here in full, and a few lines will suffice to give an idea of its form and content. - Amm goeth i muir Amm tonn trethain, Am fuaim mara Am dam setir . . . Coiche notglen clochar slebe? Cia seacht siecht sith gan eccla? Cis (sic) non dogar eassa uiscci? Cia ber a buar a tigh Teathra? . . . Cainte gaeth [A wise satirist.].

....In the account of Scathach's prophecies to CuChulainn,(34) which is found in LU.fo. 125b9, and which almost certainly comes from the Book of Druim Snechta and was written down as early as the eighth century,(35) we read: 'Asbert iarom Scathach friss iar sin ani arid bói diaforciund ocus

arcáchain dó tria imbas forosnai,'

...Turning next to the Finn Cycle, we find that in the story of Finn and the Man in the Tree,(40) which is believed to date from the late eighth or early ninth century,(41) the imbas forosnai is practised by Finn on two occasions. The story is given in the version of the Senchas Mór contained in H. 3. 18, where it is quoted as an example of the practice of imbas forosnai. According to this story, when the fian are on the brink of the Suir, Culdub comes out of a sid or 'elf-mound,' and steals their food three times in succession as it is being cooked. On the third occasion Finn ua Baiscne gives chase and catches up with him, and lays hold of him as he goes into the sid. At this point a woman seems to meet him as she is coming out of the sid, with a dripping vessel in her hand, having just distributed drink, and she jams the door against the sid! Finn squeezes his finger (mer) between the door of the sid and the post, and then sticks it into his mouth. When he takes it out again he begins to chant (dicetal). The imbas enlightens him (fortnosmen an imbas) and he recites a series of rhetorics.

Later in the same story, when he finds a man hiding in a tree, he and his followers fail to recognise him as his fugitive servant till 'Finn puts his thumb into his mouth'. When he takes it out again, his imbas illumines him and he chants an incantation and says: '(rhetorics follow, cf, p. 11 above). (Is de dobert Finn a hordain ina beolo. Addonich as eisib afrithisi fortnosna a imbus - dichan dichetal co n-eipert).

...A variant version of the story of the death of Culdub, dating, as is believed, from the ninth century(43), is also published and translated by Meyer with the title, 'How Finn obtained Knowledge, and the Slaying of Cul Dub.'(44) The concluding lines of the story relate that after Finn had trapped his thumb (ordain) in the door he could hear and understand the language of the Side or Sid-folk. It is clear that in this way he acquired his supernatural knowledge--his imbas--and was enabled to chant his poem, which is here referred to as dichetal. It appears that yet another version of this story is contained in MS. H. 3. 18, a summary of which is given by O'Curry.

...A further example of the tenm laida is found also in Cormac's Glossary s.v. mugh-éme. In this story Connla, son of Tadg, son of Cian, son of Ailill Aulom, finds the skull of the first lap-dog which has come to Ireland, and takes it to the fili Moen, son of Etna, to be identified. The fili identifies the head tre tenm laido, 'by the tenm laida.' It is curious that in both these instances the tenm laida is used as a means of identifying a head--absent in the first story, present in the second. It is no doubt the circumstance which led O'Curry to regard the tenm laida as a 'rite for the identification of dead persons.'

...This brief survey of some of the instances in which imbas forosnai and tenm laida figure in the sagas may serve to give some idea of the circumstances under which the art was practised.

...From the evidence before us it would seem, on the whole, that the practice described under imbas forosnai in Cormac's Glossary is most fully represented in the Finn stories, and that the technique ascribed here and elsewhere to the fili is most clearly exemplified in Finn himself. An attentive reading of the earliest stratum of Finn stories shows us Finn enacting, at one time or another--possibly all in close juxtaposition--the principal items of the procedure set forth by the author of the Glossary. ...

...The passage in the Senchas Mor tells us that when the fili sees a person or thing before him he recites an extempore verse (comrac) do focetair do cendaib a cnama. 'But this is (only) since the Conversion ; before St Patrick's time it was performed differently.

.... . . But Patrick abolished those...heathen rites (anidan), for neither tenm laida nor imbas forosnai could be performed without the accompaniment of heathen offerings (gin udbairt do deib idal ocaib).'

Again, in one of the 'Stories from the Law Tracts,' recently edited and translated by Myles Dillon, the nobles of Ireland are represented as referring to the filid, 'so that they should try the revelation of imas as to

what state Angus (i.e., an ancient [Rí] of Leinster) was in after death on account of the judgement, false through carelessness, which he had given.'

...in the dialogue between Ferchertne and Nede in the Immacaldam in da Thuarad,(85) which is ascribed to the tenth century. In the latter work we are told that the youthful sage Nede, who is represented as defeated by the elderly sage, Ferchertne, in filidecht, has just returned from Britain, where he has been acquiring imbas. We have seen also that in the CuChulainn Cycle imbas forosnai is said to have been learnt by the banfhaid Fedelm in Britain, and to have been practised by Scathach, also in Britain. It was long ago suggested by Sir John Rhys(86) that Welsh tradition has also preserved traces of communities resembling those of Scathach and Aoife in the CuChulaunn Cycle.

...It will be seen that the phenomenon of the Awenithion (or, more properly, Awenyddion) resembles that of the imbas forosnai as described for us in the Glossary, and as illustrated by the stories of Finn. The name is derived from the word awen or poetic (mantic) inspiration, and is generally conferred on a person in a mantic sleep. These people become rapt in an ecstasy (cf. 'imbas forosnai') in which they deliver themselves of speech which is not easily intelligible because the utterances are veiled (cf. the Irish rhetorics), and apparently contradictory and highly figurative.

...Talhaern, a poet of the Britons who is mentioned in the Historia Brittonum, as living in the time of Maelgwn, [Rí] of Gwynedd (548), is said to have been called Tataguen,(93) i.e., 'father of awen or poetic (mantic) inspiration,' and to have been a contemporary of the poet Taliesin, who almost certainly lived in the middle of the sixth century. The similarity of the poetry traditionally ascribed to Taliesin, to that ascribed - also by tradition - to the poet Nede and to the fili Amargin has already been commented on. There can, indeed, be little doubt that early traditions in this country imply the existence at an early date of a phenomenon similar to imbas forosnai. We have seen that Irish tradition suggests that the art was in a more advanced condition in this country, since it was from this country that, according to the same tradition, the earliest exponents known

to Irish legend derived their art.

Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)

[T]here was a practical purpose for lawyers in acquiring an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient Irish mythology. Irish judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decision. The introduction to the Old Irish tract, Uraicecht Becc, whose title may be translated as the Little Primer for law students, begins in a manner similar to the Institutes of Gaius, or of Justinian by defining the bases of law, in this case as maxims and precedents and true scriptural testimonies.

Just as Gaius referred to the opinion of Roman jurisconsults in past times as having the force of law, if they were in agreement with each other, so the Old Irish law tracts cite the opinion of ancient judges on past disputes. However the disputes in question are almost always taken from mythology rather than recent history, and the judges named are mythological personages, such as Brg Ambue, or Brg the propertyless, the female expert of the men of Ireland in wisdom and prudence...

Another very important mythical judge was Morann of the Magic Collar, whose collar was used as a lie-detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the doubtful cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas...
...the practice is not so very different from the ancient Roman schools of rhetoric, which used the plots of well-known stories, or incidents from Greek history, as imaginary law-suits to train students in disputation. Katherine Simms' The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

Tréde conaittig fírinne: mess, tomus, cubus. Trí rud a éilíonn ceartas: breithiúnas, tomhais, consias. Three things which justice demands:

judgment, measure, conscience

Bíonn chuile dhuine lách go dtéann bó ina gharraí. Everyone is sociable until a cow invades their garden.

Déan an fál nó íocfaidh tú foghail. Make the fence or you will pay for the plunder.

An té a luíonn le madaí, eiroidh sé le dearnaid. Lie Down with dogs, get up with fleas.

Foi1 further information about " the Son of Two Arts, viz., the extreme of folly and the -extreme of wisdom," see Mr J. G. O'Keeffe's edition of " Mac da Cherda and Cummaine Foda " in Eriu, vol. v., pp. 18-44.

Dál Cais-Church and Dynasty Donncha Ó Corráin Ériu Vol. 24 (1973), pp. 52-63 (14 pages) In the case of the Dál Cais we can document the rise of a new dynasty within the historical ["ENGLISH"] period and see it manufactures its own legends and pseudo-history... In the tenth century... the Dál Cais rapidly became the dominant politcal power in Thomond...It is clear even from this imperfect list that Dál Cais dominated Killaloe and provided it with clergy which came almost exclusively from the ranks of its own dynastic families. When we turn to the older ecclesiastical centres within the north Munster region—Inis Cathaig, Inish Celtra, Tomgraney, and to the east of the Shannon, Terryglass—we find that Dál Cais had a great deal of difficulty in extruding the older families and their connections and in linking monasteries politically to their own dynasty [AND ROME]....In summary, only members of Dál Cais families became bishops of Killaloe in the century and a half after the inception of the reform movement...

Donnchadh Ó Corráin Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil: History or Propaganda?
Ériu Vol. 25 (1974), pp. 1-69 (81 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy
The Book of Lismore, it appears, was prepared for Fínghin Mac Carthaig Riabhach and

his wife Caitlín, most probably between the years 1478 and 1506 ...
... far removed from the scourge of the Vikings presented us in the text: the Viking tyranny over Munster depicted in such lurid colours...

THE VIKING TERROR

Bitter is the wind to-night,
It tosses the ocean's white hair :
To-night I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.

Kuno Meyer, Ancient Irish Poetry

Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil ...the Lochlannachs went away from them in their ships, and they themselves went to the seashore. And the ship that was next to them was the ship of Sitric son of Turgeis, and it was in that ship that Cellachan was. Donnchadh asked them if they might get Cellachan for a ransom. Sitric pledged his word that he should never be given up, unless they brought back to him all who were slain in the fifteen battles which Cellachan had fought, and all who were slain in the battle of Armagh. When Donnchadh heard this he began to reproach them, and he said that they had not captured Cellachan in battle or open fight, but by lying and open perjury. And he said that after this he would not trust any oath of the Norse. » Give honour to Cellachan in the presence of the men of Munster!< - said Sitric, >let him even be bound to the mast! For he shall not be without pain in honour of them. Thus it was done. : The women of Munster will lament this«, said Donnchadh, »and your own wife will lament it, O Sitric, And there is not among you a man to carry out that cruelty but has been spared by his sword and his fight. Donnchuan the son of Cennetig was likewise lifted up in the ship of the son of the [Rí] of Fuarloch-lann.

But Donnchadh said, that he would rather prefer to have a fair fight with them, and he recited the lay:

»0 Sitric, who flees over the sea, Stay to converse with us! Since we cannot, O dark man, Follow you out on the open sea.

You pledged your word in the south, O Norseman of the azure blades, To Cellachan of the fair hair, That you would not desoory him in Erin.

You pledged a false word, O man, That if the champion were destroyed by you, Nobody after you should trust The oath of a Norseman.

The women of Munster will lament, If Cellachan comes to harm. Their loud weeping will not be gentle, From Uighne to the fort of Eocharmag.
If Gormflaith of the white hands hears, The daughter of Buadachan of the banquets. Her outcry will not be gentle, The good wife of Domnall, the descendant of Faelan.

If the death of Cellachan of the sharp weapons Is related to your own wife, Mor of the soft eyes will lament him, The daughter of the [Rí] of the Islands of the Fair Foreigners.

Well has curly Cellachan deserved Of you that you should not let him out! Often with the feet of his ships He has followed the Norse heroes.

There is not among you without death A warrior, but has been spared by his sword. Who has fled through cowardice without strength, In dread or in panic from the high[Rí].

Every reward, which a man may choose, The [Rí] of Cashel of the pleasant banquets has given, 'Tis from the wealth of the Norse he gave it To the host of Munster, O Sitric.«

59. Then Cellachan said: It is not the revenge you will take upon me, that is to be lamented. For I give you my word that I feel more sorry that Cashel is without a successor of the descendants of Eoghan than because I myself am in this torture...

Glen Doyle Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha Ancestral Irish Bataireacht • Cethern Coille The Cauldron Disarm The Windmill, formerly known as the cauldron, is the basic disarm technique used in the style of Irish stick fighting. It's a scooping and turning motion similar to a combination of the motion used in shoveling snow and the motion of a blade on a windmill.

"The rule of the Eóganachta in Munster is widely regarded as gentle and more sophisticated in comparison with the other provincial dynasties of Ireland. Not only was Munster the wealthiest of the Cúige, but the Eóganachta were willing to concede other previously powerful Territories whom they had politically marginalized, such as the Corcu Loígde, considerable status and freedom from tribute, based on their former status as rulers of the Cúige....

The Eóganachta achieved their status primarily through political and economic sophistication and not military conquest... "

wikipedia

Landscape

Buzdākos **is the reconstructed Proto-Celtic form of Old Irish *Botach* and an element in the name of the Badacsony wine region in Hungary. The name dates back to at least 1000BC but is likely much older.**

Tigh nam Bodach is an ancient … shrine built to the Bodach and his wife, the Cailleach, in one of the remotest glens in Scotland's heartland. Down through the centuries, it has been lovingly tended by the locals and kept largely hidden from the public eye.

The shrine, however, is located in another glen located deep within Glen Lyon. This is called Gleann Cailliche, named after the Cailleach, herself. It literally means the Glen of the Old Lady or the Glen of the 'Veiled One'. Glen Cailliche has its own warmer micro-climate..

Tigh Nam Bodach

The shrine literally means 'The House of the Old Man'. It is not, however, a house in the common sense of the word. Rather it is a miniature stone bothy or sheiling with a turf roof. Nor is this the original structure. The stone walls need to be reconfigured every few years. What is it that compels the locals to take care of this place?
Perhaps it is the stones. During the summer months a stone family huddle outside their hut, looking eastward towards the shrouded summit of Meall Daill.

The Bodach and Cailleach Stones

There are seven stones altogether. The tallest of the stones, with a feminine torso and slender neck, is said to represent the Cailleach…
None of the stones are more than one foot tall. Interestingly, the building materials for the hut are composed of quartz studded stone. …

The Coming of Samhain

With the coming of Samhain, the ancient Gaelic festival we now celebrate as Halloween, the stone figures are returned into the shieling to spend the winter months undercover. They are brought outside again each year, with the coming of Beltane….

...The Folk Tale behind Tigh nam Bodach

The unique ritual has deep roots in folklore. According to Doctor Anne Ross:

"*The fragments ... which have survived orally tell of an event which happened 'many years ago' when, in an unusually fierce snowstorm, an unnaturally large man and woman were seen coming down the mountain-side of the upper glen. They asked the people who were still settled there for hospitality and shelter. These were willingly given to them. This pleased the supernatural pair well and they took up residence in the glen when the inhabitants had built a thatched house large enough to accommodate them."*

"The woman was pregnant and in due course gave birth to a daughter. The weather was always favourable when they dwelt there. The stock flourished and the crops were always of the best. Then one day the time came when they must go. Before doing so, they promised that as long as they were remembered and their house kept in order, and everything done as they themselves had done it, they would bring it about that winters would be mild, the summers warm, and peace and prosperity would always be with the people who had been so generous to them.

In memory of this event of long ago a small shrine in the form of a house was constructed and every Bealtainn the three stones...would be taken out of the house and placed facing down the glen. **There they remained until the house was re-thatched and made warm and comfortable for the winter and they were returned to the miniature house on the eve of Samhuinn."**

Blessing and a Curse

Thus, the Cailleach and the Bodach provided a blessing through the year to that which people found most precious – their land, cattle, families and clan. However, there is also a Geas or Taboo attached to the stones. If anyone is to mishandle the stones or remove them from their house "*very bad things*" will befall them...

https://spookyscotland.net/

Aongus 0'Daly. Translation in original metre by Dr. Hyde.

Hail, our Healer from on high !

Long was it in prophecy

That kind Christmas thus should come

To find for us our freedom.

Christmas night was born for men,
A Child, the [Chief] of Heaven,
[Rí] of Worlds, dear birth and good,
Welcome we here Thy manhood.

Hail Thou hope of them that err,
Thou born of human mother,
God made man, we yield to Thee ;
All hail, our Shield of safety.

Hail, for until Thou wast born,
We were captive and forlorn ;
God and man are one in Thee,
Son of the Maiden Mary.

Made a man for men to sell,
All hail, Thou born in Bethel,
To God's Son our lays we sing,
Our prayer, our praise, our blessing.

Hail to Him who died for men,
The Virgin's Son from Heaven,
Thou, with love for all, O [Rí],
Dost call us by Thy coming.

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

The stones have fascinated historians and folklorists for decades. The archaeologist Gavin MacGregor, an expert on the heritage of the central Highlands, first learned of them while excavating at similar shielings on nearby Ben Lawers more than 20 years ago.

“There was a tradition of special stones in this part of the Highlands, including charms

and healing stones, and excavations have found a group of very similar water-worn stones in Glen Quaich, so they are not anomalous but part of a wider culture." Similar stones can also be found on the church gateposts in the village of Fortingall....

...In 2011, local historians successfully campaigned against a hydro scheme that threatened to disturb the shieling. ...earlier this year Historic Environment Scotland decided that there was insufficient evidence to designate the site....

https://www.theguardian.com/culture/2020/oct/30/there-is-power-in-them-mysterious-stone-figures-gaelic-winter-ritual-cailleach

Am Bodach is a Scottish mountain which lies in the Mamores range, four kilometres north of Kinlochleven

Cnoc an Bhodaigh/Knockbody

An Iarmhí/Westmeath

Cloichín an Bhodaigh/Clogheenavodig

Corcaigh/Cork

Creagán an Bhodaigh/Cregganawoddy

Maigh Eo/Mayo

Cuas an Bhodaigh/Coosavuddig

Ciarraí/Kerry

Cnocán an Bhodaigh/Knockanavoddy

Gallimh Galway

Cnocán an Bhodaigh/Knockaunavoddig

Luimneach/Limerick

Cnoc an Bhodaigh/Knockavuddig

Corcaigh/Cork

Cúil an Bhodaigh/Sunville

Corcaigh/Cork

Loch an Bhodaigh/Lough Nabuddoga

Ciarraí/Kerry

Móin an Bhodaigh/Monavoddagh

Loch Garman/Wexford

Port an Bhodaigh/Portavodda

Port Láirge/Waterford

Oxford professor claims Drombeg has solved the riddle of Stonehenge Monday, 26th September, 2016, The Southern Star, West Cork, Story by Jackie Keogh Oxford professor claims Drombeg has solved the riddle of Stonehenge A WEST Cork stone circle has provided an 81-year old archaeologist with the answer to the riddle of Stonehenge.

'I have solved it completely,' Prof Terence Meaden, an archaeologist and physicist from Oxford University, told The Southern Star. He explained that the people who created the Drombeg Stone Circle near Glandore had, in Neolithic times, 'a fertility [interest]' and for them the landscape was the [feminine] and the [sun was the masculine].

The archaeologist said these 'intelligent people' ...measure[d] ... the progress of the sun on the landscape before placing some stones to represent the female form and some to represent the male.

He has discovered that at sunrise – not sunset – during the eight ancient agricultural festivals that include the solstices and quasi-equinoxes, the shadows of the male stones fall on the female stone and form 'a union.'

There are eight couplings contained within Drombeg Stone Circles, some of which are doubles, and the photographic evidence of these couplings is both explicit and stark. The rising sun, for example, illuminates one of the female stones in such a way that looks like a bright, warm, life-affirming womb, while the adjoining male stone casts a decidedly phallic shadow right in the middle of the womb. Another female stone – the recumbent stone – has embedded on its surface the unmistakable outline of female genitalia and when the sunrises behind the male stone at the entrance a shadow falls to 'cover' the female stone. Terence said that these parings are 'a visible consummation,' a marriage...

These meaningful shadows are cast on the recumbent stone during the summer, and shadows cast the other couplings take place during the winter. Terence's book – which is entitled "Stonehenge, Avebury and Drombeg Stone Circles Deciphered" ... the best way to describe it is that the people who created Drombeg put on one of the world's first slideshows. And to see it changes utterly one's experience and understanding of Drombeg Stone Circle.

Called locally the Druids Altar.

John Lennon, 8 Nollaig 1980,
His last interview, to KFRC RKO Radio, on the day of his death
...We've survived it and we're here. And I'm talkin' to them.
And the "Woman" song is to Yoko, but it's to all women.
And, my role in society – or any artist or poet's role –
is to try to express what we all feel.

Not to tell people how to feel, not as a preacher,
not as a leader, but as a reflection of us all.
And it's like that's the job of the artist in society, not to
...artists must reflect what we all are.
That's what it's about – artists, or poets or whatever you wanna call it.
And that's what I'm tryin' to express on behalf of all the men to all the women,
through my own feelings about women – when it dawned on me,
"God! It is the other half of the sky" as the late-great Chairman MacDougal said, right?
I mean, they are the other half of the sky, and without them there is nothing.
And without us there's nothing. There's only the two together creating children,
creating society. So what's all this B.S. about, you know,
"women are this" and "men are that"
– we're all human, man.
We're all human.
And, I am tryin' to say it to Yoko, but to all women, you know?
On behalf of all men, in a way.
If that's taken it too much on meself,
I feel that artists are that – they're reflections of society... Mirrors.

Julian Lennon to Elizabeth Grice 23 Bealtaine 1998, The Telegraph "I have to say that, from my point of view, I felt he was a hypocrite. Dad could talk about peace and love out loud to the world but he could never show it to the people who supposedly meant the most to him: his wife and son. How can you talk about peace and love and have a family in bits and pieces - no communication, adultery, divorce? You can't do it, not if you're being true and honest with yourself.... "...If you bring a child into this world, whether it's planned or an accident, you'd better make sure you can care for it. You have to be around. You make time. It's as simple as that.... "...It was still very distant. I probably knew him as much as I know you ...

14 Samhain 2013 Julian Lennon to Katie Couric "It still saddens me that we didn't have an adult life together.... Obviously he wasn't the best father in the world, that's for sure, at least not in my case, but what I did learn from him, I feel at least, was how to be a great musician, how to be a great songwriter. I think he was changing later on in life, he was opening up, and we were starting to get closer later on... So, there's forgiveness and there is love there without question..."

from Beatles Ireland ...Dublin was the birthplace in 1858 of John's grandfather, James Lennon who, like many men of his time, immigrated to Liverpool to seek better prospects of employment. Their James married Irishwoman Mary Anne 'Polly' Maguire in 1915, and the two started their family. Among their children was John's father, Alfred. Alfred's mother who died around 1949/50, was Mary Maguire. John senior died aged sixty-six of a disease of the liver, 3rd August 1921.

I don't want people to think I'm being disrespectful. But then again, he's my dad, and I know better than they do, man. I know that he was a great guy. But he was also an asshole in a lot of ways. There's no question about it. — Sean Lennon, Rolling Stone, June 11, 1998

: "I am not a violent man who has learned not to be violent and regrets his violence. I will have to be a lot older before I can face in public how I treated women as a youngster." John Lennon, pornography magazine interview 1980

Bruce Springsteen, Born to Run, p 413 The rigidity and the blue-collar narcissism of 'manhood' 1950s'-style. An inner yearning for isolation, for the world on your own terms or not at all. You always withhold some thing, you do not lower your mask. The distorted idea that all the beautiful things in your life, the love itself you struggled to win, to create, will turn and possess you, robbing you of your imagined longfought-for freedoms. The [difficult] blues of constant disaffection. The rituals of the barroom. A misogyny grown from the fear of all the dangerous, beautiful, strong women in our lives crossed with the carrying of an underlying physical threat, a psychological bullying that is meant to frighten and communicate that the dark thing in you is barely restrained. You use it to intimidate those you love. And of course... the disappearing act: you're there but not there, not really present; inaccessibility, its pleasures and its discontents...

"I was afraid and did not know what I feared, which is the worst kind of fear." — Robertson Davies

I don't know why nobody told you How to unfold your love I don't know how someone controlled you They bought and sold you — George Harrison, While My Guitar Gently Weeps

BBC, The Cultural Impact of the Highland Clearances, Ross Noble, Last updated 2011-02-17 Before the Clearances, most Highland families lived in such townships, in a kind of collective, or joint-tenancy farm, housing perhaps a hundred or so people, who were often kinsfolk. The buildings were substantial, but used materials alien to us in the western world today. The walls were of clay and wattle, or of thickly cut turf, with or without a leavening of rough stones, and the roofs were thatched in heather, broom, bracken, straw or rushes. Once they were cleared [a euphemism for removal by violence of indigenous people], these structures quickly reverted to nature. And little or nothing was to replace them in the new economic order. In one glen near where I live, I can find traces of six or seven such townships, housing perhaps 500 or more people. View the landscape today, and you will see a couple of stone-built houses for the shepherds. They too are now abandoned, and the glen stands empty.

“Conversation in its true meaning isn't all [talk]; sometimes it is a deeply shared silence.” ― Robertson Davies

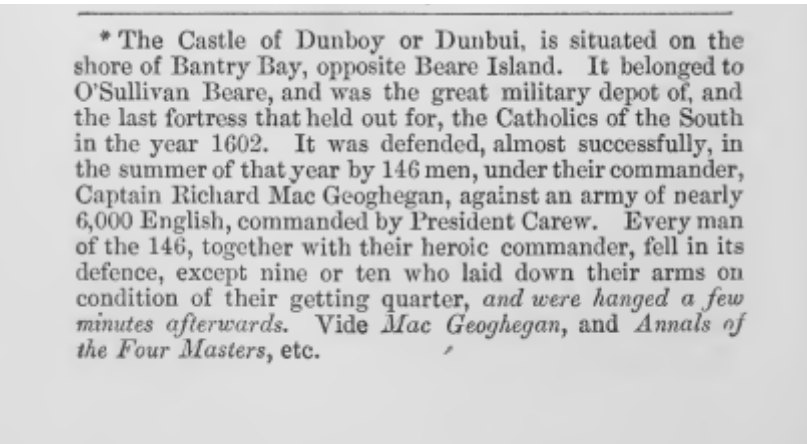
There are very many curious stories told of the [Túatha Dé Danann] : there is no one locality in Ireland that is not full of [Duine Sí] tales connected with its mountains, lakes, raths, hills, wells, and even bushes.

It is a curious fact indeed, as the recorder of the above legend justly remarks, that the machinery of this legend is found elsewhere : but this is true also of the greater number of our principal legends, of which various local versions are to be found all over the country, a circumstance which strongly warrants the opinion that such legends must have had their origin in some remarkable events far anterior to the earliest date to which historical record extends.

The Lake Of Blood

By Willie Dwyer, Local Historian, Rooska, Bantry, thesheepsheadway.ie "Those stone cairns up there on the hill are not the original cairns made by the Ordnance Survey (in the 1830s), but they are on that the original spot, I believe, of the cairns. Some people used to go out there and knock it down, and the next party that would go up would rebuild it up again. So down through the years it has been preserved. It might have been destroyed, but it was like the phoenix - it always arose from the ashes! I heard this story from local schoolteacher, Joe Hourihane, who is dead many years. Tradition has it that in a dry summer many, many years ago, water was very scarce and there was cattle grazing in the mountain over the lake. The water was scarce in the hole due to the demand that was on it by the cattle, and eventually, the cattle fought over the water and gored eachother. There was no such thing as dehorning of cattle in those days, and the smell of blood drove the cattle mad. The result was anyway that there was nothing left in the end, only some few survivors and a pool of blood in what used to be, due to the dryness of the summer, the little lake. And that's how it got its name of "Loch na Fuilla", which when translated into English means "The Lake of the Blood". The gap going through in the mountain there, by Loch na Fuilla, the locals always called it, that's the old people who are dead and gone now, used to call it "Barna Mhór", which means "The Big Gap", and on the right-hand side (the north-west corner) before you come to the extreme top of the track, there's a round bald rock which was known as "the Eagle's Rest" ...

...About a mile west of Loch na Fuilla if you look north you will see a small inlet on the coast near Reen Point. It is here that in 1602 the English General Carew's army embarked from to lay siege to Dunboy Castle, just of west of Castletownbere on the other side of Bantry Bay. After the fall of Dunboy, Donal Cam O'Sullivan began his "Great Retreat" that eventually led him to exile and death in Spain. What began at the height of winter and with over 1000 followers and soldiers in Glengarriff ended, after much hardship, in Leitrim with just 35 people left. (The lands from Beach to Gerahies on this side of the Sheep's Head peninsula belonged to Donal Cam's uncle, Sir Owen O'Sullivan.) The Walk then proceeds to a new concrete Ordnance Survey marker, and crosses a county council road near Fahane ("little lawn or field"), and comes off the hill in Glenlough ("glen of the lake"). ...



* The Castle of Dunboy or Dunbui, is situated on the shore of Bantry Bay, opposite Beare Island. It belonged to O'Sullivan Beare, and was the great military depot of, and the last fortress that held out for, the Catholics of the South in the year 1602. It was defended, almost successfully, in the summer of that year by 146 men, under their commander, Captain Richard Mac Geoghegan, against an army of nearly 6,000 English, commanded by President Carew. Every man of the 146, together with their heroic commander, fell in its defence, except nine or ten who laid down their arms on condition of their getting quarter, *and were hanged a few minutes afterwards.* Vide *Mac Geoghegan*, and *Annals of the Four Masters*, etc.

He (Finn) made his way to the stronghold of the Rí of Bantry and joined his band of fighters and trackers, but he told noone his name or lineage. Before long it was clear to all that the newcomer had no equal as a hunter. (Over Nine Waves, translated by Marie Heaney.) Finn Mac Cool obviously sat down here after his days hunting, so we thought it appropriate to have the seat ready for him and one that would suit his royal status, when he returns to us to hunt again. In the meantime you are more than welcome to use it.

...In 1952 my mother with many other people was involved in putting up the statue there, and they put it on "The Southern Star", and Dan McCarthy use to post the "Star" out to a lot of immigrants in America ...

....Ringforts are usually associated with early Christian times - from AD 400 onwards. They were not forts in the military sense of the word, but were used as farmsteads and as protection against cattle raiding neighbours and wolves. They were also home to a variety of craft industries, and are usually sited on a hill so as to afford a commanding view of the countryside. There are dozens of ringforts, usually in an overgrown state, on the Sheep's Head peninsula, and are distinguished by their circular shape and concentric fosse, or ditch, on their outside. The Walk then leaves the road and goes along the top of the ridge to Glenlough. One of the features you will first notice are the stone cairns left behind by the Ordnance Survey when they came here in the 1830's to make the first detailed maps of the area; these maps were subsequently published in 1842. This nation-wide "translating" the Gaelic townland-, village-, rivernames etc. into English provides the storyline for the play "Translations" by Brian Friel. Here, Yolland, the British Army Ordnance Survey officer is talking to Owen, the son of the local hedge schoolmaster and

who is acting as “translator” to the survey. YOLLAND: He knows what’s happening. OWEN: What is happening? YOLLAND: I’m not sure. But I’m concerned about my part in it. It’s an eviction of sorts

from A Confluence of Wisdom: The Symbolism of Wells, Whirlpools, Waterfalls and Rivers in Early Celtic Sources Sharon Paice MacLeod Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Vol. 26/27 (2006/2007), pp. 337-355 ...Rivers of Sacred Knowledge A number of early Irish texts make references to rivers that [are] held in great esteem and [are] associated with sacred or poetic wisdom and inspiration. Two of the most well-known of these references are the Dindshenchas accounts of Boand (the River Boyne) and Sinann (the River Shannon). In the several versions of the story of Sinann, a woman of the Tuatha Dé Dannan approaches a particular well. In her pursuit of knowledge she follows a stream that issues from the well and is drowned, becoming the eponymous spirit of the river. A somewhat similar story is told of the woman Boand, who approaches a well and unadvisedly walks around it three times. When the water rises up she is disfigured, drowned, and similarly transformed into the spirit of the river.

Both of the women, in their own way, were involved in a personal quest for knowledge. Boand approached a well guarded by her husband Nechtan...and his three cupbearers Flesc (rod, wand), Luam (pilot, steersman) and either Lam (hand, arm; prowess, valor, accomplishment) or Lesc (sluggish, reluctant). The well's powers were so potent that the eyes of anyone (other than Nechtan or his cupbearers) who looked into the well would burst.
...Sinnan was described as possessing every sort of fame or renown except for imbas/immus 'great knowledge' (presumably referring to the specialized power known as imbas forosnai). In one version the power she seeks is called “great wisdom by way of streams” (imma sóis co srethaib), apparently an important or eminent activity (gním nóis) that was needed for what is here referred to as her “new life” (núa-bethaid). ...
...The phrase imma sóis co sretaib may also refer to an ordering or arrangement (sreth) of divinely inspired words, such as may have been used in spells or incantations. This word is in a number of other sources, in the phrases sreth rann (a series of parts [of speech]), sreth senchais (a series of stories), sretha deich (the name of a meter), and sreathaibh roscaigh ocus fasaigh ocus airchetail (a series of proverbs, commentaries and

poetic compositions). It was also used to refer to a general "spreading of knowledge" (sreth imbais) referring to the alliteration of all the words in a particular line. In addition, the word is seen in the phrase iar sreth ná súad (according to the threads of poetic arts /compositions), which means "handed down by tradition". In these place-name stories, wells are perceived as the source of wisdom and the rivers as the method of conveyance. This flow of wisdom is referred to in other sources as well. In The Cauldron of [Poiesis/Coir Filíochta], a particular vessel was said to sing or chant (ar-cain) by way of a "stream of honor or pre-eminence" (sruaim n-ordan).
...It was the "courses of excellent knowledge" (rethaib sofis) as well as a "river or current of great knowledge" (srethaib imbais), the latter being the type of flowing wisdom sought by Sinann...

"...it is [difficult] for us to imagine that three to four hundred years ago not a road existed in West Duhallow except paths and trails, mostly through open country (no fences), just catering for pedestrians, horses on the butter route and the movement of cattle who actually defined and decided and created the routes. In the 17th century and possibly earlier, we can only be sure of one highway or route through Duhallow and that was the road from Mallow to Castleisland which went through Ballyclough, Cecilstown, Kanturk and finally over Sliabh Luachra to Kerry. ..

..."The following article which appeared in the Gazetteer of Ireland circa 1846 under the heading Pobble O'Keeffe describes conditions in the Sliabh Luachra area of Duhallow around 1800 A.D. In the parishes of Kilmeen, Clonfert, Nohavall Daly and especially The Cork/Kerry border area where the great leap forward was to start under Government engineer Griffith and surveyor Weale who had been sent by the Government to do something to rectify the deplorable conditions that existed in the area.
Boherbue Village: Historical Survey from Earliest Times to Present Day Louis McCarthy

Mac Amhlaoibh, Male (married & unmarried) Mhic Amhlaoibh, Female (married) Nic Amhlaoibh, Female (unmarried) Mhic Amhlaoibh, House Surname History: Son of amhlaoibh' (an irish form of the norse olaf). there are three well-known families of this name: (1) mac amhlaoibh, anglicised macauliffe, of co. cork, a branch of the maccarthys. the head of this family resided at castle macauliffe, near newmarket, and his territory

comprised the district lying between newmarket and the boundaries of the counties of limerick and kerry. (2) mac amhlaoibh of fermanagh, a branch of the maguires, whose territory comprised the barony of clanawley. and (3) mac amhlaoibh, anglicised macaulay, of scotland. the chief seat of this family was at ardincaple, in dumbartonshire. a branch of the family settled in co. antrim, and many of the macaulays of the north of ireland are of this stock. to it belonged also the celebrated lord macaulay, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall) Son of anlaf' (a form of the norse olaf); a variant of mac amhlaoibh, which see; very rare, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

CORK HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Letters relative to the antiquities of the county Limerick, collected during the progress of the Ordnance Survey in 1840, say:

"Killeady, barony of Glenquin, anciently in the west of Connello, which contained Glenquin. O'Heerin [in O'Heerin's topographical poem], passes out of O'Keeffe's and McAuliffe's country over Slieve Luachra into Claonglais, in the country of the Hy Connello. Claonglais is in the parish of Killeady, and barony of Glenquin, and the church of Killeady is described in all the ancient authorities as at the foot of Slieve Luachra. A fragment of the castle, to the north-west of the church, is conspicuous. About a mile to the west of this castle, in the townland of Glenquin, is the lofty castle of Glenquin, from which the barony has taken its name."—Vol. i., p. 75.

from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence. Mac Auliffe The Mac Auliffes, Hibernice Mac-Amhlaomhs, are of the Eugenian race, deriving their descent and surname from Amhlaomh, great grandson of Carthach[this appears to be amarried into the family genealogy, as it means son of Olaf, a Dane], from whom the Mac Carthys derive, according to the following pedigree of Eoghan Mac Auliffe, son of Auliffe-Og Mac Auliffe and nephew of John and Conor Mac Auliffe.

The Mac Auliffes were chiefs of Eas-Ealla, a territory in the province of Munster, comprising " all the wild, moun tainous, and heathy districts lying between Newmarket and the boundaries of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, where the rivers Feale and

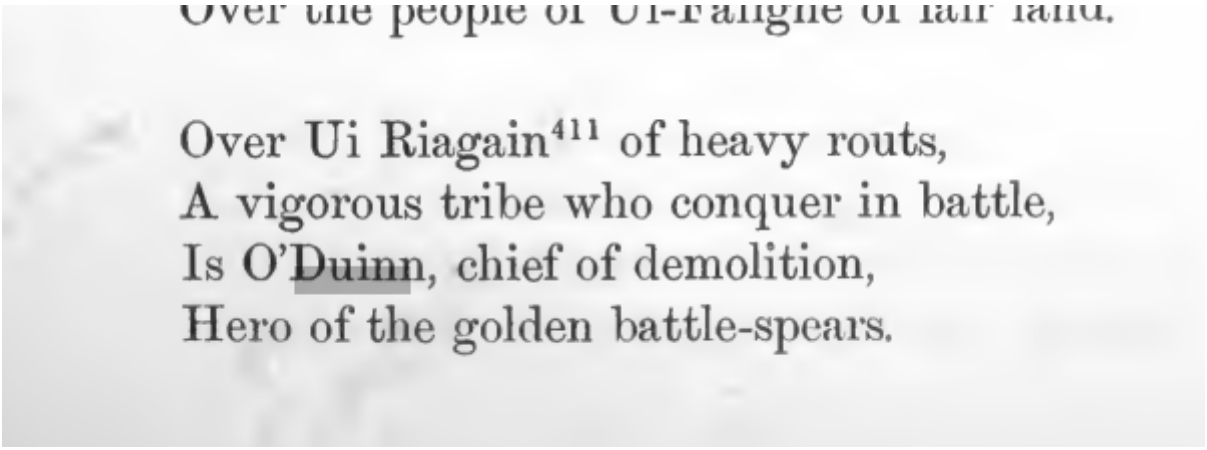
Blackwater have their sources;" and they are mentioned as follows in the topographical poem of Giolla na neev O'Heerin, who wrote in the 15th century : "Far beyond the bountiful river Allo, And westward of Glen-Selcain of stately trees, Is a fair country of great prosperity, It is the domain of the princely M'Auliffe." The chief residence of the head of this sept was Castle-Mac Auliffe, near Newmarket, in the barony of Duhallow, in the midst of " Mac Auliffe's dark mountains," a name by which the ancient possessions of the family is now known. " Castle Mac Auliffe," says a. writer in the Irish Penny Journal, " formerly the seat of the chiefs of Clanawly, rose on the bank of the river Dalloo, to the left of the road leading from Newmarket to Millstreet, and about a mile from the former. It was a strong building, and towered proudly on a tall cliff that overhung the stream ; but the ruin which time and the fire of the invader had failed in accomplishing, modern vandalism had completed, and its grass-grown foundation can now hardly be traced."

The late gifted Edward Walsh thus touchingly alludes to the decay of the noble house of Mac Auliffe: "Now glooms from afar, o'er the soothing scene, The tall cliff and the wavy wood, And mournful and gray are the rude rocks seen, As heaves the green sod in huge mounds between, Where Castle Mac Auliffe stood. " Here frowned the [cheerful] turrets in lordly pride, Here smiled the [cheerful] chieftain's hall ; The clansmen here marshalled in order wide, "When bonfires high blazed on the mountain's side, For battle at Glory's call. Here ne'er shall the string of the clarsech wake, The songs of the hall are o'er, No more shall the voice of the victor break, When home o'er the mountains their wild way take, The Kern and Crahadore. " The clausmen who battled with Saxon fees, The chief of the lordly dome, The [difficulty] at whose call the stout clansmen rose In death undistinguished all calm repose, They are gone to their silent home." Caislean-an-Cnock, or the " Castle of the Hill," near Priory, and Curragh Castle, on the site of which stands the residence of the Bloods, also belonged to this family, so that we may now say with Warton, that the Hall.

"Whose raftered roof and portals long Rung whilst unnumbered harps awoke, Now echoes but the thresher's song, Or the sad flail's incessant stroke." The last lord of Glanawly was attainted in the rebellion of 1641, with Mac Donogh, lord of Kanturk, whose uncle Mac Auliffe was; and the forfeited lands were granted to the Aldworths, and other English families, in the reign of James I. In A.D. 1535, say the Four Masters, Mac Auliffe gained a great battle over the English and Irish of Limerick, in which the lord

of Claonglaise and M'Gibbon, with a great number of the M'Sheehys were slain. Donogh Ban, son of Malachy, son of Dermod Fitz Malachy M'Auliffe, died in 1583. " The head of this family was weighmaster in the market-house of Kenmare in 1840.

my Great Great Grandmother Mary (McAulliffe) Kieff (1849 - 1934) daughter of Michael McAulliffe (1814 - 1885) b 1814 in Cork, Ireland, Brigid (Regan) McAulliffe (1824 - aft. 1897) b Skull, Cork, Ireland.



Over the people of Ui-Fangne of fair land.

Over Ui Riagain[411] of heavy routs,
A vigorous tribe who conquer in battle,
Is O'Duinn, chief of demolition,
Hero of the golden battle-spears.

Topographical Poems of Ó Dubhagain

"Today I come back to you as a descendant of people who were buried here in pauper's graves." —President Ronald Reagan, on a visit to Ballyporeen in 1984
https://www.irishcentral.com/culture/entertainment/what-they-have-to-say-about-the-irish-famous-quotes-through-history-127772588-237406191

"They tried to forget about us. Geographically isolated from each other and even further from wider society which let us know with every encounter just how uncomfortable our presence made the dominant culture.' — Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us

Once on a time the angel came to Brigid, and sent her to release her mother who was with the druid, named Mac Midrui. Her mother was a Connaught woman, and her father a Munster man, and she was at that time in Mag Fenamain in (Arad) Cliach.[1] *Now when Brigid got as far as that, there was her mother with an eye-disorder in the milking-yard; so she went along with the druid's charioteer to her mother, and took the cooking in her absence, and used to practise great charity with the provisions; and the druid heard of it. The charioteer went home. Said the druid, "How are things going on at the milking-yard?" "I am thankful indeed," said the charioteer, "and the calves are fat, and the guests are thankful." But the practice of charity by Brigid was evil in the eyes of the druid and his wife; so they came with a big basket, to take advantage*[2] *of Brigid, and to reduce her to slavery hereafter, if plenty of butter were not found with her. And indeed she had nothing but a churning and a half, so she recited this verse:*

My kitchen
a kitchen of a fair Lord,
a kitchen that my King hath blest,
a kitchen with something in it!

Et dixit iterum:

May Mary's Son, my friend, come
to bless my kitchen;
Ruler of the world to its extremity,
may there be plenty with Him!

Note:- O'Keeffe: The family were driven from the Feara Muighe area and when they settled in Duhallow their district became known as Pobble O'Keeffe. The McAuliffe Clan Controlled the north-west portion of this wild and inaccessible section of Sliabh Luachra. The McDonagh McCarthy clan from Kanturk were the principal clan in Duhallow and their overlords the McCarthy More family of Lough Lein extended their hegemony nearly as far as Boherbue taking in the townlands of Umaraboy, Islandbrack, Ruhill, Lomanach and Derryleigh. They were known as "The Eastern Fractions."

Sliabh Luachra means "The Rushy Mountain." Loosely speaking, the area takes in the land in west and north-west Duhallow plus the immediate area west of the river Blackwater in Kerry. Historians disagree as to the exact boundaries of the area but it is generally thought that the "Ascendancy" who named it, decided that the territory from Clonbannin Cross as far north as Tourmore and the Bacuara mountains and swinging west in a semi-circle, taking in the parishes of Ballydesmond, Gneeveguilla and Knocknagree, was not worth "Planting." ...Although we still cling to the name Sliabh Luachra for nostalgic reasons, in reality it is gone, mainly due to land reclamation and modern farming methods. However the uniqueness of the area and its name has survived, as can be seen in the survival of many of the old cultures and in its use as a "brand name."

Respecting the Cath Finntragha or the Battle of the White Strand, a name now Anglicised Ventry Harbour, in West Kerry, O 'Curry tells us that this is an ancient Fenian tale, as may be judged from the story mentioned in it of the unfortunate lovers, Cael and Crede ...

It begins with the statement that Daire Dornmhar, the Emperor of the whole world except Erinn, calls together all the tributary Chiefs of his empire to join him in an expedition to Erinn to subjugate it and enforce tribute. He arrives with a great fleet at Glas Carrig (now the Skellig Rocks), off Kerry, piloted by Glas Mac Dremain, a soldier of Kerry, who had been previously banished by Finn Mac Cumhaill. This Glas Mac Dremain, who was well acquainted with his native coast, brought the fleet safely into the noble harbour of Finntraigh or Ventry, from which place the emperor determined to subdue the country. Finn had at all times some of his trusty warriors, vigilant and swift of foot,

posted at all the harbours of the country for the purpose of giving him timely information of the approach or landing of any foreign foe in Ireland ; and not the least important, as well as interesting, part of this tale is the list of these harbours, with their ancient as well as their more modern names. Finn at the actual time of the invasion was enjoying the pleasures of swimming and fishing in the river Shannon, where a message from his warden at Ventry reached him with the important news. In the meantime it also reached several chiefs and warriors of the Tuatha de Danann race who were located in Ui Chonaill Gabra in the present county of Limerick; and several of these simultaneously with Finn set out for Ventry, where they all arrived in due time, and immediately entered upon a series of combats with the foreign enemy.

Tidings of the invasion were soon carried into Ulster also, and Gall, a youth of fifteen, son of the Rí of that province, obtained leave from his father to come to Finn's assistance at the head of a fine band of young Ulster volunteers. Young Gall's ardour, however, cost him very dear; for having entered the battle with extreme eagerness, his excitement soon increased to absolute frenzy, and after having performed astounding deeds of valour, he fled in a state of derangement from the scene of slaughter, and never stopped until he plunged into the wild seclusion of a deep glen far up the country. This glen has ever since been called Glenn-na-n-Gealt, or the Glen of the Lunatics ; and it is even to this day believed in the South that all the lunatics of Erinn would resort to this spot if they were allowed to be at large.

The siege, as it may be called, of Ventry Harbour, held for a year and a day, but at length the foreign foe was beaten off with the loss of all his best men, and indeed of nearly the whole of his army ; and thus Finn and his brave warriors, as was long their custom, preserved the liberty and integrity of their native land.
JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17.
The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

The [Duine Sí] Forts of Doneraile Writer Sheila Hannan, Ballyellis, Buttevant, Co. Cork. Material obtained from. Mr. Cornelius Mullane, Ballyellis, Buttevant, Co. Cork. Age 73 years. In the townland of Carrigeen about three miles from Doneraile there is a [Duine Sí] fort. It is known as "the Liss" and is said to have been built by the [Túatha Dé

Danann]. It is circular in shape and is surrounded by a wall of stone and, earth, inside which grow tiny little thorn bushes and furze. In the centre there is a round hole, but it is now almost hidden from view by briars and long grass. No one has ever dared to explore this liss or to plough or plant it. It is said however that a cow who once broke into the liss lost her milk and by the owner had to sell her. The milk was supposed to have been taken by the [Túatha Dé Danann]. There is another old liss or fort in the townland of Knockanaar, about four miles from Doneraile. This is also circular in shape but is surrounded by tall fir trees. It is raised in the centre and it is thickly covered with bushes and furze. There is no entrance hole to this liss.

It is said that once a man cut a bush out of this fort to put in a fence. He was warned by his neighbours not to cut it but he insisted on doing so. That night whilst sitting at the fire, he heard a soft tap on the door. He opened it, but to his surprise he saw no one, so he returned to the fire again. But no sooner was he seated, than he heard the same soft tap again.

He went out but again he saw no one, so he decided to stay outside for a while. Then he heard a low sad wail which seemed to come from hundreds of tiny voices. He looked about but there was no one to be seen. Then he understood. It was the [Túatha Dé Danann] come for the bush. Next morning he went and replaced the bush in the fort. Never since has he been troubled by the [Túatha Dé Danann] nor indeed has he troubled them. He learnt a lesson and one which will never need to be taught again.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921826/4909568
Leaba Chailleach

leaba/lepaid Bed, animal's layer, harborage, protection, harborer, ancient passage grave, bed of river, to get to the bottom of things, harbourage, houseroom, here's the word in fosterage: he is entitled to harbour his foster so nunder thy protection' aptha- sheltering at a third" to them applies to the tribe of the native on whose land they are. But "lepthasheltering at a half" applies to every tribe from that out'host or harbourer bed; cubicle, sleeping-apartment i sslán líno leptha `for the safety of the bed [-carrying] party' favourite, confidant : bedroom, sleepingapartment The poet's cell couch, form, nest (of animals and birds), berth or mooring-station (of a ship) position, dwelling-place, resting-place (across the noble dwelling-place of dignity to take his place in your

favour).6

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 Ballyhooly.
By Rev. J. F. Lynch. ...Dr. Joyce explains Ballyhooly as town of the apple-ford, being from Irish Baile atha ubhla, and says that the place is named Ath-ubhla, or ford of the apples, in Book of Lismore. In Social Ireland, ii., 154, Dr. Joyce says that the apple (ubhall) was as much cultivated and used in old times as at present, and that apples, when gathered, were hoarded up to preserve them as long as possible, and that the Culdees at the great festivals were permitted to indulge in apples.

He also quotes from O' Donovan that the word abhall was used in the best and most ancient Irish MSS. to denote the apple tree, and ubhall its fruit, but that this distinction has long ceased to be observed.

Dr. Joyce (Irish Names, i., 354) says that ''there are several Irish words for the different kinds of fords, of which the most common is ath, cognate with Latin vadum. In the various forms ath, ah, augh, agh, a, &c., it forms a part of hundreds of names all over Ireland."

The valley of the Blackwater was renowned for its apples and cider. With regard to the word baile, Professor Rhys (Hibbert Lecturer) says that it now means a place, but originally signified an enclosed place, and that it is a loan word not to be severed from the English bailey.

At Ath Ubhla the great road connected with the white cow, according to the legend of Cork Harbour, crossed the great river of Cork, and passed from Great Island to Ath Ubhla, thence to the Funcheon at Aghacross, to the Red Gap, to Cleghile near Tippcrary, to Ath Fiacla, to Athassel on the river Suir, named Ath Nemthem in Silva Gadelica, to Cashel of the Chiefs.

In O'Hanlon's Life of St. Mochuda it is stated that St. Mochuda built a church at Athassel, which was granted to him by the Rí of Muscraighe Thire. Cill Fiacla, a little north of the ford of Ath Fiacla, is mentioned in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick as having been built by St. Patrick.

The moat beside Cill Fiacla, or "Church of the Tooth," appears to have been named Dun Sige. North of the town of Tipperary, and beside the track of the old road, are two or three very small mounds named Cloch Breige, literally "stoneheap of falsehood."

Lady Gregory, in her [Heroes] and Fighting Men, says that the three cows of Cork Harbour, red, white and black, respectively, belonged to Manannan Mac Lir. Manannan is extended form of Manu, thus the Irish name for Isle of Man is Inis Manann, or " Island of Manu," and for Manannan's connection with Isle of Man and with places in Ireland, see Hibbert Lectures, where Rhys quotes from O'Donovan and Cormac's Glossary.

The chief fort of the O'Duggans was named Dun Manann, and it was most likely near Loch Luingi, and not far from Doneraile. According to O'Heerin, " Triath u Fear Muighi na mur ccorr O' Dubhagain Diun Manann, Foireann gaoil na sed soraidh, O' Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. "

" The lord of Feara Muighe of smooth mounds, O' Dubhagain of the Fort of Man, Tribe of relations of prosperous wealth, O' Caoimh, branch of Glan worth. " The territory of O'Duggan (O'Dubhagain) extended from Glais Muilinn Mairteil (" Stream of Mill of Mairtel") most likely Abha na gCaorach (Sheep-river) to Loch Luingi (mentioned in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick), and to Gleann nan Dibergach ("Valley of Robbers") on Moin Mhor (" Great Bog"), near Mallow. (Lives from Book of Lismore, p. xxxvi.)

In Annals of Four Masters, under 627 a.d., we read: "The battle of Ath Abhla, where Dicul, son of Fergus, was slain by the Munstermen." O'Donovan in note says that Ath Abhla has not been identified, and quotes from Ann. Ult., "a.d. 63i,Bellum Atho Aubla, in quo cecidit Diciull Mac Fergusa Tuile la Mumain. " In Chronicum Scotorum, at 632 a.d., we read:"Bellum Atha Abla in quo cecidit Dicull Mac Fergusa Tuile la Mumain. "

Hennessy identifies Ath Abla with Ballyhooly ford. In Chronicum Scotorum, under a.d. 1122, we read : " A great camp by Toirdhealbhach (Rí of Connaught) in Ur-Mumhain, from Lammas till the festival of Brigid, and he plundered from that camp, at one time, Tir-Conaill, and another time as far as Moin Mor, and to Glenn Maghair," or "Valley of Maghar," now Glanmire, near Cork. In Gaelic Journal, 1904, p. 671, there is a reference to the celebrated races of Ballyhooly, and the following note: —-" B'le ath' Ubhal, B'le Ath'

Ubhla, Ballyhooly, Co. Cork.

The races of Ballyhooly must have been famous in those days. Mention is also made of them in a song which was composed about a skirmish that happened in connection with the tithe troubles at Gort Ruadh." Windele (Journal, see ser. iii. 379) says that at Ashfield is a stand house belonging to a race ground. In the Life of St. Carthach, or Mochuda, given by the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon (Lives of Irish Saints, iv., p. 240, et seq.), it is stated that when Mochuda was travelling through Munster he came to a river formerly called Nemphe, but at the time the Life was written the river was named Abhainn mMhor, now the Blackwater. Mochuda seeing an apple swimming on the river, took it and brought it towards home.

The place was subsequently called, in consequence of the finding of the apple in the ford, Ath Ubhla, or " ford of the apple." On the way northwards along the great road, the charioteer of Mochuda asked him for the apple, but Mochuda stated that by means of the apple would be cured the withered hand of the beautiful daughter of Cuanna Mac Cailein, Rí of Feara Maighe Fene. In Chronicum Scotorum, a.d. 629, is noted the death of Cailcin, son of Dima, from Liathmuine in Feara Maighe.

Mochuda saw Flannaid, or "ruddy one," daughter of Cuanna, playing with some young girls in front of her father's residence, and having her right hand withered and hanging helplessly at her side. Mochuda called Flannaid to him, and said to her, " Take this apple," and Flannaid having extended her left hand, Mochuda told her to reach forth the right hand, which she did, and found it restored to strength while thus receiving the apple from Mochuda.

Flannaid refused to accept as husband any one of the princes of Munster, and accompanied Mochuda to Raithin, in Rí's Co., where she lived in a nunnery, and afterwards accompanied Mochuda to Lismore, * and founded Cells at Forth and Cluain Dablam on the Blackwater, places which were bestowed upon her by Cuanna Mac Cailcin. Various tales, now lost, must have been told in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] concerning Flannaid, for in the Journal, 1897, p. 86, we read : "This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan (Cuana Mac Cailcin) and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney Lough, as well as Giroid Iarla in Lough Gur, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their

enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain."

[*Todd (P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 20) says that in "Book of Fermoy" there is "a tract headed Indarbha
Mochuda ar Raithin, " banishment of Mochuda out of Raithin." It begins : Mochutta mac Finaill, do Ciaraigi Luacra a cenel. "Mochuda, son of Finaill, of Ciarraighe Luachra (now Kerry) was his family." This is a curious and valuable account of the banishment of St. Mochuda from Raithin, now 'Rahan, near Tullamore, Rí's County, and his settlement at Lismore, where he founded a celebrated school and episcopal see in the seventh century. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.D. 635, is fol lowing entry :—" Expulsion of Carthach, i.e., Mochuda, i.e., Mochta, son of Firaull (Finall), from Raithin, in diebus Paschce," and at a.r>. 636 is following entry :— " Quies of Mochta of Raithin, on the 2nd of the Ides of May." Mochta is a shortened form of Mochuda, owing to first syllable being strongly accented. 2 Niarney (Blarna, Gen. Blarnan) belonged to the race of Cairbre Muse before its occupation by the Mar Carthys, who were from County of Tipperary. O'Donovan (Sup. to O'Reilly's Dictionary) says :—" Dun na sciath, now Dunnaskeagh, a townland in the parish of Rathlynin, in the barony of Clanwilliam, County of Tipperary, where Carthach, the ancestor of the McCarthys resided in 1043." Rathlynin was in territory of Muscraighe Breogain, the old name being Magh Breogain. Breogan is eponym of Brigantes, or Brythons....]

Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, Rí of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana. Aedh Bennan had also a daughter named Mor, ** the heroine of a strange series of adventures recorded in Book of Fermoy. Inis Faithlenn (Inisfallen) at Killarney is stated in P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 1,15, to have been named from Faighlen or Faighlenn (Faithlenn), son of Aedh Bennan, of the race of Core Mac Luigdech.

[3 Mor is generally termed Mor Mumhan, i.e., Mor of Munster. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.d. 633, is following entry: —" Bas Moire Muman," "death of Mor of Munster." Mor was a favourite Irish name. Mor, wife of Brian Boru, was mother of Murrough, Conor, and Flann.

In " Silva Gadelica," p. 547, it is stated that Mor Mumhan was wife of Finghin Mac Aedha, Rí of Munster, and mother of Deog, wife of Laighnen Mac Colmain, and afterwards wife to Guaire Aidhne Mac Colmain, Rí of Connaught. According to the legend of Mor (" Book of Fermoy"), she was wife of Cathal, son of Fionguine, son of Cu-gan-mathair, but Cathal Mac Fionguine died a.d. 737, as noted by Todd. Aedh Bennan, father of Mor Mumhan, from whom are the family of O'Moriarty of Kerry, died in [???]Finghin, son of Aedh Dubh, was Rí of Desmond (604-619), and brother of Failbhe Flann, ancestor of the Mac Carthy who was Rí of Munster (627-636).

The O'Sullivans .ire traced to Sullivan, eighth in descent from Finghin Mac Aedha, and the O'Keeffes are traced to Caomh, fourth in descent from Cathal Mac Fionguine. See Genealogical Table in " Battle of Magh Rath."]

Maelduin was also name of a son of Aedh Bennan, and he is mentioned in tale of the battle of Magh Rath, a.d. 637, and in Chronicum Scotorum, a.d. 639, Maelduin, son of Aedh Bennan, is stated to have been defeated by Aenghus Liathana of Glanworth, in battle fought at Cathair Chinn Chon, or fort of the head of the hound, now named Cathair Ghiolla Mhoir, close to Lough Gur, which in Book of Rights is stated to be one of the Royal Forts.

Giolla Mor is mentioned in many tales, and the name Cahergillamore, from which Lord Guillamore takes his title, occurs in a State Paper of 13th century, when the place was attached to the Manor of Glenogra. This fort is marked on new Ordnance Map, and close to it is a large pillar-stone. It will now be necessary to deal with the names of the Blackwater.

Camden thinks that the Dabrona of Ptolemy (130 a.d.) is river Lee, but it is better to regard the Dabrona as identical with the Blackwater. Dabrona means river, and may be connected with the words Dobhar and Dur, owing to the interchange of abh with u. In several old tales the Blackwater is named Nem, which means bright, and is same as Nim, Niamh, or Niato, and I think that Niab or Nib is the oldest form.

In Silva Gadelica and Lay of Oisin on Tir na Nog the form Niamh occurs, but in Feast of Bricrin, p. 35, the name is Niab, daughter of Celtchar Mac Utfhechair. Late in the Irish

historic period Niamh was a favourite female name. Nemphe, which is the name for Blackwater in the Life of Mochuda, is merely an extended form of Nem.

In Lady Gregory's [Heroes] and Fighting Men, there is an Irish tale, in which the Nem and Laoi (Lee) are stated to be two of the twelve chief rivers of Ireland. From the word Nem is also derived Nemid or Neimheadh, who, as son of Agnoman, has a connection with the Great Island of Cork Harbour, which was named Ard Oileain Neimheadh. (See Keating's History, and Rhys' Hibbert Lectures.)

From Nem is also Nemid Mac Sruibchenn, Rí of the Erne, and second hus band of the wife of Conaire Mor, the father of Cairbre Muse, C. Baschain, and C. Riada. Nemid Mac Sruibchenn and Ingcel are stated to have slain Conaire, and Nemid was slain by the Cairbres in the battle of Cenn Febrat (Ballyhoura Mountains). For particulars see O'Flaherty's Ogygia, SUva Gadelica, Hibbert Lectures, and Togail Bruden Da Derga, which has been translated by Dr. Whitley Stokes. To the root Nem must also be referred Nemthenn, the old name of Athassel, and the source of Nephin, a mountain in Co. Mayo. Ath Nemthenn in Tipperary was the northern boundary of the territory of Muscraighe Breoghain, who were named from Cairbre Muse. For a folk's etymology of Nephin (Nemthenn) see Bodleian Dinnshenchas , p. 33, where the name is stated to be neim tenn, or " strong poison."

The present Irish name for the Blackwater is Abhainn Mhor, or " great river," and it is named Abhuin Mhor by Edward Walsh in his Mo Chraoibhin Cno ("My Cluster of Nuts").

" My heart is far from Liffey's tide, and Dublin town ; It strays beyond the southern side of Cnoc Maol Donn, Where Ceapa Chuinn hath woodlands green, Where Abhuin Mhor's waters flow, Where dwells, unsung, unsought, unseen, Mo Chraoibhin Cno. Low clustering in her leafy green, Mo Chraoibhin Cno."

Dr. Joyce says that abhainn, which corresponds with Sanskrit avani, is in much more general use than abh, and it is the common appellative in the language for a river. The Abhainn Mhor of Co. Cork is often called Broadwater by early Anglo-Irish writers, and the word abhain has, according to Dr. Joyce, three different forms in the genitive, viz., abhann, abhanna and aibhne. Abhann or abhand also occurs as nominative, thus in Mesca Ulad, p. 14, " Dar Findsruth ris a n-apar aband h Cathbath," "across Findsruth

(bright river), which is 'called the river of O'Cathbad " (Owen O'Coffey or Nenagh river, in Co. TipperaFy). In SUva Gadelica, p. 188, is mentioned Abhann Deise, or " river of the two persons."

Dr. Joyce says that there are many streamlets in the South of Ireland, but none in the North, named Abh. Awbeg, or " little ab," is near Doneraile, and Abh na gcaerach is the sheep river of Fermoy district, and Finnow, or "bright ab," is near Ballyclough... Callanan says : " Avondu means the Blackwater [Abhainn Dubh]. It rises in a boggy mountain called Meenganine (in Co. Kerry), and discharges itself into the sea at Youghall. For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior, I believe, to any river in Munster. It is subject to very high floods."

The following is the opening verse of Callanan's " Sweet Avondu," but Avondu...:
On Cleada's hill the moon is bright,
Dark Avondu still rolls in light;
All changeless is that mountain's head,
That river still seeks ocean's bed.
The calm blue waters of Loch Leanc
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green,
But where's the heart as firm and true
As hill, or lake, or Avondu?"

A long time ago From the introduction to The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864 ...when Spenser borrowed the wild legends of Munster, and stamped them with the [colonisers appropriation stamp in the] “Faery Queen,” the horrors depicted in his “View of the state of [Occupied] Ireland,” and the prostrate condition of the country at that time, are illustrated in his own experience; for he was then in possession of the confiscated estates and Castle of the Earl of Desmond; and from the banks of the '”gentle Mulla” we may perceive how his Poem is pictured with that fair, Munster scenery.

From O'Heerin's Topographical Poem I take the following, in which there is mention of the Abhainn Mor :
" Fuair O' hAoda do brond ba,

Muscraighe leathan Luachra ;
Fine glan fhuinn an ghloir ghil,
Imon Abhainn Moir Maighrigh. "
"Oh Aodha, who bestowed cows,
has got The wide Muscraighe Luachra;
A tribe of fine land and high renown,
About the salmon-full Abhainn Mor."

About a mile south of Ballyhooly is a well named from St. Brendan the Navigator, and in connection with Tulach Mhin I forgot to mention in article on Aghacross that in the Irish Life of St. Finnbarr, published in Journal, Domangen,*** brother of Brendan, and Fintan are connected with Tulach Mhin. Windele says that there is a holy well, Tobar Breuka, near Ballyhooly, whose waters are good for headaches and sore eyes. [***Canon O'Hanlon ("Lives of Irish Saints," v., 400) says:
"According to St. Brendan's "Irish Life," he had a brother who was a bishop named Domanigen, and whose feast has been assigned to the 20th April, while he had a sister named Briga, or Brigh, said to have been of Enach Dnin fin Co. Galway)."

In note to Domanigen, Canon O'Hanlon savs : " Thus at the third of the Knlends of May, the Calendar quotes him as follows :—Domanigen, Bishop nf Tunim Muscraighe, i.e., son of Fionlugh, brother of Brendan, son of Fionlugh, who was of the race of Ciar, son of Fergus, son of Rudraighe.' In vol. iv., p. 546, Canon O'Hanlon says : —"

In the published Martyrology of Tallagh, at the 20th April, is found the simple entrv : —' Domangin of Tunim Muscraidhe.' In the Bollandists' collection, referring to the same Calendar, thev have Domongenus, Fpiscopus de Tunim Muscraig. This place is stated ('Donegal Martyrology,' pp. 112-113; Reeves' ' Ecclesiastical Antiouities of Down, Connor, and Dronfore,' pp. 152-377) to be identical with Tomes, Barony of West Muskerrv. Co. Cork."

Tobar Breauka, near Ballyhoolv, seems to have been named from a saint who is, perhaps, Brig, Briga, or Brega, sister of Brendan and Domangen The name Domangen occurs on one of the recently discovered Clonakilty Ogham stones.]

He makes mention of the Glenna Bo ("Valley of the Cow") woods, forming part of the demesne grounds of Castle Hyde, and he also refers to Coolnamuckee, or "the pig's corner," in the Ballyhooly district.

There are various tales in which the muc is mentioned. The much named Bo, slain by Finn, according to the Boyish Exploits, was killed beside Sliabh na Muice, near Tipperary, on the road the course of which through [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] we have marked and named Bothar Bo Finne.

Borlase (Dolmens of Ireland, Hi., 90) says that Windele (Topog. of Desmond, p. 151) has attached a legend to Glenna Bo, near Ballyhooly, and according to Silva Gadelica there was a Loch Bo on the Ballyhoura mountains. The Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen (Irish Dictionary), under Bothar, says that Bothar Bo Finne, or "Road of the White Cow," was an Irish name for the Milky Way.

For another reference to Milky Way, see Hibbert Lectures, p. 300. Windele says that Cullinagh, or holly district, is near Coolnamucky, being to the east, and that west of Hollymount is a large square fort. The parish of Ballyhooly is also named Aghultie by Lewis, which is the name he gives the Prebend in his account of Cloyne.

Aghultie is from the Irish Ath Ubhla, which became Athull, Aghuld, Aghultie, and so thus the old name of the ford is preserved. Colonel Grove White remarks that the castle was built on the rock for the purpose of guarding the ford, and instructed by his military knowledge, I assume that the Irish had also a fort on this rock for the same purpose, and a very important fort it must have been owing to the importance of the great road which here crossed the great river of Feara Maighe Fene. The taxation of the Prebends*** of Cloyne is given in the Ecclesiastical ...
In connection with the name Dun Manann, which is very important, Dr. O'Donovan says that the name is now obsolete in the Fermoy district, but that it was evidently the name of the chief residence of O'Dubhagain, who possessed about the northern half of the territory of Feara Muighe Feine, being seated between O'Keeffe and the Ui Fidhgenti.

There is also another reference to Manannan in O'Heerin's Poem, in which, I think, the reference is misunderstood by O'Donovan :
"Muintir Baire an bhrogha ghil,

Do Clannaibh Fothaidh arrocothigh ;
O'Baire ar thir na tuinne,
Ca haille min Manainne. "

"Muintir Bhaire of the fair fort,
Of the race of the warlike Fothadh ;
O'Baire is over this land of the sea,
Is the plain of Manainn fairer?"

O'Donovan thinks that Magh Manainne is the plain in [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] on which Dun Manann was erected, but it seems to me that here Magh Manainne must be Magh Mor, or "great plain," called also Magh Mell, or " pleasant plain," and which in numerous tales is connected with Manannan.

Muintir Bhaire is a tribal district in the parish of Kilcroghane in West Cork. It is not easy to trace those things of old to their true source, and at every step we make we are liable to fall.

> **Kevin Barry**
> **In Mountjoy Jail one Monday morning,**
> **High upon the gallows tree,**
> **Kevin Barry gave his young life**
> **For the cause of liberty...**
>
> **Men like Barry are no cowards,**
> **From the foe they will not fly.**
> **Men like Barry will free Ireland,**
> **For her sake they live and die.**
> **O'Keefe, Dan. The real Festivus: the true story behind Americas favorite made-up holiday. New York: Perigee Book, 2005, pp 34-35.**

> **From Mythical Ireland blog**
> **"The Milky Way has been known by several names and phrases in Irish mythology and folklore. Principal among its names seems to have been Bealach na Bó Finne,**

which means the Way of the White Cow.

In this respect, it seems to have been regarded as a heavenly reflection of the River Boyne. A variant of this is Bóthar na Bó Finne, the Road of the White Cow.

...Bóinn's name is from Bó and Find, meaning White Cow. In the Dindshenchas, we are told that the Boyne river [Abhainn Bó Finne] was formed when she approached Nechtain's Well and it overflowed, washing her along the river, mutilating her, and finally carrying her out to sea where she was drowned.

There, we are told, her lapdog Dabilla was turned into the Rockabill Islands. This is undoubtedly a creation myth....

...In the [maritime Algonquin lands] version of Deirdre and the Sons of Uisneach, the origin of the Milky Way galaxy is depicted as emerging from two trees as separated by a loch, as if to complete an arch between them.

This episode is placed in the wellknown Ulster tale if Deirdre, whose lover, Noíse, is one of the Children of Uisneach.

... the sons of Uisneach are killed in a great, unnamed battle, after which Deirdre falls into the grave with the men. The bodies of the two lovers are exhumed and reburied on either side of the burial mound. Soon a tree grows from each grave and rises until the two join.

This arouses a great deal of vengeful malice in an unnamed [Rí], who orders that the trees be cut down. Soon another pair of trees grows and joins until the [Rí] has them cut down as well. This sequence of events recurs repeatedly until the [Rí] decides to have the bodies placed on either side of a loch, a distance too great for the trees to span.

Between the trees a cluster of stars gathers in a light trail, Sgríob Chlann Uisnich (track of the Children of Uisneach).”
http://blog.mythicalireland.com/2016/10/the-milky-way-in-irish-mythology-and_10.html

“Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging.”61 — Audacht Morainn, written down in 700s, translated by Fergus Kelly

...‘There is one thing’, said Manannan. ‘The one almighty God is able to subdue ... idol gods and they are not able to despoil Him who is the powerful Lord made heaven and earth and the sea with wonders, and made the universe complete.’

‘Do you know, Aengus’ said Manannan, ‘why mankind were first created?’

‘I know not’ said Aengus.

‘This is the cause’ said Manannan. ‘The one God of whom we spoke fashioned ten orders of angels round Him. The lord of the tenth order grew scornful and envious in his mind and they left the heavenly plain without cause and God . . . the tenth order of his land . . . and fashioned mankind . . . and those who left His land with scorn He turned into demons and made a dungeon and prison for their torments. Everyone who does His will is brought to the palace and everyone who goes against it is put in that dungeon for torments and that is the urgent cause of creation’ said Manannan. ‘We are not of that origin’ he said: ‘but act on my advice this time.’ ‘It moves me to pity’ said Aengus, ‘for the pleasure and honour of the house are under my control and its profit and substance are mine, and foster-sons will not be honoured after me if I do this thing.’

‘Stop that’, said Manannan; ‘for a [Rí] is nobler than a [Ríocht], and a lord than the heir, and control is better than assisting and assured means better than doles. Your own will is better than your father’s or mother’s, or a request to either of them from behind their yoke.’ That convinced Aengus completely, and he said: ‘your advice shall be acted on this time, oh wizard.’
The Fosterage of the House of the Two Pails The Book of Fermoy.

The High Father, the Ancient of Days, and unbegotten,
Was without origin of beginning, and foundation[1];
Is and shall be to infinite ages of ages;
With whom is Christ the Only-begotten, and the Holy Ghost
Coeternal in the glory of the everlasting Godhead:
We preach[m] not three Gods, but we say there is one God,
Saving our faith in three most glorious Persons.

TRANSLATION.

1 I have heard it said by some one who reads books[1]: he who spares a criminal is himself a criminal.

2 I have heard it said by every person who so reads: each one that devises chains quells[2] crime, whatever he may do.

3 It has been written in the books[3] of God, it is not you who has slain but 'tis he; to each one proper judgment[4] has been given, he chooses life or doom of death.

[1]This verse is one syllable short in the original.

[2]*forrig*, 3. sg. of *forrgim*, a denominative of *forrach*, according to Pedersen § 731. Cf. *ar is galar ān forrich* (: *thig*), Lism. L. 4239.

[3]Or, if *a lebraib* is the true reading, 'out of the books'.

[4]The facsimile has *braith* which may be a late gen. of *bráth*.

4 Moinach of Cashel is a just[1] king by whom evil folk are killed; Munster through him is at peace, may God[2] be good to the noble king!

5 The evil folk have desisted since their fellows have been killed; a blessing upon the king who has hanged them, they have praised their meal too soon.[3]

6 If a king would listen to me, his offspring after him would amount to something; let him put evil folk to death, and have a multitude of good people around his table.

7 Keep the strong ones in check, have pity upon the wretched folk, perform the will of God whatever you may do,—that is your true advantage, I have heard it said.

We learn that he was fostered not only to Tailtiu but to Manannán mac Lir, the ruler of the... Land of Apples, and that he had inherited the use of Manannán's sword Freagartach ("The Answerer"). His usual personal weapon, however, was the Spear of Goirias.... He also inherited Manannán's corrbolg or "crane bag" filled with magical treasure...
from Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord by Alexei Kondratiev 1997 Alexei Kondratiev

Lughnasa, wikipedia Lughnasadh or Lughnasa (pronounced /ˈluːnəsə/, LOO-nə-sə) is a Gaelic festival marking the beginning of the harvest season. Historically, it was widely observed throughout Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man. In Modern Irish it is called Lúnasa, in Scottish Gaelic: Là nastal, and in Manx: Luanistyn. Originally it was held on 1 August, or about halfway between the summer solstice and autumn equinox. However, over time the celebrations shifted to the Sundays nearest this date. Lughnasadh is one of the four Gaelic seasonal festivals, along with Samhain, Imbolc and Beltane.

It corresponds to other European harvest festivals such as the Welsh Gŵyl Awst and the English Lammas. Lughnasadh is mentioned in some of the earliest Irish literature... The festival itself is named after ... Lugh. It involved great gatherings that included religious ceremonies, ritual athletic contests (most notably the Tailteann Games), feasting, matchmaking and trading. There were also visits to holy wells.

According to folklorist Máire MacNeill, evidence shows that the religious rites included an offering of the 'first fruits', a feast of the new food and of bilberries, the [feasting on a] bull and a ritual dance-play in which Lugh seizes the harvest for mankind and defeats the powers of blight.

Much of the activities would have taken place on top of hills and mountains. Lughnasadh customs persisted widely until the 20th century, with the event being variously named 'Garland Sunday', 'Bilberry Sunday', 'Mountain Sunday' and 'Crom Dubh Sunday'. The
custom of climbing hills and mountains at Lughnasadh has survived in some areas, although it has been re-cast as a Christian pilgrimage. The best known is

the 'Reek Sunday' pilgrimage to the top of Croagh Patrick on the last Sunday in July. A number of fairs are also believed to be survivals of Lughnasadh, for example the Puck Fair... In Old Irish (or Old Gaelic), the name was Lugnasad (IPA: [lʸʊɣnʸəsʸəd̪ʸ]). This is a combination of Lug (Lugh) and násad (an assembly), which is unstressed when used as a suffix. Later spellings include Lugnasa, Lughnasadh and Lughnasa. In Modern Irish (Gaeilge), the spelling is Lúnasa /ˈl̪ʸuːn̪ʸəsʸə/, which is also the name for the month of August. The genitive case is also Lúnasa as in Mí Lúnasa (Month of August) and Lá Lúnasa (Day of Lúnasa). In Modern Scottish Gaelic (Gàidhlig), the festival and the month are both called Lùnastal [ˈl̪ʸuːnəsʲd̪əl̪ʸ]. In Manx (Gaelg), the festival and the month are both called Luanistyn [ˈluanɪsʲt̪ən]. The day itself may be called either Laa Luanistyn or Laa Luanys.

In Welsh (Cymraeg), the day is known as Calan Awst, originally a Latin term, the Calends of August in English. In Breton (brezhoneg), the day was known as Gouel Eost, the Feast of August. Historic Lughnasadh customs In Irish mythology, the Lughnasadh festival is said to have begun by... Lugh (modern spelling: Lú) as a funeral feast and athletic competition (see funeral games) in commemoration of his mother or foster-mother Tailtiu. She was said to have died of exhaustion after clearing the plains of Ireland for agriculture. ...

Cristiona nic Cinenit Sunagarry Killorglin 15.1.38 Puck Fair

I Into Killorglin, as my course did steer, Where lads and lasses so brisk and handsome, Enjoy great mirth at old Puck Fair.

II The streets are lined with stock and value. Both sheep and cattle are plenty there. For to please each dealer and wealthy grocer That come to purchase to old Puck Fair. III This town is situated above the Laune Upon a very high rise of ground And the wholesome breezes they would revive you From every valley and townland round

III And/On a stage erected and well protected And decked with laurel, both front and rear The [chief] of Kerry so brisk and merry The chief commander of all the fair.

IV His head and horns are well adorned Of every scarlet of purple hue Besides his garments of every scarlet He stands as daring as old Domhnall Dubh.

V I'll tell you plainly, my honest neighbours, The only reason that brought me here. The Puck requested stands interested Of me to sing one verse about this fair.

VI His sons and daughters are most courageous But still a patent I do declare. Like loyal brothers they love each other And to find their equals it is very rare.

VII You know this Puck is a true Milesian, And his generations I can't describe. And if I could trace him, he is of noble parent And that is the reason he is up so bright.

VIII It is from the mountains they come in thousands For to meet each other and to have some fun. With punch and porter and songs so jovial The crowded beer house they would ring.

IX They help the gambler to keep in motion The wheel of fortune and thimble-man. So now for to end my conversation I must put a end to those few lines It is in Killorglin we will reinstate him And every year till the end of time

X May the boys and girls be so young and airy Yet free and tasty and free from care And that health and property Might not ever fail them For to spend their money at old Puck Fair.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4687717/4686842

Fragarach From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia In Irish mythology, Fragarach (or Freagarthach), known as 'The Answerer' or 'The Retaliator', was the sword of

Manannan mac Lir and later, Lugh Lamfada...Manannan wielded it as his weapon before passing it on to Lugh (his foster son). It was given to Cúchulainn by Lugh, and later to Conn of the Hundred Battles. It was said that no one could tell a lie or move, with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound from which no man could recover.

Emhain Ablach

This mysterious Irish island's name means "Emhain of the Apples" and is one of several associated with ...Manannan mac Lir. Etymologists don't agree on what "Emhain" means (and a translation I found made little sense to me). It is frequently associated with the Isle of Man, which uses a three-legged triskelion based on a Manx legend that said Manannan held off an invasion by turning into three connected legs and rolling down a hill to attack the invaders.

...Emhain Ablach is a paradise and was said to be where Manannan fostered the ...Lugh. Generally, only very special people – at Manannan's invitation – make it there. That invitation usually takes one of two forms: one of Manannan's daughters takes a lover who can come to the isle or a golden or silver branch that emits lovely music is provided as a key.

One individual to receive that key was Bran, son of Febal. In The Voyage of Bran, we see him walking near his home when sweet music lulls him to sleep. When he awakes, a silver branch with white blossoms is beside him.

A woman appears who sings about an island beyond the sea that has thousands of women, sweet music, and no sorrow, sickness, or death. The branch returns to her, and Bran sets out on a voyage to find this island.

He meets Manannan who tells him how to reach the island. Bran and his men stayed there for what seemed like a year, but was actually many years. When one of Bran's men becomes homesick, they decide to leave. The women warn them that they will regret leaving, but they do so anyway.

Upon arriving at Ireland, they are not recognized but the people say they have legends of the Bran's voyage. After sharing his adventures with them, Bran leaves and is never seen again. Note: It is interesting that in this story, Emhain Ablach is also referred to as "the Land of Women," which is another repeated description of these special lands and islands. However, leaving the island often had disastrous effects with Earthly time catching up with those who had visited the island where time ran differently.

Some returning men, when putting their foot down on Ireland, would turn to ashes. Some believe that Geoffrey of Monmouth's Avalon, as well as the Welsh Ynys Affallach, may be related to or derived from Emhain Ablach.

Avalon and the Celtic Otherworld, Part 2 August 24, 2011 by Thistle in Avalon © 2011 PJ Graham partingthemists.com

The Siege of Droim Dámhgháire Alice Dooley, knocklong.com EMLY The army left Áth Cúile Feá and continued their march, setting up camp that night in Emly (Druim Meáin Mairtine / Ardchluain na Féne / Mucfhalach Mac Dáire Ceirbe) Cith Mór meets Meadhrán, the Druid of Meán Mairtine. Cith Mór left the camp and headed southwest where he met Meadhrán, the Druid of Meán Mairtine. Cith Mór told the druid that they were heading for Cnoc na gCeann / Droim Dámhgháire the following day. Meadhrán wished the same evil on Cormac's army that they intended for the army of Fiachra. From Emly, Cormac's army could have gone directly to the Hill of Knocklong, crossing the Camoge River. Since the fifteenth century, the castle on the Hill is visible from Emly. Other names for Emly in "The Siege of Knocklong"; Druim Meáin Mairtine, Ardchluain na Féne, Mucfhalach Mac Dáire Ceirbe. Meadhrán was the Druid of Meán Mairtine The Eoghanacht, of whom Fiacha ([Rí] of Munster and Cormac's opponent) was descended had political power and influence over most of the province of Munster, including Emly. The Eoganacht of Munster traced their descent to Míl's son Eber, and through Áine (of Cnoc Áine/Knockainy), Áine's father was Fer Í 'man of yew' Áine is also known as the daughter of Manannán mac Lir EMLY is in the barony of Clanwilliam, Co. Tipperary. The village is situated in west Tipperary on the

Tipperary- Limerick border. It is nine miles from Tipperary town, 15 miles from Cashel and 25miles from Limerick city The Place-name Emly in the Irish language is ‘Imleach Iubhair’/'Imleach Iobhair' Imleach means 'Border' or 'Borderland'. Io/Eo is the Irish for Yew tree. Imleach Iubhair /’The Border of the Lake of the Yew Trees.’ Emly was said to have been founded on the edge of a lake, which has now dried up, or been drained.

The Fosterage of the House of the Two Pails The Book of Fermoy
4 ed. and trans. Maighréad ni C. Dobs. Zeitchrift für Celtische Philologie vol. 18 (1929-30), http://www.maryjones.us/ctexts/fosterage.html

Here we give the adventures of the Tuatha de Danann aloud: the victories of Tailltiu and Druim Lighean gave Erimon’s heroes and soldiers a military grip of the divisions of [ire’s territory. The noble monarch, almighty Manannan, was brought to settle their [Tuatha D. D.] problems and councils and his advice to the warriors was to scatter and quarter themselves on the hills and plains of [ire. The men made Bodb Derg and Manannan their rulers and Manannan ordained the settlement of the nobles in their magic dwellings: Bodb Derg at Sith Buidb on Lake Derggert, haughty Midir at fair-sided Sith Truim, aimiable Sithmall at Sith Neannta of the shining form, Finnbarr Meadha at bare-topped Sith Meadha, Thadg Mor son of Nuadu at the Sith of Druim Dean, Abhartach son of Illathar at Sidh Buidhe of the fair summit, and Fagartach at most lovely Sith Finnabrach, Ilbreac at Sith Aeda of Assaroe, Lir son of Lugaid at verdant Sith Finnachadh, Derg Diansgothach at Sith Cleitidh, and every single . . . house and place of residence left to the Tuatha De D. Manannan assigned a special dwelling to each noble and made for the warriors the Feth Fiadha, the Feast of Goibniu and Manannan’s Swine: that is, the princes could not be seen through the Feth Fiadha, the monarchs escaped age and decay by the Feast of Goibniu and Manannan’s Swine could be killed by the warriors but come alive again. Manannan taught the nobles their array at Sidh Brugh and to carry on their mansions in the manner of the peoples of the fair-sided Land of Promise and fair [main Ablach. The nobles conceded to Manannan that when they had possession of their dwellings he should be over the wedding of every house and the feast of every lord so that his statute and due and law were over every mansion. 3. There was another ruler in [in at that time who was not haughty, and Ealcmar was that warrior’s name. With

him was Cairbre Cromfll son of Sigma son of Cairbre Cromm another ruler and also Aengus Og son of the Dagda. His home was in Brugh over the Boyne. . . the nobles of the Tuatha De D. to that noble and he undertook. . . charge of a feast in his house by Bodb Derg son of the Dagda to send word to fetch Manannan and to the nobles of his people to eat that feast of report and fame . . . 'But we knew there was no scarcity of good things' said the people.

In " Anecdota from Irish Manuscripts," vol. ii, p. 45, in a list of stories, is mentioned, " Aithi Ruithceirne la Guana mac Cailcin." Bass Cailchinn maic Dima o Liathmuine. AT. 629, AU. 628, CS. 629, AI. 623, FM, 624. Cuann mac Cailchin ri Fernmuighe (sic) .i. Laech Liathmune, mortuus est. (For " Fernmuighe ", read " Fermuighe ", and for " Fame)' ", " Fermoy." AT. 042 ? AI. 638, FM. 640. It is remarkable that the last year for which AU. quotes the authority of "The Book of Cuanu " is the same year to which Tighearnach assigns the death of our Cuanu's father. If our Cuanu was identical with the author of " Liber Cuanach," he appears to have desisted from his scholarly work when he became Rí. Note also how the three poets praise Cuann in the poem on his death, which shows that he had been a patron of literature.

Proceedings of RIA, Onolan

Lismore Treasure

The Siege of Droim Dámhgháire Alice Dooley, knocklong.com THE BOOK OF LISMORE Lismore is a town in Co. Waterford, situated on the River Blackwater, at the foot of the Knockmealdown mountains. It is located approximately 119km from Cork and 22km from Dungarvan on the N72. Lismore dates back to 636 when St. Carthage arrived and established Lismore Abbey. The Book and a crozier were discovered hidden in a secret recess in the walls of Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford by workmen in 1814. They were enclosed in a wooden box in a built-up doorway. The Castle of Lismore was built in 1185. The Book of Lismore is in Chatsworth House in Derbyshire in England, the main residence of the Duke of Devonshire, who also owns Lismore Castle. The Lismore Crozier can be viewed in the National Museum of Ireland. ..

THE BOOK OF LISMORE and "The Siege of Knocklong" The Book of Lismore contains the text of "The Siege of Knocklong", a battle between Cormac mac Airt and Fiachra Moilleathan, and stories of the druid, Mogh Roith. THE BOOK OF LISMORE and "The Travels of Marco Polo"

...The Book of Lismore was written in the fifteenth century for Finghin Mac Cárthaigh Riabhach and his wife Caitlín. It was compiled in Timoleague and came into the possession of the Earl of Cork at Lismore Castle after a siege in the 1640s. It remained there until it's discovery in 1814. It contains secular and ecclesiastical texts. The Book contains the text of The Siege of Dámgháire/Knocklong. It also contains a copy of the Travels of Marco Polo, the lives of the Saints, including Patrick, Colmcille, Brigid, Senán, Ciarán and Mochua, a copy of An Teanga Bithnua (The Ever-New Tongue) the title of a dialogue between the Hebrew sages and the apostle Philip.

The Book also contains the Poems of Saint Molaise, The conquests of Charlemagne, a History of the Lombards, a copy of Lebor na Cert (The Book of Rights), on the taxes and tributes of the Territories of Ireland, The Triumph of Cellachán of Cashel "Caithreim Cellachain Caisil" on the wars between the Norse and the Irish, a medieval account of Antichrist, stories of Queen Maeve and The Táin and tales of Fionn mac Cumhaill from Acallamh na Senórach (Colloquy of the Ancients) The Siege of Knocklong has been translated into English by Seán Ó Duinn [Mullach abú!]. Forbhais Droma Dámhgháire, The Siege of Knocklong (Mercier Press. Cork, 1992).

[And the Ancient Territory of Fermoy manuscript]

The Book of Lismore Eugene O'Curry's account The following pages are taken from O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, (Dublin 1861), Lecture IX, 196–200 and were prepared by CELT volunteer Spencer Zepelin from Davidson College, North Carolina.

My transcript of the Lismore fragment of this valuable book consists of 131 folios, or 262 pages. The chief items of the contents are: Ancient Lives of Saint Patrick, Saint Colum Cille, Saint Brigid of Kildare, Saint Senan (of Scattery Island, in the Lower Shannon), Saint Finnen of Clonard, and Saint Finnchu of Brigobhan, in the county of Cork, all written in Gaedhlic of great purity and antiquity; the conquests of Charlemagne, translated from the celebrated romance of the middle ages, ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims; the conversion of the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian Church; the story of Petronilla, the daughter of Saint Peter; the discovery of the Sybilline oracle in a stone coffin at Rome; the History of the Lombards (imperfect); an account of Saint Gregory the Great; the heresy of the Empress Justina; of some modifications of certain minor ceremonies of the Mass; an account of the successors of Charlemagne; of the correspondence between Archbishop Lanfranc and the clergy of Rome; extracts from the Travels of Marco Polo; an account of the battles of the celebrated Ceallachan, [Rí] of Cashel, with the Danes of Erinn, in the tenth century; of the battle of Crinna, between Cormac Mac Art, [Rí] of Ireland, and the Ulstermen; and of the siege of Drom Damhghairé [now called Knocklong, in the County of Limerick], by [Rí] Cormac Mac Art, against the men of Munster. This last, though a strictly historic tale in its leading facts, is full of wild incident, in which Mogh Ruith, the great Munster druid, and Cithruadh, and Colptha, the druids of the monarch Cormac, bear a most conspicuous and curious part.

The last piece in the book is one of very great interest; it is in the form of a dialogue between Saint Patrick and the two surviving warriors of the band of heroes led by the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, Caoilté, the son of Ronan, and Oisín [commonly written in English "Ossian"], the warrior-poet, son of Finn himself. It describes the situation of several of the hills, mountains, rivers, caverns, rills, etc., in Ireland, with the derivation of their names. It is much to be regretted that this very curious tract is imperfect.

But for these defects, we should probably have found in it notices of almost every monument of note in ancient Ireland; and, even in its mutilated state, it cannot but be regarded as preserving many of the most ancient traditions to which we can now have access, traditions which were committed to writing at a period when the ancient customs of the people were unbroken and undisturbed.

Lismore Abbey from CladdaghDesign.com
Lismore has strong historical and ecclesiastical links – it was founded way back in the 7th century by Saint Mochuda (also known as Saint Carthage) at the foot of the Knockmealdown Mountains and by the banks of the River Blackwater. The town is best known for the highly significant Lismore Castle and (former) Abbey. Lismore Abbey was founded by Saint Mochuda in the year 635, on a steep hill that overlooks what is now the town centre of Lismore. Mochuda had spent almost forty years in the monastery of Rahan in southern Meath but was evicted due to disagreements he had with the abbot there. He fled to Lismore, was granted some land by the local prince, and founded the monastery. Sadly he died two years later…

…It produced several notable saints and scholars over the years including Saint Cataldus (or Cathal), Saint Cuanna, and Aldfrith, Rí of Northumbria. At its peak Lismore was the most celebrated monastery in the south of Ireland and was an important place of pilgrimage. Many Irish princes in their dying days chose to give up the sceptre and spend the last moments of their lives there.

As Lismore was considered to be one of the most important monasteries in Ireland – and by far the most important one in the south of the country – it didn't come as a surprise to many when the Lismore Crozier emerged in 1814….

…During the course of the renovations a blocked-up doorway was discovered in a not often used passageway. When the doorway was cleared, two objects of significant value were discovered behind it; the crozier and the Book of Lismore (an account of the Irish saints written in early medieval Gaelic), which was enclosed in a wooden box for safekeeping
…We know from an inscription on the body of the crozier that it was crafted from 1090 – 1113, was … crafted by a man named Neachtain. The case of the shrine enclosed an old oak stick, which is said to be the original crozier of the monastery's founder …

The Book of Lismore also contains Acallam na Senórach, a most important Middle Irish narrative dating to the 12th century, a text pertaining to the Fenian Cycle.

Dr. Todd then goes on with a detailed analysis of the contents of the Book of Fermoy, extending from page 5 to page 54. On page 20 he states that folio 34 of the MS. book contains a curious and valuable account of the banishment of St. Mochuda, otherwise Carthach, from Raithin (now Rahan), near Tullamore, Rí's Co., and his settlement at Lismore, whereh e founded a celebrated school and episcopal see in the seventh century. His banishment from Raithin seems to have been due to the jealousy of the neighbouring clergy, and partly to his being a native of Munster. On folio 60, Dr. Todd states, begins a tract on St. Molaga, the founder of the church and monastery of Tech Molaga, now Timoleague, Co. Cork, and of many other churches in Ireland—a tract extremely valuable for its topography and local allusions.
JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17.
The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

The single most important source for the Fenian Cycle is the Acallam na Senórach (Colloquy of the Old Men), which is found in two 15th-century manuscripts, the Book of Lismore and Laud 610, as well as a 17th-century manuscript from Killiney, County Dublin. The text is dated from linguistic evidence to the 12th century. The text records conversations between the last surviving members of the Fianna and Saint Patrick and runs to some 8,000 lines. The late dates of the manuscripts may reflect a longer oral tradition for the Fenian stories, the same oral tradition which was interpreted from Gaelic to English by James Macpherson in the Ossian stories. Scottish mythology-wikipedia

Mr. Joseph Long, of Cork, to the late William Elliott Hudson, of Dublin, Esq., dated Feb. the 10th, 1848:
"Honoured Sir,—I have taken the liberty of bringing this MS. to your honour. It contains various pieces copied from the Book of Lismore, and other old Irish MSS. They are pieces which I believe you have not as yet in your collection. Its contents are 'Forbuis

Droma Damhghoiré', a historic legend, describing the invasion of Munster by Cormac Mac Art, the wonderful actions of the druids, druidish incantations, and soforth; 'Air an da Fearmaighé', a topography of the two Fermoys, together with an account of its chieftains, tribes, or families, and soforth; 'Scél Fiachna mic Reataich', a legend of Loch En in Connaught; Riaghail do righthibh, a rule for Chiefs, composed by Dubh Mac Turth (?); 'Scél air Chairbré Cinn-cait', the murder of the royal chieftains of Erinn by their slaves, the descendants of the Firbolgs, and soforth.—Book of Lismore".

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

Society of Cork, by John Windele, Esq., of Blair's Castle, in which he makes the following statement:—

"The work, it was at first supposed, may have been a portion of the Book of Lismore, so well known to our literary antiquarians, but it is now satisfactorily ascertained to have been transcribed, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, for Fineen McCarthy Reagh, Lord of Carbery, and his wife Catherine, the daughter of Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond". "Unfortunately", he adds, "the volume has suffered some mutilation by the loss of several folios. The life of Finnchu and the Forbuis are partly defective in consequence; but we possess amongst our local MS. collections entire copies of these pieces". To be sure, they have in Cork entire copies of these pieces; but they are copies, by Michael O'Longan, from the Book of Lismore, before its mutilation among them, or else copies made from his copies by his sons. That Mr. Windele believed what he wrote about the Cork fragment, there can of course be no doubt; still it is equally indubitable that this same fragment is part and parcel of the Book of Lismore, and that it became detached from it while in the hands of Denis O'Flinn, of Cork, some time about the year 1816.

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

And though great be her honour here at present, greater by far will it be, when she shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the

Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the unionof the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula. Lismore Betha

ST. BRIGIDS DAY. (February 1.)
Sing we St. Brigid's praises, loved is she of Erin,
Lovéd since the old times, praise we her together ;
Light-bearer of Leinster, shining through her country,
Chief of Éire's virgins, gentlest of her women.

Many a well and temple St. Brigid's name doth hallow,
Often still 'tis borne by daughters of our country
Comes the stern dark winter, cutting with its keenness,
But on Brigid's feast-day neareth Éire's springtime.

May God send us this very hour—loving prayer of St. Brigid
Radiant pcaceful Springtime on our own dear Home-land.
May God give us [sure] hope on this great saint's feast-day
That we may find grace [here] and heaven with Him hereafter.

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

(FOR EXILE OR TRAVEL).
Feardorcha O'Mellane.

In the name of the Father with graces,
In the name of the Son Who suffered pain,
In the name of the Holy Spirit with power,
God and His Son be with us in our journeying.
Michael of great deeds, our safeguard,
Mary Virgin, the twelve Apostles, St. Brigid, St. Patrick, and St. John,
Good is their provision, the Faith of God.

Colmcille, mighty and gentle,
Colman, son of Hugh, head of the clergy,
[Patron saint of Dromore, the poet's diocese (H. Morris).]

They will all be with us on [the] one road
And lament ye not for our going westward.
Let ye understand an ancient story ;

The children of Israel who were God's [people]
Though they were in bondage under Egypt,
Comfort soon they received.
They went through the great sea,
A road being made for them,—no narrow one,
So that the grey sea arose

Like a rock, out over their heads.
On their going up again on the [dry] land
They received justice from the [Rí] of truth,
Comfort, help and sustenance
From the God Who ever was, and is [here] to-day.
[Even] thus shall it be done to you,

Ye shall receive all good from the first ;
And your country is in heaven,
And be not ye downcast in our cause.
God is the same to us and to them,

[The] One-God still Who was and is,
God is the same here and beyond,
One-God from everlasting and Who will be for aye.

Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

In early Christian times, the [chiefs] of Cashel were also bishops so that they possessed both a temporal and a spiritual role.

Wikipedia

The Irish language tale Mór Muman 7 Aided Cuanach meic Ailchine ("Mór Muman and the death of Cuanu mac Ailchine") is found in the Book of Leinster. It is suggested that it dates from the 10th century or earlier. According to this tale, Mór was placed under an enchantment and went mad. She wandered Ireland for two years before she came to Cashel and the court of Rí Fíngen mac Áedo Duib. Fingen eventually slept with her, and her memory returned. In the morning, Fingen gave her the queen's robe and brooch, and put aside his current queen, daughter of the Rí of the Deisi, and put Mór in her place.... The Metrical Dindshenchas say of Fingen and Mór:

Best of the women of Inis Fail is Mór daughter of Áed Bennan. Better is Fingen than any hero that drives about Femen

When Fingen died, the story says, Mór Muman married Cathal mac Finguine.

[Or maybe] this tale mistook this Cathal for his grandfather, Cathal mac Áedo.

A similar tale is told of Mis, who gave her name to the Slieve Mish Mountains and who may be the same figure as Mór.[7] Mis is said to have went mad and to have lived as a wild woman in the mountains. She recovers after befriending and sleeping with a harper named Dubh Rois.

These tales may be based on the common motif of the loathly lady, whereby the [Bean Sí] of sovereignty appears as a hag until kissed by the rightful Rí, whereupon she becomes a beautiful young woman. In another tale, Mór and her husband Lear land in Ireland at the Dingle Peninsula and make their home at Dunmore Head (Dún Mór, possibly meaning "Mór's hillfort").

One day, Mór climbs to the top of Mount Eagle to see the land in which she dwells. However, she is 'taken short' and squats to relieve herself. The ravines that cut through the mountains of Munster are said to have resulted from Mór's great streams of urine. ...At the foot of the mountain is a place called Tivoria or Tigh Mhóire ("Mór's house").

...Mór Muman is believed to be identical with Mugain, and to include features of Medb and the Morrigan. She is sometimes referred to simply as Mumain, making her association with the land of Munster (Irish, Mumu) explicit. The death of Mór Muman ingen Áedo Bennáin is recorded by the Annals of Ulster under the year 632 and by the Annals of Tigernach for 636.

Mór's sister, Ruithchern, is also thought to represent the sovereignty.... She was the protagonist of the lost story Aithed Ruithcherne la Cuanu mac Cailchin (The killing of Ruithchern by Cuanu mac Ailchine).

MÓR MHUMHAN AND THE FATE OF CUANU SON OF CAILCHIN. 1310 Gaeilge trans. Thomas Patrick O'Nolan, 1912, d. 1913 1. Aed Bennain was the Rí of Ir Luachair. He had twelve sons and three daughters. There is a proverb about them : " Not as Aed Bennain left his sons." Mor of Munster was the daughter of Aed Bennain. She was in adversity at first. She used to go only to the door of the house. "Woe to thee, Mor ! " said a voice from the air above them. Now the Chiefs of Ireland were seeking her hand in marriage. One day she heard the voice, " Woe to thee, Mor !" " I prefer that it should be given to me than be constantly promised. Shall it be in the beginning or at the end ?" " In the beginning, indeed," says she. Thereafter great derangement was put upon her, so that she bounded over the mound of the lisa, so that it was not known to what place she went.

2. She travelled over Ireland two years, and was blackened by sun and wind, in rags and marshes. She came to Cashel. Fingen son of Aed was Rí there. The daughter of the Rí of the Deise was his wife. She (Mor) was with his sheep three times. One day she went into the palace out of the pasture, and threw herself down by the fire. " Put out that woman," says Fingen. " You will have my brooch," said the queen, " and sleep with her to-night." " "It is not good," said Fingen. " Though it is not good, you will have to do it. We shall not sleep with you till you sleep with her." " I must," said Fingen. "Let the brooch be given to me." She herself, the queen, prepared the bed for them. The woman left the rags below, and goes to him into the room. " Whence art thou, woman ? " said Fingen. Then she told her name, and her sense came to her. " Good," said Fingen. He offers her first her weight of silver. When it was morning, she arises to go with the sheep. " Nay," said Fingen ; " I shall protect you against the queen." The queen arises,

and was in fits of laughter at them. " Put ye that purple cloak on her," said Fingen, " and the queen's brooch in her cloak." " She shall not be in equal dignity with me," said the queen. " It will be just,"said Fingen. " The man you have sold you shall not consort with. She shall stay, for her [culture] is better." It is with her, with Mor of Munster, that every excellent woman in Ireland is compared.

3. She was in the company of Fingen till she bore him a son, Sechnasach, son of Fingen. Fingen died after that. She went to Cathal, son of Finnguine, Rí of Glendomuin. The Ríocht of Munster was from Cashel one spell, from Glendomuin another time, and from Aine the other time. All these are Eoghanacht. So she went to Cathal in Glendomuin. A sister of hers was brought, stolen from the west, Ruithchern, daughter of Aed Bennain, and she was at Dun Chaireda in the country of Ui Liathain, tending sheep, in captivity. And it, indeed, was her dirge : " It is a great fault to Dun Chaireda that Luachair is not near it. A fair boy of high music cries, Though I know him not, he knows me not."

4. Mac Dacherda was brought to her. He was a simpleton and a prophet of God. " Sing that, woman," said he. " A fair boy of high music cries, Yet I know not myself, he knows me not." " The person who cries from Lough Léin (says Mac Mocherda) It is likely thou knowest thyself." " A great fault to Dun Chaireda it is That Luachair is not near it. It has no fault but one , That Luachair is not beside it." " The woman comes from the Eoghanacht of Loch Léin," said Mac Mocherda. Mor is told.

   She went and took her to her, and she was in her company. Now the two sisters used to go and lament over Fingen. Then she said : When the hosts advance round Glennomuin from the north, great destruction shall be around Locli Cenn. Whither may its march be, Ruithchern ? Fingen was fierce, was vengeful, was wise, sportive, vigorous; was crafty in entreaty, was fierce in threats, very joyous were his riches. My portion is in Lann Lothra. The monument of Fingen conspicuous . . . In the " inch " there is a building, the monument of Aed and Damnait

A youth sings in Uilind, in Uilind a youth sings. Thou *seest Fcmin around* Loch Cenn. Thou seest Loch Cenn though it lives not. Seldom after the coursing of steeds between Cashel and Loch does the place of the fair-tufted furze make music against my two wheels.

6. Cathal was listening to her at the side of the grove. Then he arose, and said It is

proper, Though my silence is not great, since dearer to thee is thought of the dead man than I am. Even the dead, when he has been in the clay of a year or a day, it is his excellent, kindly nature that preserves, so that mourning for him is not forgotten. Woman over there ! do not pour praise upon the dead since he has gone. Love someone who will not do thy displeasure till he himself go to death

Man over there as you are, since you have found me weeping, it will be the love of thyself that will act, so that the man who was first lives not. She was not seen weeping for him from that time.

7. Mor then gave Ruithchern to Lonan the son of Findech. He was on foray along with Cathal. Mor gave her sister to him. On one occasion the Rí of Deise came. Lonan used to be at Cathal's hand. " Rise up, Lonan, before the Rí." Do not move Lonan son of Findnech (said Mor), from the west from a sidh what he plies. He would not be the bolder against battle-shouts, he would not be a shelter ngainst a company. Is the hero whom you would put from a seat a hero to whom you would return it ? Lonan went westwards then ; and his wife and his people to the sons of Aed Bennain. Cuanu son of Cailchin from Liathmuine attacked them and carried off his wife from Lonan, and he (Lonan) was wounded himself and escaped after being wounded, and arrived in the west.

8. After that war was proclaimed by the sons of Aed Bennain upon the sons of Cathal, because the married couple did not arrive in the west under their protection. And, indeed, some of the sons of Cathal were at the outrage.

" How shall this battle be fought ! " said the men of Munster. " If it be the sons of Cathal who would go against the sons of Aed, they will fall on both sides, because of their equal pride." The sons of Aed then go against the foreign tribes eastwards, viz. of Ossory . and of the Deise and of Eile and of Muscraige Bregoin and of the east of Femen and of Fer Maige. Cuanu was Rí of Fer Maige Feine.

In a dream, the swineherds saw Conall Corc: God's blessing was being given to him and his successors as [chiefs] of Cashel so long as they observed the Truth, together with mercy. His successors are duly named. One of the swineherds speaks in a trance of the

blessing that he heard the angel deliver. What he has to say is couched in obscure language, and it has not been possible to translate it fully... After the first part the [chief] responds to the swineherd, saying: 'Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther 'May it be a truth that is confirmed: may it be a power that is enforced'. and the people answer 'amen'

Stowe Missal Cumhdach "The blessing of God on every soul who deserves it"

MK Dowling, The Stowe Missal The following informative and typically Celtic essay is also in the Bobbio Missal. Faith and its profession links us to the past and the future by God's Charity. "The Symbol of Faith was collected into 12 articles of the Apostles and assigned with caution: "Peter said, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty.' John said, 'I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, God and our Lord.' James said, 'He was born of Mary, the Virgin, through the Holy Spirit.'

Andrew said, 'He suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified and buried.' Philip said, 'He descended into hell.' Thomas said, 'He arose on the third day.' Bartholomew said, 'He ascended into Heaven, [and] sat at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.' Matthew said, 'From there He will come to judge the living and the dead.' James, the son of Alpheus, said: 'I believe in the Holy Spirit.' Simon Zelotes said: 'I believe in the Holy Church.' Judas, the brother of James, said: 'Through Holy Baptism [there is] remission of sins.' Matthias said, 'The resurrection of the flesh and eternal life. Amen.'

"This is what was collected and cautiously attributed to the 12 Apostles. For it is the Faith of the Saints in God. Unto the persons named, its name is the divine Gift of Faith. It is our Portion. This Faith unites God and humanity. This Faith joins the present and the future. Furthermore, Faith makes the invisible visible. After the grave, Faith opens the way to the Heavenly family, even to the Chiefdom of Heaven.

Therefore those who are constant in the confession of the Faith are not able to fear the wrath that is coming from on high."

Goidelica, Stokes "O Angel! bear, O great-miracled Micheál, my complaint to An Tiarna. Hearest thou? Ask of forgiving God forgiveness of all my vast evil."

Monasticon Hibernicum, Mervyn Archdall and Patrick Moran et al. Vol 1 1873.

[21] *Fermoy;* The monastery of Fermoy was the head of the great religious institutions founded by St. Finnchua in the beginning of the seventh century. This saint received the waters of baptism from St. Ailbhe, studied at Benchor under its holy founder, St. Comghall, was subsequently abbot of that great monastery, but resigned that office to establish the great religious school in his native territory at Fermoy. He was remarkable for his penitential spirit, and, towards the close of his saintly career, made a pilgrimage to Rome. The ancient name of the place now called Fermoy was Magh Meine, and thus it was known till the siege of Drom Damhghaire, which is recorded to have taken place about the year of our Lord 220. Munster was at that time invaded by Cormac Mac Airt, who, full of confidence in

"And Mochuda then returned towards Rahin, and on his way eastward through Munster he passed over a river which was called Neim at that time, but which is called Avanmore to-day, and he saw a large apple in the middle of the ford, over which he was passing, and he took it up and carried it in his hand, and hence Ath Ubhla (now Appleford), in Fermoy, has its name. And the servant asked for the apple from Mochuda, and he did not give it but said :—God will work a miracle with this apple through me this day, for we shall meet the daughter of Cuana Mac Cailchin, with her right arm powerless and motionless, hanging by her side, and she shall be cured through this apple and through the power of God: And this was verified; for Mochuda saw the virgin, with her maiden companions, who were at their sports and amusements on the green of the court, and going up towards her he said :—'Take this apple to thyself, my daughter.' She stretched forth her left hand for the apple as was her wont ; Mochuda said :—'Thou shalt not get it in that hand, but reach out the other hand for it

and thou shalt get it,' And the maiden being full of faith, attempted to reach forth the right hand, and the hand was instantly filled with vigour and life, and she reached it out and took the apple into it.

"There was joy all over the king's palace on this occasion, and all gave praise to God and to Mochuda, for this miracle, and Cuana said on that night to his daughter, make now your selection, and say who you like best of all the princes of Munster, and I will have him married to you; to this the maiden replied, 'I shall have no husband but the man who cured my hand.' 'Hear you that O Mochuda,' said Cuana. 'Give me the maiden,' said Mochuda, 'and I will give her as a spouse to Christ, who cured her hand;' and Cuana gave the maiden and her dowry, with an offering of land on the banks of the river Neim, to God and to Mochuda for ever, and his munificence was too great to be described.

"Flandat was the maiden's name, and Mochuda brought her with him to Rahin, where she spent her life most profitably with the other 'Black Nuns,' till Mochuda was banished by the kings of Tara out of his own city, when he took Flandat with him, and the rest of the black nuns, and when he had finished his own city of Lismore, he sent Flandat to her own country, that she might build a church there, and she built a noble church in Cluain Dallain, and it is in Mochuda's parish it is."—Irish Life of Saint Carthach, *O'Curry M.S., Catholic University.*

"Make the world before you a better one by going into it with all boldness. You are up to it and you are fit for it; you deserve it and if you make your own best contribution, the world before you will become a bit more deserving of you..."

from Seamus Heaney's Remarks, Commencement Ceremony at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Bealtaine 12, 1996

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eoghan arose, and arranged themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions. — Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

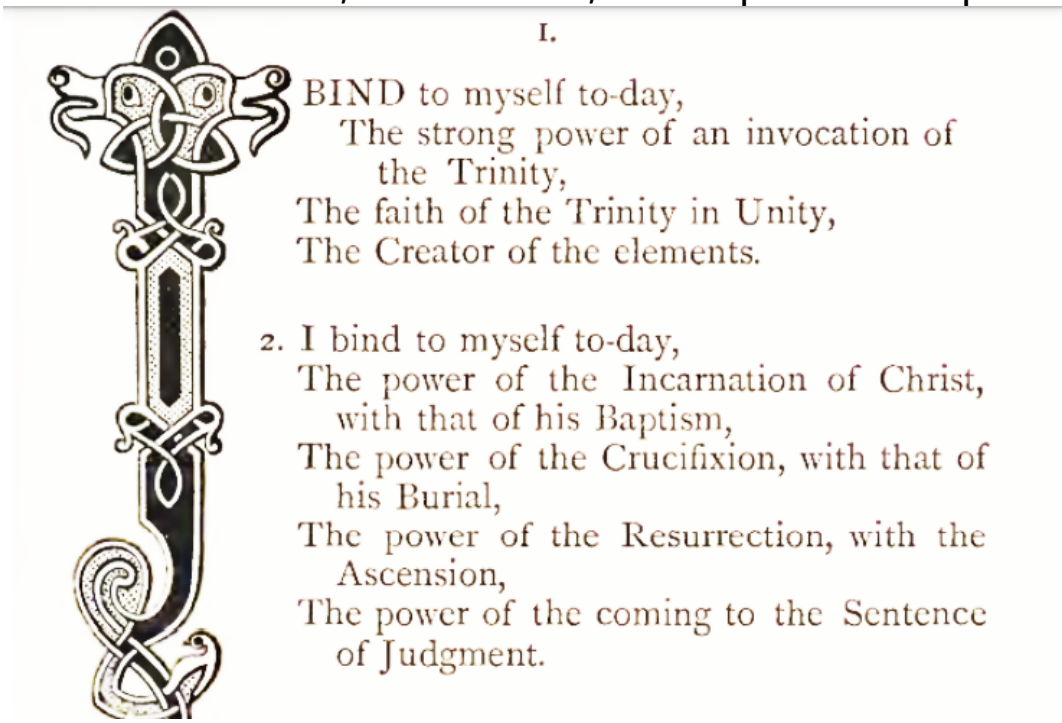
FÉNECHAS: The traditional customs and regulations of the Féni taken as a whole, including the body of the ancient law and somet. the ` bérla Féne ' ; `native customary law ', traditional justice, fair dealing

FIR: True, veracious, I deem it true, I believe, prove true, come to pass, happened, may it come to pass, if it is true = `according to statement', `it is said', so be it, righteous, genuine, what is true; truth, right, according to truth, really, actually, a pledge, guaran- tee, an attestation; a proof, test, ordeal, a religious ordeal or attestation, compurgator (a sworn witness to

the innocence or good character of an accused person), right, due, `truth of battle,' a just cause in fight, fair play (in combat), single combat F.¤ FÉNE the truth (justice) of the F., F.¤ FLATHA the word of a prince; justice of a ruler, fair fighting, veracious, true, just, ¤brithem a just judge, ¤chara a genuine friend, ¤rí true [Rí], exact: ¤chenn sróna the very tip, ¤aicned: bretha firaicnid `judgements of true nature', ¤chaín true smoothness; gentleness , in phr. f.¤ fáilte a hearty welcome:

MAIGE: great, mighty

FÉNE: fían, féne, ḟéinne, Fianghal, Fianghail, —uil, Fiangaile, Fiangaile, fíangalach, Fiangalaich, fian, ` driving, pur- suing, hunting ,' which has in Irish taken a concrete meaning and denotes `a band of warriors on the warpath, (a) a band of roving men whose principal occupations were hunting and war, also a troop of professional fighting-men under a leader. In later appli- cation esp. the warrior-bands under Finn son of Cumall, who are described as constituting a military caste: in wider sense a company, number of persons, fian sceith (sciath v.l.) shield-bearers, Of pieces in a game, chessmen, a warrior (late and rare): righḟeinnidh, f.¤ `a General, warrior-shout of fighting, an improvised shelter, See fulacht. ¤chara a comrade in arms; `a mutual friend, one who protects and is protected'



I.

BIND to myself to-day,
The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
The Creator of the elements.

2. I bind to myself to-day,
The power of the Incarnation of Christ, with that of his Baptism,
The power of the Crucifixion, with that of his Burial,
The power of the Resurrection, with the Ascension,
The power of the coming to the Sentence of Judgment.

Poem on the Day of Judgement Editor and translator: J. G. O'Keeffe An electronic edition https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/jok.eriu.3.001.text.html

Doom! Not slight will be its uproar when the world will burn; it were meet, O Christ with grades [of angels], that Adam's seed should dread it. Obdurate is the human race, harder than stones are their hearts when they heed not the many vast pains.

When the earth will vomit forth the hosts of Adam's vast seed, when one blaze will fill both heaven and earth. When the host of hell, the tribes of earth, the multitude of saints, the nine grades of angels will meet in one gathering when each question will be solved.

When the Judge will pronounce righteous true judgements, awarding heaven to the chosen, increase of punishment to the evil folk. The humble, lowly, devout folk with purity of heart, the despised wretches will be in the ranks of heaven's Rí.

The red-mouthed judges, the lewd, the sinful, the contentious, arrogant clerics will find neither honour nor welcome. The envious, the parricides, the wicked impious chiefs, the lewd unwomanly women will find death and extinction.

Bitter and harsh will be their repentance, they will shed tears over cheeks, the lying, the impious, the folk of every enduring sin. It will be a shame, it will be a reproach to the host of the wicked, as you shall see, when all will behold the sin of each one of them.

After being for a long space of time in the scorching fire of Doom, they will be cast by the [Chief] of the Sun into a place of torture at last. Sorry will be the outcry they will make, dreadful will be their wailings, as they part from holy angels, as they go with evil demons.

Woe to the soul which heeds not the din of the mighty Day of Doom; worse seventy-seven times to dwell in [difficult] avenging hell. Its bitter cold, its great burning, its hunger, its dreadful thirst, its crushing, its heavy revenge, its horror, its stifling smoke, its slaying. Its many fearful monsters, its groaning, its wild woeful lament, its fiery rotten sea, its vile devilish faces.

Woe to him who hath come into this world, woe to our body, woe to our souls to each one who is destined to dwell for ever in ruthless hell. Of Thy fondness, O fond Father, of Thy gentleness, O [Chief] of Heaven, cast me not into the bitter prison in which there are many groans.

For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, when Thou wilt . . . with me, deal gently with my soul! For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, of Thy Chiefdom, O Prince, come valiantly to my aid in all the sufferings of my soul.

For the sake of each noble intercession in heaven and on earth, I pray Thee, O Christ of my heart, that the Chiefdom of Heaven may be for my soul. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, protect me against all iniquity, lest, O Heavenly [Chief], the temptations of demons or men destroy me. For the sake of Thy cross, of Thy passion, come forthwith to my aid; before I go from the yellow world take from me every unrighteousness.

Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee. That I may be wheat in Thy granary on the day when the chaff is burned, that I may carry off victory and triumph yonder in the rout of Doom.

“When a person accepts anything Godly, then he rejoices in his heart, but when he has accepted anything devilish, then he becomes tormented.” St. Seraphim of Sarov

Wherefore Findchua left to Munstermen, from that time forward till Doomsday, to defeat foreigners and every host besides when charging down a height ; and verily this is fulfilled
Lismore Life of St. Fanahan

This then was the preaching that Peter and Paul and the other holy apostles most often used to make, this preaching of the punishments and of the rewards, for they were displayed to them in the same manner. This, then, is the preaching that Sylvester, Abbot of Rome, made to Constantine, son of Helena, to the over-[Rí] of the world, in the great assembly when Constantine offered Rome to Peter and to Paul. This is the preaching that Fabian, Peter s successor, made to Philip, son of Gordian, [Rí] of the Romans, when

he believed in the Lord, and when many thousand others believed there; and he was the first [Rí] of the Romans who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. This, then, is the preaching which Elijah is wont to make to the souls of the righteous under the Tree of Life in Paradise. Now, when Elijah opens the book for the preaching, then come the souls of the righteous in shapes of bright white birds to him from every point. Then he first declares to them the rewards of the righteous, the happiness and delights of the [Ríocht] of heaven, and at that time they are exceedingly rejoiced. Then he declares to them the pains and punishments of hell and the banes of Doomsday. Manifest exceedingly is a countenance of sorrow upon themselves then, to wit, on Elijah and on Enoch : wherefore those are called the Two Sorrows of Heaven s [Ríocht]. Then Elijah shuts his preaching-book. The birds then make an exceeding great wailing, and beat their wings against their bodies till streams of blood come out of them for dread of the pains of hell and of Doomsday...

...

Now since it is the souls of the saints, whose lot it is to inhabit for everthe [Ríocht] of heaven, that make that lamentation, it were meet for the men of theworld, though they should shed tears of blood expecting Doomsday, in quo die malaerunt. Now there will be many evils and tribulations on that day, that is, on the Dayof Judgment, in quo dieJudexJustus sua suis reddet: impiis pcenas, prcemia justis. Thenwill the Lord pay to every human being in the world his own wage. Punishment He hath for the sinful, reward for the righteous. Then the sinful will be cast into the depth of the eternal pain, and the lock of God s word will shut them up under hatred of the Judge of Doom. Then the saints and the righteous, the folk of charity and of mercy, will be carried to the right hand of God the Father, to inhabit the [Ríocht] ofheaven for ever. Then they will abide in that great glory, in the unity of the Godhead and the Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than any unity, theunity of the holy, noble, almighty Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 3912. I beseech the high, almighty God, through saint Brenainn s intercession,may we all deserve that unity, may we reach it, may we dwell therein for ever and ever !

Lismore Life of St. Brenainn

of the three young clerics here below.' This legend is also found in the *Book of Leinster*, p. 283, whence it has been published, with a French translation and notes, by M. Henri Gaidoz in *Mélusine*, t. iv. cols. 6–11. The Lismore copy furnishes some various readings, and runs thus:

Triar m*a*ccleir*ech* di fhearuibh Eir*enn* dochotar dia n-ailithre. Ba dic*ra* 7 bá cridheachair docos. Ni rucad ann do lon f*or* muir *acht* teora bairgen (*sic*)

Three young clerics, of the men of Ireland, went on their pilgrimage. It was fervently and heartily they went. There was no provision taken to sea save three cakes.

'Beratsa in caitín,' ar fear dhíibh. O rosiactadar f*or*mnai na fairce *immorro*, 'a n-ainm Cr*ist*, t*ra*,' or iat, 'leicium ar raimh isin mhuir uann 7 fo[n]c*er*tam il-leth ar Tig*er*na.' Doronat[h] on. Ni bá cian iar*um* la furt*acht* Cr*ist* c*on*datrala docum n-indsi áilli: *con*dath n-imdha inde, us*ci* imdhai. 'Denam t*ra* ecl*ais* f*or* lar ar n-indsi.' Doghniat on. Teit in caitin uadhaibh. Dos-srengai b*r*atan fireisc dhoibh conice teora bratana ce*ch*a t*r*atha. 'A Dé,' or iat, 'ni hailit*r*e ar n-ailit*r*e ifechtsa. T*u*csam lon linn, ar caitin diar n-airbiath*ad*. As diic ifechtsa, tomhailt a urthoraidh. [Ni chaithfem torad in caitt.'] Bat*ar* se t*r*ath iarsin cen tuara, cein cu tainic timt*ir*eacht o Cr*ist* cu mbui f*or*sin altoir .i. l*eth*bairghiun c*r*uithneachta ce*ch* fir 7 orda eisc. 'Maith t*ra*, findadh cach duris dia madh[1] don fhir ardon-biatha.'

Three young clerics, of the men of Ireland, went on their pilgrimage. It was fervently and heartily they went. There was no provision taken to sea save three cakes. 'I will bring the little cat,' says one of them. Now when they reached the shoulders of the main, 'In Christ's name,' say they, 'let us cast away our oars into the sea, and throw ourselves on the mercy of our Lord.' This was done. Not long afterwards they came with Christ's help to a beautiful island. Plenty of firewood was therein, plenty of water. 'Let us build a church in the midst of our island.' This they do. The little cat goes from them. It draws to them a veritable salmon, up to three salmons for every (canonical) hour. 'O God,' say they, 'our pilgrimage is no pilgrimage now! We have brought provision with us, our cat to feed us. It is sad now to eat his catching. We will not partake of the cat's produce.' Thereafter they abode for six watches without food, until a message came from Christ that (some) was on the altar, to wit, half a cake of wheat for each man, and a piece of fish. 'Well, then, let each of us make known his work for Him who feeds us.'

'Gebatsa cetam*us*,' ar fer dibh, 'na t*ri* .L. cech dia, la ceileabhr*ad* mo t*r*ath 7 la hoifrenn.'

'I will sing, first,' says one of them, 'the three fifties[2] every day, with celebrating my hours and with mass.'

'Gebhutsa di*diu*,' or araili, 'na t*ri* .L. urn*aigthi*, la ceileabr*ad* mo t*r*ath 7 la hoifreann cech lái.'

'I will sing, then,' says another, 'the thrice fifty prayers, with celebrating my hours and with mass every day.'

'Gebutsa,' or in t*r*eas fer, '.LLL[3]. Imnum

'I will sing,' says the third man, 'a hundred

[1] The Book of Lismore is here corrupt. Read, with LL., Maith, tra, finnad cách úaind a mod.

[2] i.e. the 150 psalms.

[3] MS. inserts *do*.

dicat[1] (cech dia), la ceileabr*ad* mu t*r*ath 7 la hoif*r*iunn.'

Dognit*er* on t*r*a f*r*ia re[2] fhoda. Marb iarumh in tres fer. Rogabadh a ecnairc 7 rohadn*acht*.

[42 b. 2.] 'Maith, t*r*a,' or siat, 'na tesbhadh ní don urd cetna isin[3] ecl*ais*. Rannam ed*r*ainn ord ar [co]cele' .i. fer na t*r*i .L. [salm] is é atbath ann. Rannaid et*arr*a modh in tres fir.

Nir'bo cian iar*um* cu mba marb araili. Adhlaict*er* [side da*no* .i.] fer na tri .L. urn*aigth*i. Trumai-di[4] lasin æinf*er* di*diu*: ba soethar mor dosom na .LLL. salm 7 na .LLL. urn*aigth*i 7 na .LLL. Imnum dicat, lasna t*r*i hoifreannaib ce*ch* dia 7 la ceileabhradh na trath. 'Fir,' or seisium, 'moo serc na deisi ucut la a Tig*er*na innusa: f*orr*oces[5] chuice: fom-racuibhsea. M*a*d t*r*osc*ud* frissiumh dogentar ón[6], ar nach ferr a n-airilliudh innussa.' Don-ic in t-ai*ngel*. 'IS bairne*ch* do Tig*er*na f*r*iutsa,' or in t-ai*ngel*, 'do t*r*osc*ud* indlight*ech*, ar ni bia cen aircisecht [uad].' 'Cid dosum di*diu* cen mu chesadh-sa lia mhuinntir?' 'IS tu dora[e]ga,' ol in t-ai*ngel* '.i. intan dorannsaidh b*ur* n-urdu .i. in f*er* doroega na .LLL. as duthain 7 is nime: is air dofucadh i tos*uch*[7]. Fer na .LLL. urn*aigth*i, ni thimdhibh ní thab*air* sæg*ul*. Inni *immorro* rothoghuis .i. .LLL. Imnum dicat, sírshæg*ul* do saidhe 7 flaith nime.'

and fifty *Hymnum dicat*s every day, with celebrating my hours and with mass.'

So this is done for a long space of time. Then the third man died. His requiem was sung and he was buried.

'Well, then,' say they, 'let there be nothing wanting to the same order in the church. Let us divide between us the order of our comrade,' to wit, the man of the thrice fifty psalms, it is he that died. They divide between them the third man's work.

'It was not long before another was dead. He, then, is buried, to wit, the man of the thrice fifty prayers. It was the heavier for the one survivor: it was great labour to him, the thrice fifty psalms and the thrice fifty prayers and the thrice fifty *Hymnum dicat*s, with the three masses every day and with celebration of the hours. 'Of a truth,' says he, 'their Lord hath a greater love for yon twain than He hath for me. He has taken them unto Him: He has left me. Let me perform fasting against Him, for their merit is no better than mine.' The angel comes to him. 'Thy LORD is angry with thee,' saith the angel, 'because of thine unlawful fasting: for thou wilt not be without mercy from Him.' 'Why, then, did He not let me suffer with His household?' 'The choice was thine,' saith the angel, 'when ye parted your duties. The man that chose the thrice fifty (psalms) is transitory and is short-lived. Wherefore he was taken first. The man of the thrice fifty prayers, he neither cuts off nor adds to his life. As to that, however, which thou chosest, even the thrice fifty *Hymnum dicat*s, long life to him (who chose), and the kingdom of heaven.'

[1] St. Hilary's hymn in praise of Christ, Todd, *Liber Hymnorum*, pp. 151–161.

[2] co ré, LL. [3] assind, LL. [4] Tr*u*mmu-te, LL.

[5] Rosuc, LL. [6] Dogentar t*r*oscud f*r*isseom ón, LL.

Stowe Missal

§2 The chalice is the symbol of the church, which has been set and founded on the persecution and on the martyrdom of the prophets and others.

'Water is put into the chalice and this is chanted thereat: *Peto te Pater, deprecor te Fili, obsecro te Spiritus Sancte*, to wit, the figure of the people that was poured forth into [b] the Church.

'The Host, then, upon the altar, to wit, the turtledove. This is chanted thereat, to wit *Jesus Christus, Alpha et Omega, hoc est principium et finis*. A figure of Christ's Body which was set in the linen sheet of Mary's womb.

'Wine then for water into the chalice, to wit, Christ's Godhead for his Manhood and for the people at the time of (His) begetting: [c] this is chanted hereat: *Remittit Pater, indulget Filius, miseretur Spiritus Sanctus.*

Irish Passages in the Stowe Missal, Whitley Stokes, Calcutta, 1881

Newmarket Community Development Association Facebook Page 7 Samhain 2013 Have you ever heard of the Mount Keeffe Chalice? "Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress. He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the holy priest was murdered"

Mount Keeffe Chalice (1590). Okeeffeclans.com O'Kief Cosh Mang Vol 6 - Casey under the Title "1590 O'Keeffe Chalice - Saga from The Newmarket Area" recorded the following "To Mrs George A. Jackson of Climax, Michigan, we are indebted for a clipping dated January 7 1961 (newspaper not named). The staff reporter of the newspaper in conversation with Sean O'Reilly, Secretary of the Mallow Field Club of History and Archaeology, describes a murder of a priest in Penal Days Ireland with the theft of the

oldest Chalice in Irish Ecclesiastical History.

"Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress.

He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the Holy priest was murdered."

Later accounts by Seanchas Duthalla Journals – by Mrs E. Sheehan(1978/'79), records the story and names Sean O'Reilly of Mallow and the late Dan Casey of Newmarket and Fr. James Wilson, Chaplain of Mount Alvernia. "A Mr. Clancy of Doneraile first told Mr. O'Reilly that he had noticed the Chalice on a visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum". She named the priest that were saying the mass, when the chalice was seized, as [Righterous Martyr Saint] Fr. Gallivan, and an unnamed priest [Righterous Martyr Saint] from Kerry.

"The Red Coats looted the chalice and the vestments and other church items". Neither Casey, the news article reporter, Sean O'Reilly, nor did Seanchas Duthalla Articles by Mrs Sheehan make reference to the other chalice (now known as the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice).

The O'Keeffe Chalices, Paten and Altar Stone.

by Dan O'Keeffe

Introduction

In the Cork Historical And Archaeological Society (CHAS) Journal of 1899, Robert Day F.S.A published a paper on the O'Keeffe Chalice (1735). Robert Day made no reference

to the older O'Keeffe Chalice(1590), now called the Mount Keeffe Chalice.

The O'Keeffe Chalice(1735), according to Day was made for Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe, shortly before he died. He was the Catholic Bishop of Limerick from 1720 until his death in 1735. During the height of the Penal Laws and resultant persecution, the Catholic Church of Rome appointed Cornelius of the Glenville-Rathcormac-sect of the O'Keeffes. His family tree was traced back to a line of O'Keeffe Chieftains... by Fr.Eoghan O'Keeffe the Genealogist (1656-1726). Cromwell evicted Denis (the bishop's father) from his estate at Glenville. When evicted, the family after much pain and suffering, finally found refuge on a thirty-acre hill farm at Templeglantine, Co. Limerick on the Estate of Sr. William Courtney. This Estate according to Fr.T.O. Muirthile S.P.(Glor Inse Ban 1994) seemed to have been a favourite refuge for despoiled Gaels. The Bishop was the youngest of 6 boys. The family descendants were in Templeglantine until the 1950s' and claimed The [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] O'Keeffe Chieftains connection right up to the end.

Mount Keeffe Chalice (1590)

O'Kief Cosh Mang Vol 6 - Casey under the Title " 1590 O'Keeffe Chalice - Saga from The Newmarket Area" recorded the following " From Mrs George A. Jackson of Climax, Michigan, we are indebted for a clipping dated January 7 1961 (newspaper not named). The staff reporter of the newspaper in conversation with Sean O'Reilly, Secretary of the Mallow Field Club of History and Archaeology, describes a murder of a priest in Penal Days Ireland with the theft of the oldest Chalice in Irish Ecclesiastical History. "Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress. He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the Holy priest was murdered." *Later accounts by Seanchas Duthalla Journals – by Mrs E. Sheehan(1978/'79), records the story and names Sean O'Reilly of Mallow and the late Dan Casey of Newmarket and Fr. James Wilson, Chaplain of Mount Alvernia. "A Mr.*

Clancy of Doneraile first told Mr. O'Reilly that he had noticed the Chalice on a visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum". She named the priest that were saying the mass, when the chalice was seized, as Fr. Gallivan, and an unnamed priest from Kerry. "The Red Coats looted the chalice and the vestments and other church items". Neither Casey, the news article reporter, Sean O'Reilly, nor Seanchas Duthalla Arrticles by Mrs Sheehan made reference to the other chalice (now known as the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice).

The Mount Keeffe Inscription by the Purcell family (1916)

However, that is by no means the end of the story. Because proceeding all this, was a Cork Historical and Archaeological Journal paper M.G.(1915 Vol. 21 page 145-146), called "The Day Collection of Antiquities". It documents the disposal of the famous Robert Day FSA collection of antiquities (including the O'KEEFFE 1590 - Chalice). This sale took place after Day's death in 1915. The Chalice was sold at the second day of the auction for £4-16 shillings per oz and it weighed 9.75oz or £46.75. It was described on the catalogue as one of the most beautiful sacred vessels and early Elizabethan. The Purcell family of Burton Park, Buttevant purchased the Chalice. On the same day The Archer Chalice (1696) was sold for £5.16s; A William 111, Chalice inscribed in Latin "Edmund Murphy caused me to be made" and crucifix, 1678 sold for £8 and the Smart Chalice 1706, used in the Baptist Chapel, Cork for £24. After the purchase an inscription beneath the foot was carried out on behalf of the Purcell family. The Inscription says "The Mount Keeffe Chalice re-consecrated at Burton Park A.D. 1916".

The Victoria and Albert Museum in London bought, what was then known as 'The Mount Keeffe Chalice' for £400, in 1929.

Characteristics of the Chalices

According to the V&A Museum "The Mount Keeffe Chalice is made of silver gilt Irish 1590, one of the more important Irish Chalices of the late 16th century retaining an incurving hexagonal stem but with the tall pyramidal foot, which became a national characteristic. The diameter of the cup is 3 inches. It is not clear how the cup is attached to the stem, although, it does appear that there is a pin or screw holding them together. It has a hexagonal foot, engraved on the base: 'COK. ME. FIERI. FECIT.ANNO.

DOMINI. 1590'.The front panel is engraved with a crucifix with the instrument of the Passion, and alternate panels with moresques."

The inscription on the (BISHOP CORNELIUS) O'Keeffe Chalice ref -Day(1899) is "Cornelius O'Keeffe, Episcopus Limericensis me fieri fecit, anno domini 1735" According to Robert Day "The Bishop O'Keeffe Chalice is 5 7/8 inches high, 3 ¾ inches wide at the base a 2 ¼ inches wide at the lip of the cup. It unscrews in three parts; the knop is oval, with a receded band in the centre, having its upper portion engraved with four leaves on a powered ground and the lower part with an engraved pattern to correspond with the gadrooning in the foot, which is circular, and otherwise undecorated"(Day) With the Bishop O'Keeffe Chalice(1735) is the Paten, a circular plate of silver, 3 1/4 inches in diameter, gold plated, and a Travelling Altar Stone".

Origins of the Chalices.

The Mount Keeffe Chalice was presented according to Mrs Sheehan(1978-'79) - Seanchas Duthalla Journal, by the 'Newmarket(Mount Keeffe) O'Keeffes'. During the worst of Penal Times mass was celebrated in Gleann an Aifrinn, on the MCAuliffe farm. During wet weather it was said in the house of nearby Mr. O'Keeffe. In contrast, the late Molly Hickey - local historian in Cullen was reported by Mrs Sheehan to have a different version. "Molly claimed that the chalice was presented to Cullen Church by the Ahane O'Keeffes' (near the Kerry border). "Charles O'Keeffe who came to Mount Keeffe after 1700 may have been one of this family and by this time was a Protestant. The chalice may have been a family heirloom".

The origin of the 1735 Chalice and Paten are clear-cut. According to Grove White, Bishop Cornelius went to Paris to set-up O'Keeffe Burses the year before he died, "the bishop received a considerable sum of money from some unexpected source, and for a thanks offering he founded on the 8th of September of the same year three burses in the Irish College for the education of students descended from the O'Keeffes' of Gleannn Phriacane (Glenville) to be nominated by the Bishop of Limerick or Cork" Mrs Sheehan(1979), and Diarmuid O'Murhada (1965), - The Family Names of Co. Cork, had an interesting piece re the burses. "Arthur O'Keeffe styling himself late of Dunbollog-this

was corrected in the 2nd edition of O'Murchada to the Dromagh O'Keeffes' practised as a counsellor at law at Lincoln Inn London, filed his lineage and was accompanied by a deed which founded the O'Keeffe Bursarships in Paris in 1734, endowed the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe - Bishop of Limerick". One could assume from this that Arthur O'Keeffe of Ballymaquirk O'Keeffes' gave the considerable amount of money to the Bishop for the Chalice, Paten and Burses. Day suggested that the *Bishop's Chalice* was made in Ireland, but was not marked because the goldsmith involved did not want to tempt British providence. He claimed that it, (along with the Ardmore chalice), was made secretly in Ireland by the one goldsmith. On the other hand, Archbishop Begley(1935) claimed the chalice was more than likely it was brought back from France by Dr O'Keeffe on his last visit their, just before he died "it much resembles other French chalices of the same period"

The bishop's 'will' according to Archdeacon Begley ordered that "my own proper ornaments ----------be given to executors and to be kept by them until they find proper persons among my relations and to be distributed as occasion shall offer and they think worthy of them and no other." *The Bishop O'Keeffe Chalice was reported by Day in 1899 to have been preserved by the Harold - Barry family*. The chalice descended according Day from the Harold family of Limerick. From the 15th to the 18th century the Harolds were powerful in Limerick and Dublin where they had large estates, including one at Harolds Cross in Dublin. The Harolds according to Historical and Topographical Notes had been Sheriff and Mayor of Limerick on several occasions. The family according to Day, were good friends of the Bishop and so the Chalice and Paten may have been passed on to that family by the executors of the bishops will. In about 1800 Richard Harold of Pennywell Estate, Limerick, married Miss Barry who was the only child of John Barry, Ballyvonare, Doneraile parish. It is believed by the present generation of the Harold Barrys', that the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice, Paten then came to Ballyvonare.

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The Travelling Altar Stone

The altar stone with the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice and Paten, according to Day has all the appearance of a great age. "Upon the centre are circular depressed marks caused by the impact of a larger chalice that must have been used at an earlier period. From its general appearance it is certain that the stone is older and of higher antiquity than the chalice with which it is associated"-Day (1899). " Stones of this character that are not inserted in the altars of churches are known as ' a travelling altar stone' and are of rare occurrence. A photograph of this most interesting relic shows its five emblematic crosses, symbolising the five wounds of our Saviour. In this country Mass can be offered in the peasants cottage, upon the mountain side, in the sheltered valley, and on the secluded island in the peaceful lake; and this custom has continued from penal times, when the number of Roman Catholic churches were limited, and when the priest had no altar, but a symbolic stone, like here figured."

Discussion

Since the Bishop had the newer chalice presented to him, and an altar stone of an older Chalice ends up with it, then one might speculate and say, 'that there was some common link between the two O'Keeffe Chalices'. It would be interesting to find out if the depressed marks correspond with the base of the 'Mount Keeffe Chalice'. We still do not know who presented the 1590 Chalice, and how and when did the Altar Stone come together with the 1735 Chalice and Paten? Furthermore, one wonders why the older Chalice was re-inscribed Mount Keeffe Chalice by the Purcell family in 1916. Perhaps Robert Day bought the older from the Mount Keeffe O'Keeffes' before or shortly after the death of Charles O'Keeffe, who died in 1882.

And if there is a link between the Bishops and Mount Keeffe Chalice

The most extraordinary mystery arising from above was that of Robert Day. He was for many years President of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society and co-editor of its Journal; he was also one of a famous group of Southern antiquarians - ref CHAS vol. 21 1915. . He published up to his death, his researches on the Antiquarian, Historical and Archaeological Journals, both in the North and South of Ireland. According to Sources of History of Irish Civilization he wrote over 200 Journal Papers. It was stated about him in the 1915 Journal, "he had the unique advantage of being a researcher, but also a collector of one of the most valuable historical and antiquarian treasures in Ireland for a half a century". He wrote about the 'Sarsfield Chalice' and 'Berehaven Chalice' in 1893;

the 'Sinan Chalice(1600)' in 1897; the 'Inishannon Chalice' in 1881; the 'Skerret Chalice' in 1882; 'Cork Made Chalice,1674' in 1897; the 'O'Keeffe Chalice' (Bishop Cornelius) in 1899; the 'Ardmore Chalice'in 1899; and the'Silver Chalice of Baltimore' in 1901. Why did he not write about the Older O'Keeffe Chalice? Why did he not the answer the question that he posed himself in the 1899 CHAS Journal paper – what chalice is the Altar Stone belonged to? When did he acquire the 1590 Chalice? From whom did he acquire *it? What was his view - points with regard to the history of the "O'Keeffe Chalice (1590)"? As regards the Altar Stone when did it come into the possession of the Harold Barrys'. Did Robert Day acquire the Altar Stone with the Chalice and decided to dispose of them separately?*

It is sad in one sense that both chalices are held outside of Ireland. On the other hand one should thank the people who played a part in the preservation of these antiquities. As can be seen from the above both chalices have a great significance in relation to the strength of faith of our ancestors during the Penal Laws era. It would be hoped that the Chalices, Paten and Altar Stone, would be given on loan to museums in Cork and Limerick, where one expects a good interest, especially those of O'Keeffe extract. It should help to re-capture some of our Gaelic and Religious past, particularly in relation to North Cork area.

Robert Day, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., J.P. 1836-1914

He was President of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society (CHAS) from 1894 until his death in 1914. He died at his residence in Myrtle Hill House, Cork. Even though Day wrote widely and regularly on various Archaeological and Antiquarian Journals both in Ireland and the U.K. He wrote in glowing terms about the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice (1735), Paten and Ancient Travelling Altar Stone on the 1899 edition of the CHAS Journal. However he did not write about the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590), which on the second day of the late Robert Day's Auction of Antiquities in September 1915, was sold for about £40. On the same day The 'Archer Chalice (1696)' was sold for £5.16s; A William 111, Chalice inscribed in Latin "Edmund Murphy caused me to be made" and crucifix, 1678 sold for £8 and the 'Smart Chalice 1706', used in the Baptist Chapel, Cork for £24. According to the CHAS Journal of 1915, called the 'Day Collection', the sale occupied five days and was conducted by Messrs Gurr, Johns & Co. of London " It was largely attended by collectors, antiquaries, and buyers representative of all over the [Ríocht]. The catalogue of antiques and books consisted of over 1500 lots, which were exclusive of other portions of Mr. Day's collection sold in London before his death".

Raymond O'Sullivan at The O'Keeffe Chalice Tree in Newmarket with a tour group from the O'Keeffe Clan Gathering, Drom Tarbh Meán Fómhair 2016 At the time of the Penal Laws, there wasn't any great objection to parochial clergy. What they were very very much afraid of were friars from across the seas, because the friars were usually of one of the richer families. They would have been related to the O'Keeffes, to the chieftains, to the O'Callaghans.

I heard one story about this place that will tell you what Mr. in Newmarket had to put up with. I read it in a letter, to the Lord I think he was complaining, he was always complaining, indeed he did more. He was in an outpost here. A bit of civilization as far as he was concerned
... would have been in Castle Island, which maybe would be twenty miles away as the crow flies.

But, when he was on his way to Limerick, about two or three miles from the town, he passed through this village, and there was a crowd of people here and he said there might have been up to a thousand men.

He said that the O'Keeffe was there and the McAulliffe and the O'Callaghan. And he said there were two brothers of O'Callaghans there who were friars from across the sea and he was very upset about it. And he wanted more help to sorta keep the thing under control. But they were called to account, anyway, and they were taken to some quarters to some other place to be called to account.

And the reason that they gave for being there was that they had met by accident, that it was just a chance meeting, that they were just passing through. So it should tell you what respect they had for law and order and things.
Transcribed from youtube.

Colmcille made a verse (or rann) For the rich man as well as the poor man — If you will not purchase heaven for yourself Your wife or children will not purchase it for you. Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good — Without false sighs (hypocrisy), In spite of all that, better still Is humanity, kindness, and hospitality. Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa

'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands."
Irish Family History, Being an Historical and Genealogical Account of The Gaedhals, From the Earliest Period to the Present Time by Richard F. Cronnelly (Irish Constabulary Force) Dublin, 1865, Vol 1, p 202.

M1063.4 AFM
Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite, died.
Éireannach, fear uasal, ó dhúchas.

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal.
Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis níl a dhath doiligh.

> [E]ach generation should pay to its successors the debt it owes to its forerunners; that thus, by spending itself for the benefit of its children, the human race ensures the progressive development of all. St. James Ó Connolly

> Donough MacConmara, 1700s, Munster Poet being shipped to an tOileán:
> Do thug an pobal i bhfochair a chéile
> Chum mo mo chothuighthe i gcogadh nó i spéirlinn -
> Stór nach g-caillfeadh suim de laethibh,
> As cófra doimhin a d-toilfinn féin ann;
> Do bhí seach bh-fichid ubh circe 'gus eunla ann
> Le h-aghaidh a n-ithte chomh minic 's badh mhéin liom -
> Cróca ime do dingeadh le saothar As spóla soille ba throime 'ná déarfainn...

> An té nach mbeireann ar an ngnó beireann an gnó air.

Farraire zroiḋe, d'ḟuil Chaoiṁ ba
ṫréine a d-trear,
Fear reanċaḋ a rzríoḃ zo fior ar
Zhaoiḋeilib real."

The people of Éibhear cannot easily, Be attacked in their rugged fastnesses, If they can, without obstruction, But assemble and collect. — Cath Mhuige Léana

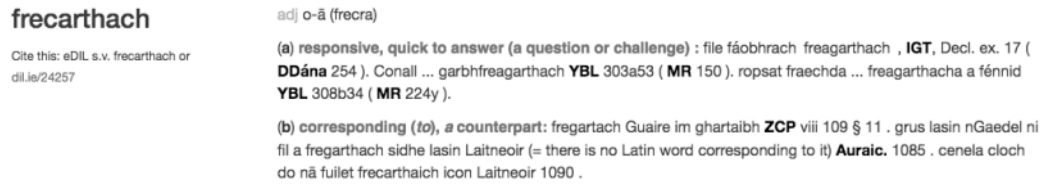
Ni h-urura ríol Eibir,
d'ionnroiġiḋ mo a n-aiṁréiḋib,
aċt zo d-táir ḋóib zan dolaḋ,
tionól azar tiomrúġaḋ.

Wikipedia: In Irish mythology, Fragarach (or Freagarthach), known as "The Whisperer" "The Answerer" or "The Retaliator", was the sword of Nuada ... The Lord of Battles...meant to be wielded only by those whom posed above the stone of destiny Lia Fail and this last one roared and the sword whispered in response.

Lugh defeats the Formorian king Balor and his armies with his spear and a sling given by Mannanan Mac Lyr. Lugh was chosen by Nuada through the way of the sword or the way of the proven warrior, the sword was given as the symbol of the [Rí], however there is no recollection in the poems or anywhere in the Leabhar Gabhála Erenn if he wielded the sword in battle.

It was said that no one could tell a lie or move, with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound

from which no man could recover.



frecarthach

Cite this: eDIL s.v. frecarthach or dil.ie/24257

adj o-ā (frecra)

(a) **responsive, quick to answer (a question or challenge)** : file fáobhrach freagarthach , **IGT**, Decl. ex. 17 (**DDána** 254). Conall ... garbhfreagarthach **YBL** 303a53 (**MR** 150). ropsat fraechda ... freagarthacha a fénnid **YBL** 308b34 (**MR** 224y).

(b) **corresponding** (*to*), *a* **counterpart:** fregartach Guaire im ghartaibh **ZCP** viii 109 § 11 . grus lasin nGaedel ni fil a fregarthach sidhe lasin Laitneoir (= there is no Latin word corresponding to it) **Auraic.** 1085 . cenela cloch do nā fuilet frecarthaich icon Laitneoir 1090 .

Teanglann.ie

freagrach, *a1.* **1.** Answerable, accountable. **Bheith ~ do dhuine i rud, as rud,** to be answerable to s.o. for sth. *~ san airgead,* accountable for the money. *~ as an rud a dúirt sé,* liable for what he said. **Tá sé ~ san uile ní,** he bears the responsibility for everything. **2.** (*a*) Responsive. **Talamh ~,** land that repays attention. (*b*) Suitable, convenient. **Má bhíonn an lá ~,** if the day is suitable. **Dá mbeadh an bus ~ dúinn,** if we had a suitable bus service. **3.** Corresponding **(do,** to). (*Var:***freagarthach**)

freagra, *m.* (*gs.* **~, *pl.* ~í**). Answer. **Ceist agus ~,** question and answer. **~ a thabhairt ar dhuine faoi rud,** to give an answer to s.o. about sth. **Níor thug sé ~ ar mo litir,** he didn't answer my letter. **Mar fhreagra ar d'iarratas,** in reply to your application. **Ní raibh ~ agam le tabhairt air,** I had no answer for him. **Ná tabhair ~ mar sin orm,** don't answer me (back) like that.

PHRASES IN FOCLÓIR GAEILGE—BÉARLA

aithrinneach »	**Freagra ~,** cutting reply.
ceart »	**An focal, an freagra, an tomhas, ~,** the right word, answer, measure.
cineál »	*Freagra den chineál sin,* that kind of answer.
cinnte »	**Freagra, gealltanas, ~,** definite answer, promise.
díreach »	*Tabhair freagra ~ orm,* give me a straight answer.
diúltach »	**Freagra, vóta, ~,** negative answer, vote.
faigh »	**Freagra, toradh, toirt ruda, a fháil,** to get an answer, a result, the volume of sth.

IRELAND FOR ALL [Peoples] FREEDOM.

"Bride of the Sea ! may the world know your laughter

As well as it knows your tears !

As your past was for [Saoirse], so be your hereafter :

And through all your coming years

May no weak race be wronged, and no strong robber feared ;

To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared ;

Till the world comes to know that the test of a cause

Is the hatred of tyrants, and Erin's applause

...What need of new songs ?
When his country is singing,
What word has the poet to say,
But to drink her a toast while the joy-bells are ringing
The dawn of her opening day?
John Boyle O'REILLY WATCHWORDS, Erin, John Boyle O'Reilly selected poems

This was a line whose existence she thought few of her Sisters suspected. As she crossed it, she realized she has always known it was there: a place where she could enter the void and float free. She no longer was vulnerable. She could be killed but she could not be defeated. — Heretics of Dune, Frank Herbert

Faithless is he that says farewell when the road darkens. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

“Make your choice, adventurous Stranger,
Strike the bell and bide the danger,
Or wonder, till it drives you mad,
What would have followed if you had.”
— C.S. Lewis, The Magician's Nephew

Sean Phaidir Mhná Inis Bó Finne Beannacht na Maighdine Mhuire Réalt na Mara oraibh Agus ar mur mbád agus Go gcuirfidh Sí agus a Mac Slán na bhaile sibh arís.

COLMCILLE'S FEAST (9th June).
Colmcille cct. A.D. 549.

May the angels of God protect us
From the evils leagued [against me] which I see ;
Seven gifts of the holy ones,
The host which needs not sustenance.

These seven bands with peace
[And] Christ Himself, Man unshakeable,
To save me continually
From [any] peril in the Universe.
Christ above we,
Christ beneath we,
Christ on each side of we,
May He enter into my heart and bosom,
The [Chief] of Heaven of the Saints.
Heavenly [Tiarna] of the Universe,
Fresh Tree supreme o'er all,

Take the demons from behind me,
Every weapon and every [hostile] hand.
The shield of a Friend at my breast,
A shield which no dart pierces,
The Spirit of God the Creator
My breastplate all the days.
The armour of God be upon me which drives all demons from me
Myself in the Fold of the Saints,
The Angels of God protecting us.
Dánta Dé, Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928 , Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

" TE LÚCIS ANTE TERMINÚM.
"God, Who didst form each thing,
And in Whose care also is their shielding,
When we go to rest to-night,
Take Thou upon Thyself our protection.

Phantoms of the night which are evil,
And Satan's wiles, not good to dwell upon,
And every evil spirit emanating from them,
Turn them back and afar from us.

High Father of all graces, Íosa, sweet, of Him begotten,
And Spirit, Who unitest them in love,
Grant us this which we entreat

Gach tráth a rinne Fir Mhumhan iarracht sos a thógáil *is ansin a* ghríosaigh Mogh Roith iad brú ar aghaidh gan stad gan staonadh
Whenever the Men of Munster tried to stop, *it was then that* Mogh Roith became most insistent that they carry on. tr. Ó Duinn, Mullach abú.

“The term coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared

universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life."
The Book of the Cailleach by Gearoid Ó Crualaoich

"Arsenius always used to say this, 'Why, words, did I let you get out? I have often been sorry that I have spoken, never that I have been silent." — Benedicta Ward SLG, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks. RIP.

Aoghán Ó Rathaille
I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
To banish this sorrow from them altogether —
From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Éibhear —
And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels All our estates,
rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !